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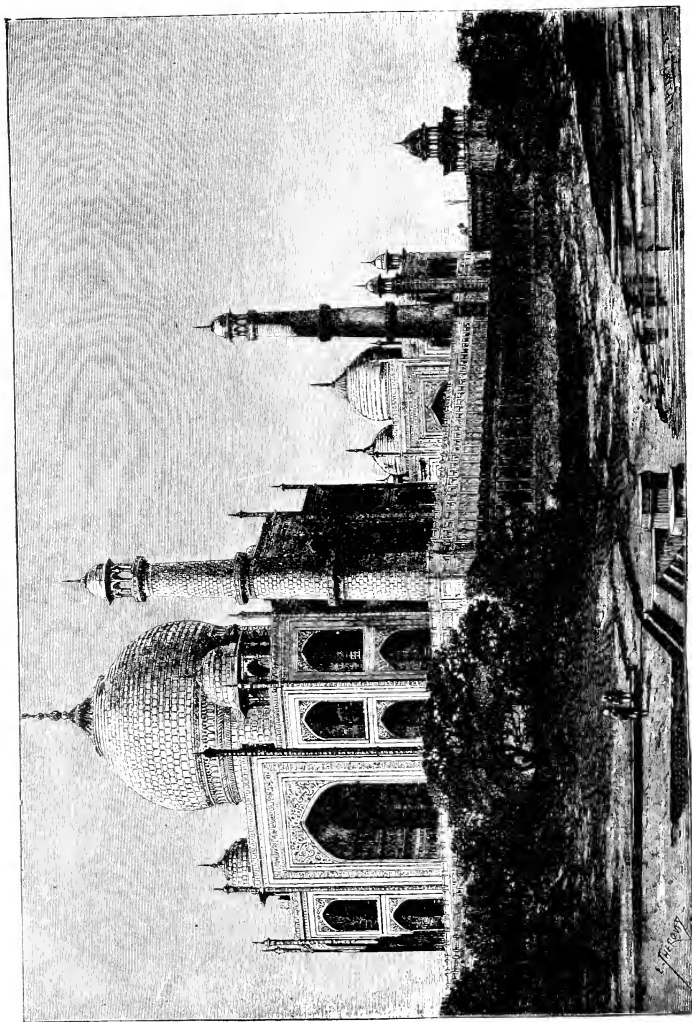












The Taj.

W. H. COLE







# SELF-GIVING

A STORY OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

BY

WILLIAM F. BAINBRIDGE

Author of "AROUND THE WORLD TOUR OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS,"  
"ALONG THE LINES AT THE FRONT," ETC.

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## P R E F A C E .

Since return lately from a two years' study of the evangelizing work of the Church in many lands, the author of the following pages has published two volumes of results, entitled "Around the World Tour of Christian Missions," and "Along the Lines at the Front." The former was designed as a universal survey of missions, from unusual familiarity with the home work, and from personal observation of more than a thousand stations in Japan, China, Siam, Burmah, India, Turkey, and on a previous tour in Egypt, Italy, Russia and other countries. The latter volume was confined to the evangelizing enterprise of one of the great denominations of the Church. As additionally, Mrs. B—, who accompanied her husband, has published "Round the World Letters," to be followed soon by "Glimpses of Mission Life in Many Lands," it was thought that the report upon these exceptional opportunities would thus be finished. Therefore attention was turned to a promised survey of Bible Lands, entitled "From Eden to Patmos," for which the preparation of previous tours and researches seemed in a measure completed by recent visits to Babylon and Nineveh, Arabia and Persia.

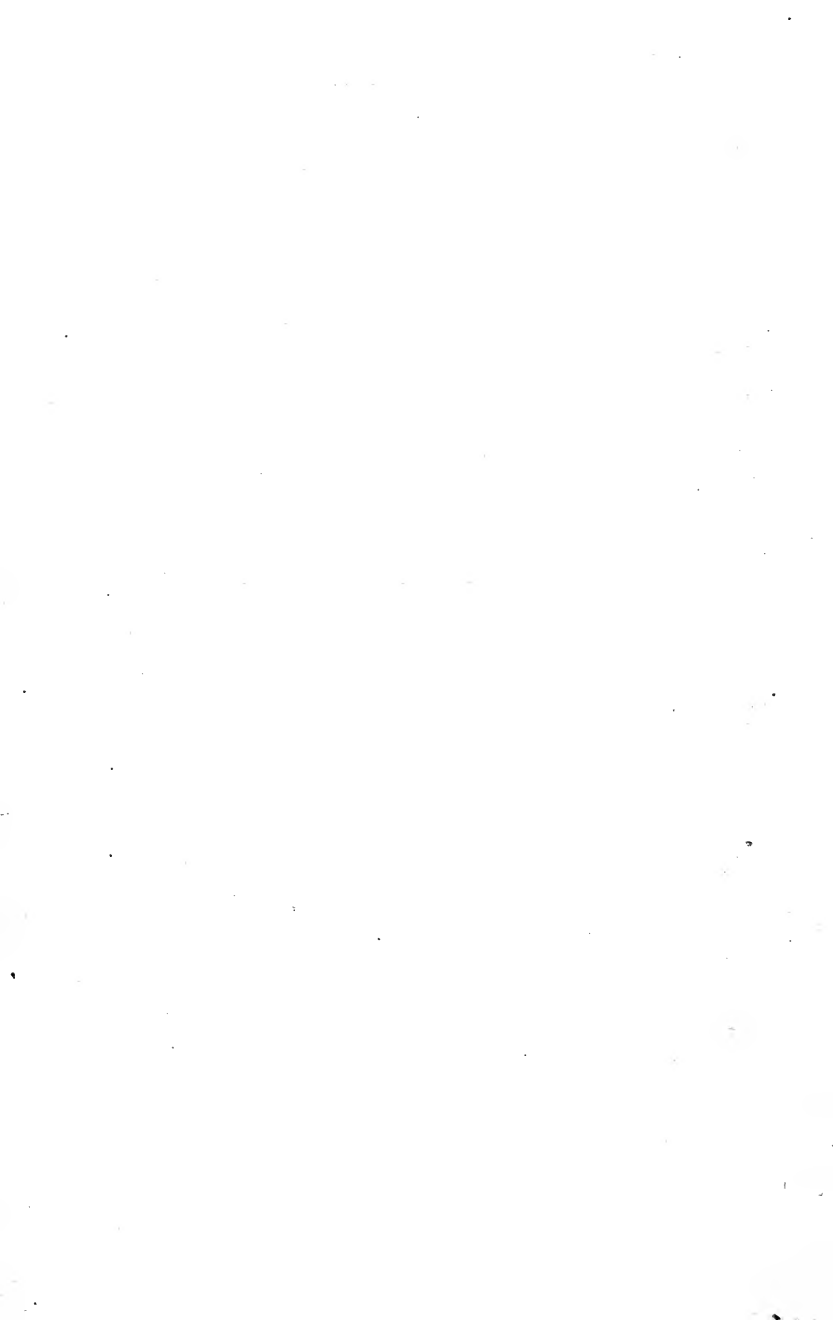
But the thoughts of the writer were restless over a growing conviction of incomplete work upon Missions. The duty and privilege of direct recital had been discharged, but there remained much untold of interest and profit to the public, and helpful to the cause, that would require, however, a veil of fiction to the extent of concealing many names and locations, and of disassociating many home references. With great timidity the task of authorship in this direction was undertaken.

Every incident linked into the following story, is substantially a fact. The writer has drawn upon his imagination only to relieve embarrassment on the part of a large number of missionaries and executive officers, and of mission friends and enemies, who will recognize many scenes and incidents in their own lives, often related confidentially, and many questions of mission policy, which are either kept from the public, or very unsatisfactorily considered, because of various personal susceptibilities and ambitions.

With desire only to help the cause of world-evangelization, and prayer that any harm done may be overruled for good, this volume also is given to the public.

WILLIAM F. BAINBRIDGE.

*Providence, Rhode Island, 1883.*



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# SELF-GIVING.

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## CHAPTER I.

LLEWELLYN LITCHFIELD.

LLEWELLYN, I see by this letter of reply from Doctor Arnold, that he thinks you will be able to pass an examination for the second term of the Freshman year, and that, while there are no available scholarships at present, you can rely upon one the coming autumn."

"That is good news, indeed, father, for I feared the illness which detained me this term would throw me out a whole year. But as to the expenses, I have made up my mind to one thing, and that is, to board myself. I have helped mother a great deal in the kitchen, and I am very sure that with a few utensils, in some small room in Washington, I can run my own boarding-house, and pocket all the savings."

"No, my son," replied the village pastor with an income of eight hundred dollars a year, looking proudly at his eldest, yet with tears in his eyes, "no, I do not think that is necessary.

Your board-bill may run us a little behind this year, but we shall make it up the next, when you will receive your hundred dollars from the scholarship."

Llewellyn walked to the window, and saw his mother gathering the clothes which they had washed together that morning. His younger brother and sister were helping her with the stout basket. As they trudged toward the house, he noticed that she stooped twice, as if suffering with pain, and immediately his purpose was firmly fixed not to add any burdens to that home during his collegiate course.

"Please let me try it, father, for one term only," he said. "I made enough in the last vacation with those sewing-machine hemmers to pay all the extra cost of this experiment. I shall not starve. At home I help get the breakfast every day, and though mother can excel me in bread and pastry, you know those things can be bought at a bakery, and —

"O, mother!" he exclaimed, turning to her as she entered with the study-lamp trimmed for the evening, "cannot I make pancakes and porridge, and broil meat and stew oysters about as well as yourself?"

"Certainly, you can," she replied. "I am sure no hired help could do better. When I was on that three weeks' visit to Philadelphia, you ran the house splendidly, and father said you were well served all the time."

A few weeks passed, and Llewellyn was a student in Franklin University. His youthfulness—as he was only fourteen,—was in the way, but his examination had been unusually satisfactory, and an exception to the rule of admission had been made. Indeed, exceptions of various kinds were now almost the rule in the sharp rivalries between the multitude of American colleges.

His father accompanied him, and they found a cosy little room for Llewellyn's housekeeping in a public block on Pennsylvania Avenue, at seventy-five cents a week. All the rooms in the college dormitories had been taken at the commencement of the year, and this was the best arrangement they were able to make. They had applied at several homes where great interest was said to be taken in struggling students, but all hearts were closed by the information that Llewellyn intended to board himself. Cooking in their rooms could not be allowed.

The floor of the little apartment finally engaged, was furnished with a rag carpet from home. The stove had an ornamental cover to conceal its character. Empty packing-boxes were procured, which Llewellyn supplied with shelves and covered with chintz; and no casual visitor could have suspected other than a study and sleeping-room, unless the call had been made at unseasonable hours, or some one had unfortunately stumbled against the chintz cupboards.

Llewellyn's boarding himself was a decided suc-

cess. He did not live on the choicest cuts of beef, or tender fowl and game, but he had enough of wholesome food, and it was very palatable. At the end of the term he had gained ten pounds of flesh. With the baker and the butcher he had become a favorite, notwithstanding his small purchases; and the latter, who sympathized with the struggling student, would cut him a quarter of a pound of round steak as politely as he would serve his best customer. The cost of his food averaged one dollar a week.

In the class his standing was considerably above the average. He marked very high in all the departments except Latin. He had been encouraged to commence that study before he was ten years of age, and had contracted a dislike for it which he never overcame. In mathematics he failed only once during the entire course to make perfect recitation. Always in his place and punctual, beginning his studies every morning at five o'clock, walking an hour regularly before sunset for exercise, writing his mother every week, receiving monthly a few dollars from his father, and respected by all, the Freshman year went by, and he had his first vacation home.

Its weeks were full of various industries. In the field and shop, and in going from house to house selling small wares, enough was secured for a full supply of winter clothing, for the new books of the next term, and for travelling expenses on the return to college from Rochdale, the home

village near Newburg on the Hudson. A few days before the close of the vacation, the young collegian and his father were strolling together upon the bank of the river, when the former exclaimed:

“Oh! please do not disappoint me! I planned for it all last term, and it has been in my mind every day, almost every hour of this vacation.”

“But, my son, it is too much of a load for your young shoulders. People would blame me for consenting. Besides, you do not take into account many of the contingencies which may arise. You had a hard time last year, and now you may have it a little easier.”

“I do not want it any easier. I believe in hard times. At our last debate in the Society Hall, I took the ground that college life ought to be like a grindstone, hard and rough all round. When I have graduated and go to studying law, it will be time enough to turn from the grindstone to some soft, oiled whetstone.”

“But girls at school cannot be as economical as boys. If your sister should enter Cowles' Female College, she must board in the institution, and will require more in the way of dress.”

“I thought of that,” replied Llewellyn, “and to meet such extras I have secured a place where I can saw wood for an hour a day, all through the next year. You know I must have some outdoor exercise, and I can substitute this for my long walks; and it will be just as good and perhaps better than the gymnasium and the boating of the

other boys. Besides there will be fifty dollars' income, and no outgoes."

"But will it not discourage you to know that a whole month's work has gone for ribbons, or artificial flowers, or a pretty sash?"

"I can trust mother and sister for that. And you know my scholarship is coming in — one hundred dollars solid every year; only think of it, father! And I am to have two dollars a week for making the fires and sweeping the Professor's rooms; and have also the promise, the following year, of being assistant librarian, with one hundred and fifty dollars salary."

"But I am afraid, Llewellyn, that you will then lose too much time from your studies."

"O, no, father! I shall keep my books on the library-desk all the time, and when I am not checking off for the boys, I shall be studying all the same as if I was in my own room. You remember how much I have studied while working for mother."

"After all, my boy, your plan of getting Lucy and Charles off to school this year is impracticable. It is not simply a question of your putting into the common family-purse one hundred and fifty dollars over your own expenses. I believe that the preparatory department of your institution is better than any school in this vicinity, but Charles ought to wait another year before leaving home; and Lucy could not be ready in a week's time. But she may go to Providence as soon as

she can, and you may have your brother with you next year."

Llewellyn's experience as a Sophomore was specially marked by a revulsion in his religious feelings. At the age of ten he had professed Christ, and united with his father's church. His associations had been mainly religious, warm-hearted and every way encouraging. But circumstances now were very different. He was a young college student adrift in a great city. The president and professors seemed to take it for granted that as his habits within the university-walls were regular and even commendable, they must be so elsewhere. A minister's son, a member of the Church, always present in his class, invariably showing diligent study, and so evidently industrious in contributing to his own support, he must be correct in his life, and faithful in the observances of religious duties. Certainly they never made any inquiries of him, and he was shrewd enough to keep them in the dark.

His first great mistake was to drift from church to church on Sundays. Whenever Dr. Arnold or Bishop Strong was to preach anywhere, he was sure to be there. If any prominent clergyman came from abroad, he was certain to be one of the congregation. Thus the unfortunate drifting habit was acquired, and the good derived from all the excellent preaching was far from counterbalancing the harm and loss. He became hypercritical. The sermons of the regular pastors

failed to interest or to instruct. Religion became a mere intellectual philosophy, for his heart was among the icebergs. Gradually the ice closed around him, and he was fast in a polar sea.

He was often invited by some of the boys to take a glass of wine, and to visit the theatre, and he refused, until he saw two of the professors and a prominent resident clergyman toasting with sherry and port their hostess at an evening's entertainment, and was told that one of the former had been seen repeatedly at the opera. Llewellyn was never intoxicated, nor did he become at all addicted to the use of alcoholic drink; thanks more to his poverty than to his Christian principles. But now when it was offered to him at social gatherings, he no longer refused.

The first night he was at the theatre he felt very much ashamed of his presence. But there was his professor in mathematics gazing through his opera-glass at the ballet dance. There was a well-known Sunday-school teacher, who had repeatedly invited the collegian into his Bible-class. There was the celebrated tenor of St. Paul's, prominent in the orchestra; and one of the boxes was occupied by the family of a deacon of the Church of the Epiphany. But for the presence of these respectable and presumably exemplary people, the modest college boy would never have gone again.

One day an active Christian of the Senior class, who has since become a useful missionary



in Siam, called upon Llewellyn, and invited him to join a society for missionary inquiry.

“I beg to be excused,” replied the Sophomore. “To tell the truth, I have quite lost my interest in missions. The heathen have their own religions, as well adapted to their civilizations as Christianity is to ours. And the Bible declares they have only to live up to the light they have, and they are safe.”

“But, Litchfield, do any of them live up to the light they have?”

“I should think Buddha did.”

“But he was the most selfish man the world has ever seen. He thought only of himself all through life; never performed a virtuous act except to score a merit-mark, and practically taught that there is no such distinction as right and wrong.”

“Well,” said Llewellyn, “I never went so deep into this great leader’s principles; but, generally speaking, you must confess there is a vast deal of good in heathen religions.”

“O, man is not as bad as he can be, for we discover a great deal of magnificence and beauty among his ruins. Everywhere in the world there are quenchless yearnings after God. These aspirations often take on the form of picturesque mythologies and charming poetry; but, Litchfield, there surely is no hope for mankind except through the Gospel.”

“Even should I grant that, as I would unhes-

itatingly have done a year ago, still I am beginning to feel strongly convinced that the best way to reach the heathen is to take care of our religious institutions at home, make the light as it should be here, clear and strong, and it will shine itself throughout the world."

"But," replied the Senior, "Christianity requires a world-wide opportunity to get into this glorious blaze of which you speak. One nation, one continent, even half the world, acts like an exhausted receiver upon the light. At the best, all anti-mission fire burns dimly."

"Anyway, I have my hands full now, and I think the Deity will excuse me from any special personal interest in your mission subjects."

Mr. Howard saw that the difficulty was beyond the reach of argument. He had heard of the worldly ways into which Llewellyn had been falling of late. He was the same industrious, successful student, the same heroic fighter with poverty; and a bank-teller reported that the young student frequently bought little drafts on New York payable to Lucy Litchfield; but he no longer attended the college prayer-meeting. None reported seeing him at church anywhere of late. And often his questions and remarks in class-room and Society Hall indicated a decided leaning toward rationalism and the professedly broad views of so-called liberal Christianity. The neglect of his instructors, and the bad example of three of them, were bearing their fruits.

"How was it, Llewellyn," inquired his mother the week before his return to Washington as Junior, and in company with his brother, "how was it that you lost your good old habit of regular prayer-meeting attendance?"

"Well, I can explain, but I presume you will not consider that I am excused. Soon after entering college I went to the Temple Chapel. There were opening exercises and a prayer or two, and then a long pause; it seemed ten minutes, and must have been at least three. I could not endure the suspense, and I am certain I should have left the room, had not the leader said several times, 'Let there be perfect liberty.' So I ventured to start a hymn. It was not an old-fashioned hymn, but one of the moderns, with a little jingle. No one joined, and so I stopped with a single verse."

"I am sure, Llewellyn," interrupted his mother, "that was not a very strange occurrence. Often people start hymns which few or even none others in the meeting know."

"Yes; but it is seldom that a great solid pillar falls over on a person when he is walking from his seat to the door at the close of service."

"What do you mean? You never reported home any accident."

"It gave me a terrible shock. One of the chief pillars of that exceedingly respectable church crushed me with the remark, 'You were a very

presuming young man to interrupt the exercises with any such secular and undevotional music.'”

“That was very discouraging, my son; but he was only one man. Perhaps all the others enjoyed your contribution to the meeting.”

“Perhaps. But I tried another. There was a somewhat livelier time, and I enjoyed it—partly. Indeed, I went there regularly for a number of weeks, but I became tired, and made my next effort at the Fourth Church, on K street.”

“What tired you, Llewellyn?” queried the mother with a Christian mother’s anxiety.

“Largely, hearing a number of ‘sanctified’ people continually talking about themselves. It was ‘I,’ ‘I,’ ‘I’ interminably. Even the *Congressional Globe* could not undertake to report them, for there would not be half enough I’s in the type-cases.”

“O, you are greatly exaggerating!”

“But, mother, exaggeration, sometimes, is the only way of telling the truth.”

Mrs. Litchfield shook her head doubtfully. She had herself had some experience with such people, and it was a great regret to her that her son, during his college life, had come under the repelling influence of their impracticable theories and glaring inconsistencies.

“You intimated that there was something else, Llewellyn,” she continued.

“At first it was ludicrous in the extreme; better than reading any comic paper. There were

several intensely conceited men. One of them never neglected opportunity to eulogize his own wisdom. He declared that the special danger to the Church was its failure to recognize his worth, and that, though he was poor and could not pay his debts, had he not left the State of New York in early life, he would long since have been elected its Governor."

"Ha, ha, ha!" joined in the father who had entered unobserved the moment before, and heard his son's description of the loquacious and lugubrious egotist.

"I should fear you had been at the minstrels," said Mr. Litchfield; "only you intimated that it was in a church."

"Better than any minstrels, father, until I became tired of it. I was explaining to mother how I got off from going to prayer-meeting. At this place there were several other intolerable bores. One had a very lengthy, commonplace prayer, which he always insisted upon repeating. Another was sure to tell us how it was when he was in Louisiana. And several religious vagrants were harbored there, on account of the timidity of the church leaders, who were afraid both to insist upon order and to call in the police."

"Here, Llewellyn," exclaimed Lucy, coming into the room with a letter in her hand; "here is an introduction to my school-friend from Washington, of the last graduating class at Cowles'

College: I want you to become acquainted with her when you return. She was the most beautiful girl in the institution; and so sweet in spirit and charming in manner. She did not lead in scholarship, but is a splendid singer."

"Is she a Christian?" asked the mother, whose quick mind took in all the possibilities which might follow that letter of introduction.

"O, yes, mamma; in good and regular standing in the Presbyterian Church."

## CHAPTER II.

### JUNIOR AND SENIOR.

AFTER the brothers had been at work a month, Llewellyn in the Junior class, and Charles in the Collegiate Institute, it became evident to the former that they would run behind in their finances unless they could manage to secure a little additional income. Llewellyn had supposed that his brother would readily fall in with his own extremely economical habits, but he had been mistaken.

"Charley," he said, "we must have more money to support this establishment."

"Well, my fatherly brother, hand me a pen, and I will give you my check for any amount."

"No joking now. There are breakers ahead, and we must steer clear of them."

"Perhaps father and mother can help us a little more."

"I would rather leave college a year, and teach, than to ask them for another dollar." And Llewellyn's manner showed some indignation that his brother should harbor the thought for a moment.

“What, then, do you propose?”

“There are two projects in my mind. You know that I understand shorthand writing, and had hoped to make it of considerable service. But when I report verbatim an evening’s lecture or a Congressional or political speech, it takes the remainder of the night to copy for the compositors, and then my lessons suffer in consequence, and a whole college day is lost.”

“It is a pity that the compositors do not understand phonography.”

“If they did, they would have a hard time reading other people’s notes. I cannot read all mine after they are cold, especially if I have been following a very rapid speaker.”

“But I thought you had some plan for our relief.”

“Yes; I propose having a class in shorthand writing. Several have told me they would join. It will take only part of the evening once or twice a week, and I can have our Society Hall. Twelve or fifteen pupils, at two dollars a quarter, will be a great help to us.”

“I can be sexton,” exclaimed Charles, with a fling of his book on their study table.

“You can be more.”

“Whew! I am glad of that. What is it?”

“You have a pair of boxing-gloves, and also a couple of rapiers; you appreciate that kind of sport.”

“And you do not.”



“Correct; yet perhaps it will be well for the class to have a half-hour intermission during the evening, when you may instruct them in ‘the noble art of self-defence.’”

“Three cheers for the royal tact of my brother Llewellyn! The probabilities are that the boys will care more for my instruction than for yours.”

“My other plan is, that we take boarders. Two poor Sophomores are trying to make a dollar a week each cover their food, but they have had no such training as we have had with mother, and they are nearly ready to count their experiment a failure. Now let them bring their cots into our room, and with a division of expense and labor all around, you and I can add a dollar and a half a week to our income.”

Charles promptly fell in with these arrangements. The boarding-house plan worked admirably for nearly two years, and the shorthand writing class, with the boxing and fencing accompaniment, numbered eighteen that winter.

Llewellyn presented his note of introduction to the beautiful Providence graduate, and thereafter for months, the acquaintance with his sister’s friend monopolized much of his time. It was one too many irons in the fire, and his studies began to suffer. Frequently in recitation he marked a notch below his previous record.

He partly realized the situation; but then she was evidently, to him, a remarkable young lady, and any man who had the opportunity to culti-

vate her society, should do so, even to the sacrifice of a degree of standing in college.

Laura Hamilton's parents were pleased with their daughter's new acquaintance, and extended to him many courtesies.

Llewellyn was charmed with Laura's singing, and with her piano-playing. He turned her music by the hour, and wondered how it could possibly have been half the time.

Both were fond of skating, and over many a mile they glided hand in hand. Few could pass them on the ice, and they enjoyed flying far away from the others.

One evening after music and wine, Laura drew from her pocket a well-filled envelope, saying:—

“I was reading this letter when you came. It is from two girls, whose acquaintance I formed in Saratoga, and who are now in Yonker's Female College. One of them is Cleora Lyddell of Boston, and the other is Margaret Kilburne of Chicago.”

“The first name,” observed Llewellyn, “is very poetical: the other has the sound of sterling character.”

“I do not understand them. There are a great many absurd reflections about missionaries. I really think that both would like to go to the heathen. But they would get enough of it in three months. Do you not think, Llewellyn, that this whole missionary business is perfect nonsense?”

“Indeed, Laura, I must confess that my convictions of late have been drifting in that direction. Were not these young ladies your friends, I might imagine them disappointed in society at home, and turning their attention to another field of conquest.”

“O, no; they are perfectly charming in appearance and manner, and both their fathers are very rich. They live elegantly. I wish you knew them, only you would fall in love with both and I should be lonesome. No one to turn my music! No one to skate with me!”

“Do they say they intend to be missionaries?”

“No; but that a missionary has been visiting the college, and they think that such a life is the highest ideal in the world. They declare there is no such giving as the giving of self; and, would you believe it? they even suggest that I—I should consider the question of throwing myself away upon ignorant black savages! Take another glass of champagne with me, Llewellyn, and let us drink to the health of those silly girls.”

Junior exhibition came, and Llewellyn was one of the speakers. His theme was self-reliance. None upon the platform had a more manly bearing. He had not all the graces of oratory belonging to one or two others of his class, but he was much more than an ordinary speaker. His oration was thoughtful. He lost himself in

his subject, and secured a real grip on the audience. Many said, "That young man will make his mark in the world." Laura Hamilton was quite sure of it; and she had arranged with a florist to have presented to him, before he left the platform, an exquisite and expensive bouquet.

But Llewellyn suffered a terrible mortification that evening, and he felt that he never could rise above it. The ridiculous and somewhat wicked mock-scheme which the Sophomore class had distributed, represented him washing dishes. He could not blame the under class for taking its turn, especially when he remembered that the year before the mock-schemes were arranged in his room, as the place least likely for the Faculty to suspect, and that from thence the distributing committee marched to the hall. Yet this was cutting too closely, this picture of himself washing dishes. The boarding plan he had tried to keep a secret. Laura had known nothing of it. But now she knew all, as did also everybody else. Oh, what a disgrace! He did not wait for her at the door that evening, but hastened to his room, threw his bouquet upon the table, and indulged in a fit of mortification and melancholy until the return of his room-mates.

Laura and Llewellyn did not meet for two weeks, and then casually in front of the Corcoran Art Gallery. She was crossing the walk to her elegant barouche, and he was on the way to the University to sweep the Professor's rooms.

He felt that her greeting lacked the old cordiality, and surmised that it was because in her estimation he had fallen from a gentleman to a poverty-stricken student. The grand young girl from Massachusetts avenue, with her liveried driver and footman, would have to stoop very far to one who washed his own dishes, cooked his own food, and earned his living by making fires and sweeping rooms.

"Miss Laura, I have not met you lately; please pardon my not calling. I have been very busy, and for a few days really ill."

"We shall be pleased to see you at our house, Mr. Litchfield."

"May I do myself the honor of calling to-morrow evening, Miss Hamilton?"

"Please delay a few days more, as we are in the confusion of house-cleaning."

"Ah! that accounts for your appearing unusually weary to-day."

"No, indeed, Mr. Litchfield, I have nothing to do with the house-cleaning. Father and mother never allow me to touch any kind of mean work. I bid you good-afternoon, sir!" And the highly insulted young aristocrat sprang into her carriage and was whirled away.

"What a fool I am, and have been all this last winter!" exclaimed Llewellyn to himself. "That Vanity Fair had thoroughly bewitched me. Before Junior exhibition I resolved to propose to her, but now I see she would be the poorest

kind of help to me in trying to get on in this world. O, thank you, Miss Laura, for showing yourself so plainly to-day. I could not be hired to call upon you again for all the wealth in yonder treasury vaults!"

One evening during the first term of the Senior year, Llewellyn had his curiosity excited sufficiently to attend a missionary farewell service, in the Tabernacle Church. He said to himself, "I will go in and see how these monomaniacs upon the salvation of the heathen, perform."

The house was full, and the speaking was good. The pastor eloquently enlarged upon Christ's great commission, and upon the opening opportunities for the Gospel in China. For this country the two missionaries present were to start that evening on their return. They were to leave their three children in America, and in one of the front pews all of the family were together for perhaps the last time.

Before the exercises were half through, the youngest, a boy of eight years, leaned upon his mother's arm and fell asleep. It was to be his last sleep as a child upon that arm of love. Llewellyn looked down from the gallery upon the scene. At first his heart was touched, and tears gathered in his eyes. But then came a reaction, and a thorough revulsion of feeling toward the whole cause of Christian missions which required such sacrifices.

"Those parents ought to be sent to the insane asylum," he whispered to a classmate by his side.

"I do not think so," was the reply. "It seems to me they are preaching the best sermon I have ever heard upon Christianity. Those parents would not do this except at the bidding of God, and with the support of the Almighty."

"God made natural feelings, and he cannot ask anything so unnatural as this," persisted Llewellyn.

"For reasons, doubtless of infinite wisdom, he is daily asking multitudes of parents and children to separate at the gates of death; why may he not ask a few upon the threshold of world-evangelization?"

"Anyway," insisted Llewellyn, "I shall not remain to see any more of this exhibition. I would like to report it to a society for the prevention of cruelty to children. Good-night!"

Ah! Llewellyn had, indeed, lost all interest in the mission-cause. He had no sympathy for it, and could not appreciate such sacrifice. He was still a Christian, though very formal and unfeeling. And while he had not forgotten, he thought little of the Heavenly Father's unnatural and cruel parting from his only Son, that there might be salvation.

It was his last college vacation home, and Llewellyn ran nearly all the way from the

steamer's dock to the parsonage. Under his arm was a large bundle of surprise presents: a sermon-case and a new book for father, a muff for mother, a sash for Lucy, who was home on vacation, handkerchiefs for Charles, who had returned the week before, skates for Frank, a drum for Eddie, and a doll for the baby-girl, Roxy. It was the first time he had ever been able to make such a display of love-tokens. How happy the dear ones would all be in a few minutes.

"Hurrah! there is the house!" Llewellyn exclaimed to himself as he rounded a corner. "Be ready with your kisses and hugs!"

He flew from the gate to the veranda, and then as the door was locked, kept ringing the bell until it was answered.

"Hush!" whispered the wife of the Sunday-school superintendent, speaking through the partially opened door. "Step in as quietly as possible. Your father is very ill. The doctors think he cannot live through the day."

Llewellyn felt as if he had been shot. It was a thunder-bolt in a clear sky. The affection he felt for his father was unusually strong and tender. Upon his judgment the son leaned with great confidence, and upon his counsel chiefly relied in preparing for the battle of life.

"Will he know me?" asked Llewellyn with quivering lips.

"O, yes! His mind is perfectly clear, though he is sinking very fast."



“Is he expecting me this morning?”

“Yes; and anxiously too. He knew it would be a great shock to you, and so requested my husband to meet you at the landing, and break the news gradually.”

“He missed me in the crowd, and then I took a short cut. But how considerate in father; it was just like him. Oh, dear! I cannot — cannot endure this! I hear father’s voice. He is singing.”

“Yes; he is singing half the time,” replied Mrs. Belcher. “He is perfectly happy, and is doing all he can to comfort your poor mother and the children.”

“Who is at the door? I cannot see. Llewellyn?”

“No, father,” replied Lucy; “it is Mrs. Belcher. Brother will soon be here.”

“He is here, father,” sobbed Llewellyn, as he stepped into the room and knelt by his mother at the bedside.

“Do not cry, my boy.”

“But how shall we live without you, father?”

“The Lord has promised to be a father to the fatherless, and the widow’s God. Dear ones, all of you, lean hard on the promises. That is right, Llewellyn, take my hand; and, mother, keep tightly hold of the other. I must sing again:

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

The voice faltered. The eyes were becoming dim.

“Draw the curtain so that I can see you all.”

“It is drawn, father; and the sun is shining upon us,” sobbed Lucy.

“Blessed sunshine! I cannot, then, use it any more. But the light of the Gospel grows brighter: in it I see more clearly every moment. O, I am glad I have been a preacher of the Gospel these twenty-eight years! Llewellyn, there is nothing God so honors as self-giving in his service. I wish you were to be a minister or a missionary; but I leave it with the Lord. Whatever your calling, do not be satisfied with giving your money and time and influence to Christ; give yourself! give yourself! Remember it was the self-giving of Jesus that makes this

— dying bed

Feel soft as downy pillows are;  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.”

His words were now almost inaudible. The kneeling family-circle could distinguish only such faint expressions as “Sweetly there;” “nearer my Father’s house;” “rest for the weary;” “the shadow of a great rock;” “immortality;” “Thine cannot die;” “beautiful land;” “no storms ever beat;” “meet one another again.”

His lips moved as if he would kiss them once more. Each in turn — baby first, and mother last — bent over the loved form, and, pressing the pale lips, kissed good-night.

## CHAPTER III.

### CLEORA LYDDELL AND MARGARET KILBURNE.

ON Beacon Hill, in Boston, the Lyddell mansion was one of the most imposing. A brownstone front, four stories and a French-roof in height; it had a central hall with spacious rooms on either side, bay-windows, and an ascent from the street of solid and elaborate workmanship. The owner, for many years an importer in the silk trade, had amassed a fortune. None had more honestly acquired wealth, or were more generous in its possession. Mr. and Mrs. Lyddell moved in the cultured society of this "Athens of America;" for, though he was a merchant, they had improved their opportunities of instructive reading and intellectual entertainments.

Their daughter Cleora, an only child, was a beautiful girl of fifteen. Her beauty, however, was not of that superficial kind which dazzles the frivolous, and comes and goes with the bloom of youth, and which fashion-plates reproduce to recommend new styles of dress. Her features and form were pleasing, though not classic; her eyes were full of expression, though neither black nor

blue; and though a little over height, it seemed to be needed to carry that thoughtful countenance and dignified earnestness and wealth of affection. Had she been made more beautiful, she would have been less beautiful. Her hair was golden, her teeth perfect, and her emotions, as with those of her complexion, played over her features like sunbeams upon the clouds of the morning. "What an intelligent and interesting daughter you have," was frequently said to the fond parents. She was a real mother's child, already showing the same common sense and personal magnetism. Life being spared, she was sure to make her mark with both head-work and heart-work, and to become more and more attractive, while others were losing their charms.

Mr. Lyddell, with all his excellencies of character, was under one serious delusion which had influenced the judgment of both mother and daughter. He considered money an equivalent not only for manual labor, but for all kinds of philanthropic and religious personal effort. A man who could give money could thus meet all his own obligations to the poor, the benighted, and to God.

"Father," said Cleora one evening as she saw him drop the newspaper, "my Sunday-school teacher, the missionary of our church, was relating yesterday some very interesting stories of her work among the poor; and when I told her, after school, that I longed to see those scenes

with my own eyes, and to help the helpless with my own hands, she invited me to go with her at any time my parents gave permission."

"My child, it is not best for you. In every department there must be division of labor in this world, and work is best done by each one attending to his own business. Your teacher is a missionary; that is her calling. I pay a hundred dollars on her salary; it is my calling to earn that hundred dollars toward her support. You are of my family, not hers; and, while we are prospered, you also should confine your attention to giving to the various deserving charities."

"But, father, it seems so much like our not doing any good ourselves, and merely hiring others to do it."

"O, no, daughter. They lift one end, and we the other of the same load. It may be necessary for you to exercise a little of the grace of self-denial in conforming to this wise arrangement; but it is best, do you not say so, mother?"

"Well—yes—but I must confess, husband, that when we had only little to give, and I went myself with that little to the poor and the suffering, I found more joy, more assurance of God's blessing, than now, when we merely lead subscription papers and put the largest bills into the collection boxes."

The minister of their church had frequently

conversed with Mr. Lyddell upon this subject, and had done what he could to counteract the home-influence of the father's mistaken theory. Still, his wealthy parishioner would do nothing but give. The preacher must do the preaching, the choir the singing, the sexton the care-taking of the building, and the various missionary agencies the missionary work, and he would sign his checks; nothing more. Christ did not thus; and his spirit cannot be pleased with any such isolation from personal contact with a suffering, dying world.

Never was there a home more hospitable to ministers and missionaries. It had a suite of rooms, furnished expressly for them. In the bookcase was a well-selected library of theological and missionary literature. The writing-desk was fully supplied with stationery, and all the envelopes were stamped. The coachman had orders always to bring out the horses at the call of these guests, and mother and daughter were never happier than when entertaining and being entertained by returned missionaries. No wonder that these worn and weary ones from foreign lands enjoyed visiting in this home. And there are many such homes awaiting them, if not as elegant, yet equally comfortable, cordial and restful. It is the working of the great law of compensation, and if the labor of missionaries among the benighted heathen is the most tiresome and tearful, yet none others have as many

friends, as many homes, and as much eager hospitality.

One missionary woman from Burmah spent a week at the Lyddell mansion, whose presence did not prove a benediction. The difficulty was, she had taken too sombre a view of mission life, had gathered only its shadows, and had no sunbeams to scatter around. She appeared to be afraid all the while that her life of self-sacrifice was not appreciated.

“Do you ever have anything good to eat in Burmah?” inquired Cleora one day, as they turned from a turkey dinner to the family library.

“Very seldom. It is rice and curry, and curry and rice, until one really loathes the sight of it.”

“But I like rice very much. And once father sent home a bottle of curry, which he said is used extensively in India; and we thought it was very delicious.”

“Rice is different from wheat. When you have to use it all the time, you soon tire of it, dreadfully.”

“Do you not have any meat?”

“Very poor stuff, and very costly. With our small salaries, we cannot afford much of it.”

“Are there any nice fruits in Burmah?”

“No; they are all tasteless or repulsive. I assure you, Miss Cleora, a missionary must suffer continually the pangs of hunger. It is a great

deal worse than being shut up in prison with an allowance of simple bread and water."

"I do not desire to be a missionary, then," replied Cleora, shuddering.

"Indeed, it is a life of continual depression and torture. We must live on bare floors. Horrible lizards crawl over the walls, and fall on our heads—sometimes tearing out the hair and skin; and there are snakes and centipedes and scorpions."

"Oh, you poor missionaries, to be compelled to endure all such dreadful things!"

"But these are not the worst. O, Miss Cleora, I could not tell you one tenth of what we suffer. The torturing little insects, we never can get rid of them. And the habits of the natives are so filthy, and of many of them so indecent. Every day the sights and the smells are enough to drive one crazy."

"Sometimes your weather, I have read, is very warm."

"Warm! That is no name for it. It is hot, hotter, hottest. Why half of the year, Cleora, it is like going into an oven ready for the baking, and the other half of the year it is simply a change into a steam-bath. Many cannot endure it, and they die. There are many missionaries' graves in Burmah."

A call interrupted the conversation with this pessimistic missionary woman. It is probable that the good lady was suffering from physical indis-



position, or that she had been in controversy with "the Rooms." She had not told any untruth, only it was all an extremely one-sided testimony.

The facts are, that a majority of foreigners relish the native rice and curry as a standard diet; that the meat, while not as good as the best in America, is wholesome and palatable; that while the cost of beef is greater, less of it should be eaten in that climate; that they have much fruit which is generally considered very delicious, though not to compare, even as this missionary had in mind, with the best of home apples and pears; that their wooden or mat-covered floors are more comfortable than if they had carpets; that their lizards are very rarely troublesome, being far less annoying than flies; that only once in all her eight years did any of them fall upon her head, and then the little saurian was so frightened that he clung tightly, and she pulled him off too suddenly, scalping herself a trifle; that often years pass without residents seeing any snakes or centipedes or scorpions; and the smell and immodesties to be found in the low-life neighborhoods of cities and towns in America, are sometimes comparable to what the missionary encounters in heathen lands. Indeed, the filth and nudity of other and inferior races are not as impressive as when exhibited by those of our own complexion, our own Caucasian family.

Cleora turned to receive her caller with a mental resolve never to be a missionary, and with a strengthened conviction that her father was right.

The large summer residence adjoining the Lyddell cottage at Newport belonged to the Kilburnes, of Chicago. There were only three in the family, father, mother, and their daughter Margaret, a remarkably intelligent and interesting young lady of sixteen. Mr. Kilburne's Western home was the most sumptuous palace upon Michigan Avenue. Until his late purchase at Newport, their summers had been spent upon a little farm a few miles beyond Chicago, which was still held in the wife's name as a retreat, should financial reverses ever overtake them.

That the fickle winds of fortune should sometime blow the other way was quite probable, for Mr. Kilburne was one of the wildest speculators in oil, iron and wheat. Legitimate business was too tame for him. There was not enough excitement in *bona fide* investments and actual transfers of property. He was continually dealing in margins, or in other words, betting upon the rise or fall of the market. Sometimes his name appeared in the papers as the leading manipulator of a great "corner." One season he and his friends held back from the market for a month several millions of bushels of wheat, though they had never paid for a tenth of it; and thus temporarily a fictitious value was created, which realized

to Mr. Kilburne over two hundred thousand dollars. Yet he had lost an equal amount in oil, and though at this time he was largely on the winning side in iron, there were many wise heads which predicted that at no distant day the bottom would fall out of all this reckless gambling, and that the Kilburnes would have to come down to the wife's little farm.

Mr. Kilburne's mother was a very godly woman, whose heart mourned over the worldliness of her son and his wife. Sometimes her faith was drawn to its utmost tension, as she thought of her many prayers and counsels, and years of better example. Was she, after all, to die and leave her boy a slave to Mammon, and her daughter-in-law a blind devotee to the fashions and frivolities of this world? Mysterious indeed, but frequently the blessings, born of a mother's pious heart, pass over successive generations, and reappear as Heaven's own planting and fruitage in children's children.

Thus it was with the yearnings and endeavors of this aged saint. God blessed her life and labors to Margaret. The pearls she scattered around the feet of her own Thomas and his Catherine, were gathered by the little fingers of the granddaughter.

During the last visit of the venerable mother to the home on Michigan Avenue, Margaret one evening, after her parents had gone to the theatre, placed a hassock beside her grandmother, and inquired with thoughtful, eager expression —

“Do you not think I am a Christian?”

“Why should I think so, my darling?”

“Well, I do not like to go where papa and mamma are to-night, but enjoy meeting with Christians where they sing of Jesus and his love.”

“I have gladly noticed this in you, and have frequently thanked God for it, my child.”

“And, grandmamma, I care more for the Bible than for all the other books in our library. It seems as if God wrote it for me—all for me. I have read the Gospel of John and half of the Psalms so many times, that I almost know them by heart.”

“Why do you love Jesus and his word so very much?”

“He was wounded for my transgressions. He was bruised for my iniquities; the chastisement of my peace was upon him; and with his stripes I am healed.”

“Do you desire to serve him?”

“O, yes, indeed; with all my heart! If only I were a man, I would be a minister or a missionary, and go everywhere telling the ‘old, old story’ of Jesus and his love. Papa and mamma contribute money to missions, and they let me give one hundred dollars a year; but I would give myself, if I could, a hundred times over.”

“If, when you are a few years older, darling, and have completed your education, you should still desire to be a missionary, God may open the door. Do you pray every day?”

“Indeed, grandmamma, I could not live without it. I pray every morning and every night; and some days I am really impatient for night to come, when I may go alone into my room and lock the door, and read the Bible and talk with Jesus.”

“Why do you lock the door?”

“Because — mother — I would rather not tell you, grandmamma.”

“And I do not wish you to tell me; no! But have you other reasons for thinking you are a Christian?”

“I am not afraid to die. I am more afraid to live and meet the temptations of this world. But I was reading last night in my Bible, the one you gave me Christmas — let me kiss you, grandmamma — I was reading that God has a way of escape from temptation for every one, and that the grace of the Lord will be sufficient unto me.

“Grandmamma, why are you crying? There, let me wipe away those two big tears! In a little while — for oh! dear, you are so old — God will wipe away all tears from your eyes.”

“My heart is troubled, darling; yet not, oh, not for you!”

“Why, grandmamma, Jesus says: ‘Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.’”

“Yes, a place for me, a place for you; but ah,

will there be any place prepared for—Let us kneel and pray together, darling. It is pretty hard for me to get down on these old knees, but I like to do so; it seems to bring me nearer to the mercy-seat where Jesus answers prayer. There, help me a little; I am very tired and weak to-night.”

But when they had knelt by the old arm-chair, and were ready for prayer, a verse was sung in the adjoining church meeting, which was so distinct and familiar, and so strangely coincident with the Scripture Margaret had been repeating to the weary, weeping saint, that they waited in silence :—

He is fitting up my mansion,  
Which eternally shall stand;  
For my stay shall not be transient  
In that holy, happy land.

There is rest for the weary,—

“Grandmamma,” whispered Margaret, after waiting a few moments; “do you wish me to pray first?”

There was no answer.

“Grandmamma!”

But no reply. Margaret touched her arm, and laid her hand upon the snow-white head, but the spirit was not there. Already it had entered upon that “rest which remaineth for the people of God.”

The third of August, 1858, was the fifteenth anniversary of Cleora Lyddell’s birthday. Her

parents arranged to celebrate it with a grand party at Newport, and Margaret Kilburne was heart and hand with Cleora in the preparations. No arrangements were made for dancing, for Cleora declared she would not have it, and Margaret agreed with her that it was not a really becoming amusement for gentlemen and ladies. But they planned and practised for readings and music and games, while Mr. and Mrs. Lyddell made every effort for the young people to have a pleasant time; and they did.

Mr. Kilburne and Mr. Lyddell were seated together near the close of the evening, enjoying the evident success of their daughters in making a party pass off pleasantly without wine or dancing, when the former observed:

“Lyddell, our daughters deserve a monument. You and I are making money, let us invest.”

“The fact is, Kilburne, they are developing astonishingly. This affair to-night would please immensely nearly all the ministers in the country. I meant to have wine, but Cleora, the witch, hid the cellar key. And if she had not protested, I would have engaged a band for dancing. What is your idea of an investment for these girls?”

“They are talking all the time about the poor, and the afflicted, and the heathen, and the missionaries. I say we go halves on a ten thousand dollar investment in commemoration of this evening; the girls to decide for what benevolent object the fund shall be placed.”

“Agreed; let me call to order, and you announce it.”

Mr. Kilburne then explained that Mr. Lyddell and himself wished to commemorate this fifteenth birthday anniversary of Miss Cleora by a ten thousand dollar investment in some good cause; that it would be known as the Cleora-Margaret Fund; and that the two girls might decide now, or afterwards, to what benevolent cause the gift should be made.

They whispered together, and quickly reported the Woman's Union Missionary Society of New York, and its Zenana work in India.

A blank look stole over the countenances of both fathers. They glanced at their wives, but there was evidently no information there.

“I say, Lyddell, what do they mean?”

“I do not know. It must be all right. These girls read missionary literature and get far ahead of us in this line.”

“Probably some tribe of Indians, poor wretches; and these philanthropic New York women are sending them blankets.”

“I would ask them what Zanas means, and something about the Woman's Society, but I do not wish to before all these hundred young people. Quite likely many of them are posted, and we should appear very ridiculous.”

“Better trust the girls, and say all right.”

“All right, then; for all time interest only to be used; the Cleora-Margaret Fund, in the Missionary Women's Union” —



“No, father!” whispered Cleora; “it is the “Woman’s Union Missionary Society.”

“You are right. It is well, in making gifts to corporate societies, to state their names accurately.”

“Yes,” added Mr. Kilburne; “and it is for their Zebra enterprise.”

“Zenana, father,” interrupted the mortified Margaret.

“O, yes! a slip of the tongue: the similarity of the first two letters.”

“I say, Lyddell,” grumbled Mr. Kilburne, as they separated for the evening, “if we do not wish to make fools of ourselves again, we had better read the mission-periodicals.”

“Anyway, I am going to find out before retiring to-night, and without asking Cleora, if possible, what Zenana means. I half suspect that it is a foundling hospital.”

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE GIRLS AT COLLEGE.

THE month following, Cleora and Margaret entered Yonker's Female College. It was of course arranged that they should be room-mates, as also that their apartments should be elegantly furnished. They took high rank in their class, for in addition to their natural ability and thorough preparation, they applied themselves faithfully to their studies, declined false helps, and were so regular in their habits, that neither sickness nor physical weakness interfered with their intellectual labor. Teachers and fellow-students soon learned to value them for their moral and religious character, more than for their social position and mental capacity.

Their special accomplishments were soon apparent—Cleora's reading and recitation, and Margaret's writing and singing. There was always perfect silence, the dropping of a pin could be heard in the class-room or society hall, or chapel, whenever the one was interpreting from book or memory the thoughts of authors; and the same eager attention was given to the admirable com-



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positions and delightful songs of the other. If they had not been Christians, they would have become vain, with so much attention and so many compliments.

"Cleora," said Margaret one Sunday morning, "how would you like to go this afternoon to that new mission Sunday-school on Clay street?"

"A capital idea! No doubt we can secure permission, and perhaps our services may be accepted for awhile as teachers of some little boys or girls."

"Indeed, Cleora, it is not right for us to enjoy so many advantages, and not be doing something for others."

"I often think," continued Margaret, "that after graduation I would prefer above all things to devote my life to some missionary work in home or foreign lands."

"O, do not think of going to the heathen," quickly responded Cleora; "that is for others; not for you and me."

"Perhaps so; perhaps not. Why should you and I stay at home?"

"Because we can, and have opportunity at least to do a vast amount of good here."

"But I presume that is true of almost all who have gone to the thousand millions of heathen; and you would shut out the Gospel from the majority of the world to gratify a stay-at-home feeling!"

Both became very happy as teachers in that

Sunday-school. They relished their studies the more since they were giving as well as receiving. Through their scholars they became acquainted with several families, in whose homes their visits were as "cups of cold water to thirsty souls." Two hours every Sunday and Wednesday, while classmates were reading books, they were reading poetry and romance in real life. The mother of one in Cleora's class had not left her bed for ten years. But such a patient sufferer; so thoroughly resigned to the will of God; so diligent with her fingers in crocheting, and thus helping in home support. The young teacher felt that she received in that lowly tenement much more than she could possibly give.

In another home intemperance was the cloud of sorrow. Both the father and the eldest son were slaves to the tyrant. Here Cleora found her first new scholar. She was told by a neighbor that only the mother and her little girl were at home.

To her gentle knock a harsh voice screamed, "Come in!"

"Thank you; I am trying to find more Sunday-school scholars for my class, and I hear that you have a dear little girl."

"There she is asleep on her bed in the corner. Her father sent her for rum late last night, and she is making up lost time."

Only a bundle of straw and a little form wrapped in an old ragged blanket. Just then the

child turned from the wall, partly awakened by the cold, and drawing the folds more tightly around her shoulders, said:—

“O, mamma, I wonder what really poor people do!”

“Here is a grand young lady come to see you! Wake up!”

“I’ve been dreaming.”

“What have you been dreaming, darling?” inquired Cleora, her heart already won.

“That a beautiful angel came to see me, and took me up in her arms and kissed me; and she told me of a father and a brother in the skies who always love little girls; and she said that this brother had bought a new dress for me; and—I forget the rest. O, it was the sweetest dream I ever had!”

“If you will come to my Sunday-school class next Sunday, I will tell you the rest of it,” said Cleora, hardly able to restrain her own emotions.

A bundle was left by an expressman the next morning for the little dreamer’s Sunday outfit, including shoes, stockings, a warm plaid dress, and a hat.

Margaret’s *protégés* were boys. She had a hard time with them, but it paid well in the end. A dreadful oath in an undertone from one of them, connected with an observation regarding the new teacher, was her introductory greeting. For a long time it was very evident that two or three of the boys came only for fun, and that they meant to

have most of it out of her. But eventually her heart and tact conquered, and through her class she gained access to several homes which were made far better and happier by her sunshine and benefactions.

One especially, the little attic retreat of her brightest boy. There he lived alone with his mother: he said he had never seen his father, and knew nothing about him. For a year nearly, Margaret could secure no invitation, not even permission, to call from the once celebrated theatre actress. "Mother says she prefers to be alone," was the invariable reply to her repeated solicitations.

At last came a beautifully written invitation, with added regrets, that one who had been so kind to her child, had been so rudely treated.

"I desired to meet you, Miss Kilburne," said the actress, after giving Margaret the only chair in the room, and seating herself upon a box, "not to solicit any charity; that we refuse from every person. My son does errands for one of the stores, and his employer occasionally sends me a little sewing. But I have noticed that Henry has lately taken special pleasure in learning pieces and speaking them here to me, and my anxieties are aroused lest it be the commencement of temptation to the stage."

"That taste, Mrs." —

"Do not say Mrs.; I was never married. Say only Antoinette."

—"that taste for memorizing and recitation from



standard literature is one which my room-mate is very earnest in cultivating, and I am beginning to find myself quite inspired with her enthusiasm."

"Better it were not so. I was once a student at Clifton Hall, and well along in my course. Several of the congregation of a theatre-loving minister of the town arranged for an amateur performance. I had a leading part, was very successful, and it turned my head. The next day's paper eulogized me as a coming star of the first magnitude. I gave up my studies and home and moral associations, and joined a stock company in Rochester at five dollars a week."

"I should think that with so many extra expenses for wardrobe, you would have soon starved," observed Margaret.

"I was determined to succeed. And look at my success! See the elegant paintings upon these walls, the artistic frescos, these Persian rugs upon the floor! See my piano, and my library! Notice the gorgeous robe in which I am attired. Look! is my Henry driving home with the bays or the the grays?"

"Yes, I was bound to succeed. But who talks of me now? The flowers are all faded that once fell in showers at my feet. You think I am forty-five; I am only thirty-two. Wrecked at thirty-two! My God!"

"But the 'wrecked' are often saved," said Margaret, laying her hand upon the bowed head of the groaning Antoinette.

“Not such as me; but save yourself, and save my child! Never go to the theatre. Let amateur theatricals alone. Beware of managers: ah! how many of them manage to ruin girls!”

“Do all, Antoinette, who are in the theatrical profession, lead immoral lives?”

“Not every one. But as a rule: the exceptions are like the fireflies in a dark night, only flitting here and there. Rarely does our life fail to destroy body, mind, and soul.”

“I had not thought that the prospect beyond the foot-lights is so terrible.”

“Ah! the wrecks are mostly unknown. The world talks of Charlotte Cushman, but has thrown me to the dogs. My companions crowd to-day the dens of every city and town in the land. Thousands of them will be walking the streets to-night. And their victims, ha, ha! we have thrown them by the thousand into hell!”

Margaret shuddered. She had at times entertained the quixotic idea of giving her life to the reformation of the stage. She felt that she might win a high position, and with unsullied character and earnest endeavor could be a missionary to the profession. Antoinette had helped to dissipate such foolishness, for which Margaret afterward was profoundly grateful to God.

The young collegian persisted in her efforts for both, until Henry was in a Christian school in Albany, and his mother was appointed matron of its boarding department.

Cleora and Margaret were invited by a class-mate from Rochdale, to spend a Thanksgiving at her home. They accepted, and had "a royal time," not forgetting, as do the vast majority of Christian people, the hour assigned to the house of God. The three evangelical churches had arranged for a union service, since at Rochdale, as almost everywhere, it was necessary thus to gather the scattered fragments in order to make a fair congregation.

It was the year before the death of Rev. Mr. Litchfield, and he preached the sermon. His subject was *Self-Giving, the Measure of true Gratitude*. Both the young ladies felt greatly strengthened in their determination to lay themselves upon God's altar.

At the dinner-table reference was made to the struggles for an education on the part of the preacher's eldest son, Llewellyn. Mrs. Darrow, the hostess, seemed to know all about his boarding himself, and sawing wood, and sweeping floors, and sending his sister to Providence.

"I admire such young men," said Margaret.

"Every one of them is worth a dozen of the kid-gloved, perfumed dandies, who are ashamed of any work except that of the toilet, and understand only the arts of cosmetics and flattery," added Cleora with a gesture that unfortunately upset her saucer of cranberries.

"Never mind," said Mr. Darrow, "I would much rather have missed my dinner, than lost that speech.

Say, Hattie, the only sensible girl the world was ever to see, did not take my name thirty-two years ago."

"No, indeed, William; it was only thirty-one years ago. "You are making me out an old woman, when I feel as young as ever."

"That is because I have taken good care of you."

"Well, even if you are a little conceited, I hope each of these girls will get as good a husband."

"Do you think, Mrs. Darrow, that we must be married?" asked Margaret.

"O, no! many single women live most useful and happy lives."

"I suppose," observed Cleora in all earnestness, "that in each case this should be left to Him who will not fail to guide the prayerful spirit aright."

An epoch in the young ladies' lives at college was created by the fortunate visit over Sunday of a missionary woman of the American Board, who had spent twenty-five years in Asia. She had been a widow for two years, but was soon to return to complete her life-work, as if it had depended not on a husband, but on Christ.

Invited by the Society for Missionary Inquiry, she had addressed the young ladies in the chapel, and met many of them socially in the parlors. She was a most cheerful person, and all the while scattered sunbeams around the great subject of heathen evangelization. She spoke of trials, yet as only incidental to the greater opportunities, privileges and blessings. She described the parting from home, yet so as to leave her hearers not beside the tearful parents, nor

at the steamer's dock, but in the shadow of the cross on Calvary. She made mention of some of the delightful attachments she had formed among the natives, of the intelligence and culture which frequently surprised her, and of the indescribable satisfaction of seeing constant progress made in the great work. She said times had changed materially since she first went out, and that now it was usual for the missionaries to be comfortably housed and fed, to have in many places at least pleasant English society, and to feel that with prayerful care of health, the probability was for as long life in Christ's service as in any of the absorbing, wearing occupations of the home-land.

This visit was very opportune. With Cleora it almost entirely removed the unfavorable impressions of foreign mission life, left by the gloomy, shadow-gathering and scattering missionary from Burmah, who was entertained that week two years before, in her father's house. Both Cleora and Margaret, from a private interview with this fairer and more prudent representative of the foreign work, felt a strengthened conviction that their parents' wealth and social position did not relieve them from personal obligation. Still they should inquire, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" It was by no means settled that they would become foreign missionaries, but they were quite decided that they stood before God alone in this matter, and that it was their duty to take under prayerful consideration the question of giving themselves, beyond all possible giving from home and in the home-land.

It was directly after this visit of the missionary, that the joint letter was written to Laura Hamilton at Washington, over which the latter and Llewellyn Litchfield made so merry with sparkling wit and sparkling wine. It was a part of the discipline of the young Christian toilers at Yonkers College, that they should try their best with their friend Laura, and fail.

Many a pleasant and profitable hour was spent at the observatory, until the astronomical professor in charge, a young man of pleasing address, became infatuated with Cleora. Promptly and decidedly, however, she repelled all his advances, for, among other reasons, she could not endure his blank materialism and hostility to evangelical Christianity.

Margaret also was called upon for a similar conscientious decision. The son of a wealthy New York banker, who had large business dealings with her father, pressed his attentions upon her. But, although he was everything in intelligence and heart and social position, that any young lady could desire, his not being a Christian was in her judgment an insuperable obstacle.

As might be expected, both Cleora and Margaret were very exemplary in their general deportment. They indulged in no clandestine interviews with young gentlemen. They engaged in no correspondence which they were unwilling their parents should see. Yet they were not perfect, and occasionally showed, as in the following incident, that they both needed more reverence, thoughtfulness and years.

At midnight the mouse-trap sprung in one of the young ladies' rooms. The little intruder was caught, and, despite the rules of absolute quiet at that hour, the news soon spread along the corridors of the institution.

Cleora suggested that they come into her room, and lay out the deceased in state. Soon it was crowded with more than fifty white-robed young ladies, full of overflowing with merriment; only they had to be still almost as the dead mouse himself, lest the teachers should be awakened and spoil their fun.

The corpse was placed on a stand in the middle of the room, and four of the girls with brooms at shoulder-arms, stood at the corners as guard of honor.

Cleora with mock gravity read the burial service from Worcester's Dictionary, commencing with mouse; and Margaret followed with a solemn eulogy upon the deceased — his kindness to his wife, being probably at the time of his fatal accident, in search of food for her. Perhaps she was a confirmed invalid, awaiting now his return, alas, in vain. Then she exhorted her sisters to be instructed in fidelity and to proceed with the solemn services as still as a mouse. All appeared to weep. Especially were Cleora and Margaret inconsolable. In their extremity of grief they pretended to faint, and were carried to their beds, where restoratives were successfully administered. Then with "dust to dust, ashes to ashes, waiting until the next mouse nibbles in our trap," Cleora and Margaret opened the window, and with their hair-crimpers pitched it into the dark.

## CHAPTER V.

### OVER MANY LANDS AND SEAS.

AT the time of graduation, Llewellyn Litchfield was in great perplexity. He desired to study law. But for a year or two now the necessities of his widowed mother and her family required that he should secure an income above his own living. The only opportunity which presented itself, or the rather, which he was able to secure after a most diligent search for months, was to accompany as assistant that indefatigable scientific traveller of Rochester, Professor Draw, upon an eight months' geological and zoölogical tour in South America and Africa. Llewellyn had shown special taste for these departments of natural science, and the celebrated collector of cabinets, on acquaintance begun at a casual meeting, felt that he could afford to offer him his expenses and a thousand dollars.

Llewellyn's great fondness for travel helped him to decide in this direction. He had no idea of idling away his time by going around to different cities and countries. Travelling, to him, was a school only less valuable than college and the



stern experience of practical life. To him people and landscapes, social and political institutions, the triumphs of genius in architecture and sculpture and upon canvas, and all the applications of the beautiful arts to industry the world over, were books, a vast library of standard volumes, inviting the earnest study of all, and to the thoughtful and serious holding out inducements it would be difficult, except as already suggested, to overestimate.

Several of Llewellyn's most dearly loved relatives endeavored to persuade him to give up going abroad. They urged that it would be throwing away the education and habit of close application he had already acquired. He never could be good for anything afterward. Even his own mother, whose life had been spent chiefly in a little round of domestic duties, utterly failed to appreciate the intellectual advantages of the opportunity offered, and was induced to a reluctant consent only by the family necessities and the several hundred dollars advance money which the arrangement would place in her hands.

Llewellyn visited his father's grave the day before embarking from New York for Havana.

"Ah, father!" he exclaimed, as he picked the little stones from the mound, and patted the sod into better shape, "when I lost you, I lost my wisest, if not my best friend. Mother loves me, but she cannot understand this crisis in my life, as you would have understood it: you saw some-

thing of the world, once walking all the way to Washington to visit the capital, and working your passage on canal-boat and steamer to Chicago, to know something for yourself about the great West. Oh, if I could only see you now, I believe I should have your cordial benediction!"

After a week in Cuba, Llewellyn and the professor sailed for Jamaica. It was leaving a Roman Catholic for a Protestant island. There was no difficulty in seeing that in the latter the people had made the greater social and political advancement. Gentlemen in both civil and military service assured the young graduate, that neither religion nor the missionaries made the difference, but Anglo-Saxon civilization. They did not appreciate that Christianity is the head and heart and power of that boasted civilization; that the Bible is its light, and evangelization its opportunity.

Llewellyn heard of no Protestant missionaries in Cuba, and it was long after his visit that the law tolerated any other religious meetings than those under Roman Catholic auspices. Had he been more persistent in his inquiries, he might have found every Sunday while in Havana, an Episcopal service on board the American man-of-war stationed in the harbor.

It was unfortunate that the social circle, into which Llewellyn was introduced at Kingston, was thoroughly out of sympathy with all mission enterprise, and largely retained the prejudices of

the old anti-slavery times. He was told that the English missionaries were a very low-lived, worthless set; that the negroes among whom they professed to labor were incorrigibly lazy, their elevation a hopeless task, and their religion hypocrisy. Thus he was blinded to the fact that, notwithstanding the late troublesome times and lingering prejudices and superstitions, the Jamaica-creole peasantry were rapidly becoming more intelligent, more truly religious, more industrious.

One evening Governor Eyre invited Professor Draw and his assistant to dine at the Executive mansion. Several British officers and prominent planters of the vicinity were present.

"Americans have shown their good sense," remarked the Governor at the table, "in not sending any missionaries to Jamaica."

"How so, if you please, sir?" inquired Llewellyn.

"Missionaries are the most dangerous people to turn loose among a mass of beastly heathen. They have done us more harm here than the cholera and small-pox epidemics."

"I have heard," said the professor, "that during these terrible scourges to which His Excellency refers, the missionaries from England were the dispensers of thousands of pounds sterling in medicines and clothing and food."

"Only the sugar-coating for the bitter pill we have had to swallow," replied the host. "These creatures come here, living on the charity of deluded

people at home; they do nothing but build grand houses and hire natives to serve them. If I had my way, I would put them all in irons and send them to London on the next steamer."

"I was riding past one of their houses this morning," remarked Llewellyn, "and noticed that it was rather a grand mansion for a humble missionary."

"But we are told," explained the professor, "that these mission buildings, often for the sake of economy, combine under one roof a chapel, a school, and a printing establishment as well as the living rooms of the missionaries."

"That cannot be so," insisted the Governor. "To be sure I never have been inside of one of their hypocritical dens, and never expect to; as soon go to a brothel."

Some knowing glances and half-suppressed smiles passed around the table, for the suggestion of the social evil reminded of the principal ground of their difficulty with missionaries. Their own immoralities were being brought out too strongly in contrast by the social purity of the mission families.

When Llewellyn sailed for Rio Janeiro, it was with strengthened prejudices against foreign missionary work. He had not become acquainted with any of the heroic, toiling band, had never visited a school or chapel, and had heard only a volume of slander which he was more than half-inclined to believe.

Their steamer had first to touch at Vera Cruz before turning its course toward Brazil. Here, after paying

their respects at the American Consulate, their few days were fully occupied in searching for geological and zoölogical specimens of value among native collections. In the great variety of rich minerals from the high lands of the interior, they could see evidences of wealth and prosperity yet for Mexico, when anarchy should give place to a settled government. But they scarcely anticipated that in a score of years the railroad and manufacturing capital of the United States would become largely interested in the regions beyond the Rio Grande; and Llewellyn, at least, did not dream that soon Mexico was to become a grandly successful mission-field for Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, and a hopeful one for Congregationalists and Baptists.

Several weeks were spent in Brazil, and Llewellyn gathered a small vocabulary of Portuguese, through which to communicate with the mongrel population. Indeed, so successful was he in two months in making himself understood in hotels and stores and on the highways of public travel, that he felt quite indignant at the stories he had heard from missionaries about the difficulties of acquiring a foreign language.

"They must, indeed, be a lazy gang, of small mental calibre," observed the young traveller to himself one day, after an hour of successful shopping in Rio Janeiro, and that without the assistance of any interpreter. Ah! he little appreciated what a different matter it is to masier the heart-language and religious vernacular of a foreign people, to become able to trace all the subtleties of their thought, and to

qualify for the clear explanation of all the cardinal doctrines of Christianity.

When Llewellyn sailed for the African coast by way of Lisbon, in one of the Royal Portuguese line of steamships, he could tell of a great many things he had learned in South America. He had seen the vast "selvas," or forest-plains, of the Amazon, had noted the delightful climate and rich soil of the Mississippi-like valley of the La Plata, had handled silver from Peru and Bolivia, copper from Chili, and visited some of the diamond-fields of Brazil. He had hunted upon the "pampas," seen the india-rubber and the caoutchouc, and studied the character of Spanish and Portuguese colonization. But he had not gone very deeply into the question of the historical contrasts between North and South America, and especially he had given no attention whatever to those needs and encouragements to missionary labor which had enlisted the Moravians in Dutch Guiana, and were beginning to attract the evangelizing enterprise of Presbyterians to Colombia, Brazil and Chili, of Methodists to Uruguay and Buenos Ayres, of Baptists to Brazil, and of English missionaries to the Falkland Islands, Terra del Fuego, and Patagonia. "None, indeed, are so blind as those who will not see," and no will is stronger than that of a traveller prejudiced against the work of foreign missions.

A few weeks, and the energetic cabinet collectors were touching at the uninteresting ports of Western Africa. The coast is low and malarious, and whenever they went ashore a few hours, while their steam-

ship was exchanging mail and cargo, they were glad to finish their bartering for whatever they could find in their line among the natives, and to return on board. At Sierra Leone Llewellyn thought he made a discovery, though history is full of the information, that Christian missionaries are good for something to the cause of science. In Liberia he was impressed with the enormous cost of life with which missions there were carried on, not thinking, even as few in Christendom had yet thought, of preparations thus being made at many points all around the coast for speedy advance into the uplands of the great interior. As they passed the Congo, it had not the interest to them it has had since Stanley and the missionaries who have followed in his footsteps. Cape Colony seemed already a Christian country, and the name of Livingstone was honored. Burton, Speke, and Grant had been making important discoveries in Eastern Africa, but the English and Scotch societies had not commenced their famous evangelizing enterprise in the neighborhoods of Nyanza, Tanganyika and Nyassa. From Zanzibar they took steamer for Suez.

We cannot linger with Llewellyn in Egypt, though we would gladly accompany him all over Cairo, and from Heliopolis to Thebes, but will only cross the Nile and linger with him a moment at the great pyramid of Cheops, where an incident occurred which changed the current of his life. The United States minister to China was

on his way to the court at Peking. His party was but a few minutes in advance of Llewellyn, and was overtaken by him when but half-way up the side of the vast astronomical mausoleum. The diplomat and the young scientist recognized each other as Americans, their nationality being distinguishable the world over as easily as that of any other people. Upon the summit Llewellyn's replies and observations proved him the best read upon Egyptian topography and history, and the minister plenipotentiary was glad to draw him out upon the worship of Osiris, Serapis and Isis, and upon the papyri, obelisks and hieroglyphics. As they were standing together upon that giddy height, looking up the valley of the Nile toward Abydos and Luxor, the envoy slipped and fell over the edge three feet to the next tier of stone. The accident was not serious, but extra help was required in the descent. Llewellyn's kind attentions, added to the favorable impressions already made, soon brought him the offer of private secretary to the ambassador at a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year.



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE LYDDELLS IN JAPAN.

WE are almost in Springfield, father, and you have hardly spoken to us since we changed cars at Albany. Are you in a brown study to know what to do with your daughter now that she is through college?"

"Not you alone, Cleora," replied Mr. Lyddell. "It is a question as to the disposal of all three of us for the coming year. Our firm decided last week to open a branch house as soon as possible in Yokohama. I am thinking whether I had better go on and give personal attention to the enterprise for a few months."

"And take mother and me with you? O, father, that will be splendid. We could help you in selecting silk —"

"You mean in wearing it. But I have quite made up my mind, mother consenting, to be off as soon as we can get ready for a six months' residence in the Land of the Rising Sun. If mother objects, I will let one of my partners go."

"You will not object, will you, mother?" pleaded Cleora with most anxious eyes.

"For father's sake and your sake I am willing to

go; but I am very much attached to home, and I cannot throw off the dread of the sea."

Business, pleasure, and duty conspired to the realization of the plan. They went by way of Panama and San Francisco, and in seven weeks from leaving Boston, they were off the coast of Japan.

It was nine years since Commodore Perry with President Fillmore's letter, had anchored his squadron in the Bay of Yedo, and demanded official recognition. Meanwhile other nations had followed up this breach in the wall of Japanese seclusion, and Great Britain had secured by treaty the opening of six ports to foreign commerce. The Shogun and his government, the Bakufu, daily felt the earthquake of the coming revolution rumbling beneath their feet, but the exhibitions of violence at this time were mostly in the south and around the person of the Mikado at Kiyoto.

The Lyddells immediately secured a residence upon the Bluff at Yokohama, an estate they found all furnished and to let; while for the new branch house, or silk "hong," as it was to be called, the Boston importer rented a convenient stone building upon the main street close to the Consulates. He did not hang out any sign-board or do any advertising, for that would have deprived him and his family of the best foreign society. He hired his "compradore," a Chinese middle-man with a working knowledge of both Japanese and English, and then bent every energy to the establishment of the new business enterprise, among customers he never met,

and to the installation a few months after of a nephew who came to take his place.

At the same time Mrs. Lyddell and Cleora were equally industrious in becoming acquainted with the strange world by which they were surrounded. The servants of the house, whom they had re-engaged upon recommendation of the former occupant, relieved them almost entirely of domestic care, and every pleasant day they were off early and late searching the curio shops, watching the quaint ways of the people, visiting the temples, riding upon the neighboring Tokaido, and occasionally going to Tokio, Kamakura, and even as far as the Hakoné mountains, the beautiful setting of the matchless Fuji yama.

“Mother,” said Cleora one bright spring morning, when the air was full of the fragrance of the cherry blossoms, “I have so often heard the English residents here speak of Asakūsa, the most popular Buddhist temple of Tokio, that I wish very much we could go there to-day.”

They went; but the excursion resulted in more than the gratification of Cleora’s curiosity, even the opening of her heart, as it never had been opened before, with pity for the idol-worshipping heathen, and with longing desire to do something herself to bring them to the knowledge of the true light, the only Saviour of mankind.

“Yes, there they are, as I was told the other evening, buying paper prayers, and making them into spit-balls, and throwing them at Kwanon’s

guardian idols, believing that if they stick they will be heard."

"Poor deluded creatures, indeed," responded the mother. "And yonder, what a crowd under that immense, black tiled-roof! Let us see if we can find our way among them so as to catch sight of what they are worshipping."

"I wish that some of our Boston friends, who think so highly of Buddhism," observed Cleora, "could watch this terrible scene with us one hour. This swarm of Buddhist priests moving around, how hypocritical and selfish their looks. There can be no parallel between a system which they represent and the religion of Christ."

"Yes, daughter, and there would not be philosophy enough even in Concord to set off attractively these hundreds of prostrations before Kwanon and her surrounding idols, in this great pantheon of Buddhism."

"Everybody throws in money, and there must be a large amount of it beneath those grates in front of the chief altar. But look, mother, at that hideous old side idol! it must be Binzuru, who cures diseases."

"We must not get too near, Cleora, for those sick people around it may have some contagious disease."

"But, oh dear, how pitiful; see them, mother, rubbing their faces and hands upon the old black wooden image, thinking that it is a god with power to save them from death."

In the spacious grounds of the temple, they saw the sacred Albino ponies fed as an act of merit and worshipped as gods; all kinds of side shows known to the Japanese, presenting a scene very similar to that around an American circus, and among the throngs and the various altars and the gilded images, constantly those whose steps take hold on death, evidently plying their immoral avocation in partnership with the Buddhistic priesthood.

When they were seated again in their phaeton, which Mr. Lydell brought from San Francisco, and were well out upon the Tokaido toward Kanagawa and Yokohama, Cleora broke the silence of a long reverie with the exclamation:

“It is a shame, mother, that Christian people are so little interested in foreign missions! This heathen darkness is perfectly dreadful. I have read translations of some of the traditional sayings of Buddha, and they have made me think that perhaps Asia and Africa might wait until Christianity can reach them without special effort. But I did not dream that the situation is so terrible.”

“We have much that is as bad as this heathenism at home, Cleora; and there, you know, is where charity should begin.”

“But, surely you do not think that it should end there, mother dear? We have our many thousands of churches and ministers, our Bible and Christian literature and Sunday-schools; and what have they here among these thirty-four

millions? What have three quarters of the population of the world? Ignorance, superstition, idolatry, licentiousness, intemperance, slavery, and only a few years when they and we shall pass into eternity."

"But you must not take too much of all this upon your heart, my dear. God does not ask us to lift these mountains. When we return to Boston, you can interest others in foreign mission work by telling the story of to-day, and I think your father would have no objections to your supporting a missionary here, or in China, or in India."

"I would like to support myself as a missionary here. It would be a heaven to me to go to these homes and tell the women and children 'the old, old story of Jesus and his love.'"

"You be a missionary, Cleora! What could father and I do without you?"

"Ah, mother, what did the Heavenly Father do without Jesus, when the Well Beloved gave himself for us? That love unutterable has touched my heart, and I would rather work for the salvation of the wretched heathen than shine in Boston society as the reigning belle of Beacon Hill."

At that moment the conversation was suddenly broken by an incident of not infrequent occurrence during the few years which preceded the revolution of 1868.

None were more hostile to the foreigners than

the samurai, or two-sworded retainers of the feudal daimios. For centuries they had sustained their territorial nobles in the pride of almost regal power. Accustomed to exact for their lords the cringing homage of all the common people, they felt that the indifference of foreigners was intolerable. Many lives had been endangered by these high-spirited retainers of the jealous and turbulent daimios, and a number of English and Americans had been cut down because they assumed to have equal rights with any of the gentry upon the public highways.

About half-way from Tokio to Kanagawa, the ladies' driver turned close to the side of the Tokaido to allow a daimio with a score of samurai to pass. That he should keep his seat, however, remaining bolt-upright, when all common Japanese were expected to bow with their faces to the ground, was too much for three of the indignant retainers, and they sprung at him with drawn swords. Too quick for them, however, the driver escaped upon the other side, leaving the reins on the ground, and the ladies at the mercy of the infuriated samurai.

Whether the disappointed knights were equal to the assassination of women on that occasion or not, Cleora did not wait to see, but with a bound seized the reins, and in an instant was in the driver's seat, whipping the horses into their utmost speed for at least a mile away from that scene almost of blood.

Mr. Lyddell was upon the veranda awaiting their return, and Cleora's position as driver immediately introduced a full description from both mother and daughter of their afternoon's excitement upon the Tokaido.

But as soon as dinner was over, Mrs. Lyddell, who had evidently something more important upon her mind than such exploits with exasperated samurai, followed her husband into his private library, and closed the door.

"I tell you what is a fact, sir; unless we leave Japan immediately, we shall lose our daughter."

"What! has any of these upstart Englishmen begun to supplant us in her affections? I am sure I have not seen any attentions that should give us serious alarm."

"No, sir; worse than that; far worse than that. Cleora wants to be a miserable missionary to these miserable heathen. Why, it is perfectly absurd, and ungrateful to us; and who would have thought it in our daughter? But it is a fact that she is getting the low-lived sentimental craze, and we must take passage on the next steamship."

"It will be difficult for me to arrange my business to leave immediately, but this calamity must be avoided at every cost. The daughter of the Lyddells becoming a missionary!—all Boston society would be inquiring if there is any hereditary insanity in our family."



The return was by way of Shanghai, Hong Kong, Singapore, Point de Galle and Suez. From Brindisi they took a run across to Athens, and then hastily visited in succession Rome, Florence, Venice, Munich and Switzerland. They lingered for nearly three months in Paris. Cleora could not understand the reason, when her parents had been all along thus far in such a desperate hurry from Yokohama to this gay, fashionable metropolis. They kept their secret well, determined to divert her mind from the missionary cause. They retained for every night, one of the highest-priced boxes at the Grand Opera House. Every pleasant afternoon they drove out upon the Avenue and Bois de Boulogne. One of the most celebrated musicians of Paris was engaged as Cleora's instructor. They encouraged no end of shopping, and of visiting the art galleries, and of social entertainments. Before leaving for London, Liverpool and New York, they paid all their society debts by one of the most brilliant entertainments ever furnished at the Grand Hotel, which was their home in the city. They insisted upon music for dancing, and a liberal supply of wine, despite Cleora's wishes. Paris was not Boston, and her Puritan ideas were now impracticable, they assured her. And thus upon the field of a young opening life these worldly parents fought the Spirit of God.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SHADOWS OF SPECULATION.

IT was a Monday morning. Rev. Doctor Armstrong, the talented and successful pastor of the Michigan Avenue Calvary Church, Chicago, was trying to decide whether he could rest himself better, after the exhausting labors of Sunday, by staying at home, or by going to the ministers' meeting, when the following letter was brought by the postman:

MY DEAR PASTOR:—Stocks, in which I have been dealing heavily of late, are looking up. I have not the slightest doubt that in another week there will be a regular boom in New York Central and Lake Shore. We have the squeeze at last on Commodore Whaterstoke, and he must pass back some of his millions. I am confidentially telling my best friends that now is their chance for certain wealth. And if you can intrust ten thousand dollars with me by to-morrow, I will make it one hundred thousand dollars for you in a fortnight.

Your grateful parishioner,

B. B. KILBURNE.

It was a great temptation. From no other one would a proposition of that kind have had such weight with Doctor Armstrong. The minister's savings had been largely because of several five

hundred dollar checks as New Year presents from this generous parishioner. More than half of all he had in the bank came in this way, and thus far Mr. Kilburne was suggesting investment for money which was once his own.

Mrs. Armstrong did not favor the plan at all. She was not able to give many satisfactory reasons, at least in her husband's judgment, for declining to run any speculative risks; but she was very emphatic in protesting against their turning aside from the singleness of service, the economy, prudence, and thorough business integrity which hitherto in their lives together God had abundantly blessed.

But there were several from whom the Doctor knew he could borrow enough, on thirty or sixty days, to make up his bank account to the ten thousand dollars requested by Mr. Kilburne. And then, to have no more anxiety about support in old age, no more fear of what would become of his wife and children if he should be taken away, no more inability to respond generously to the various calls for benevolence: what a temptation indeed!

"My dear husband, what has been the matter with you to-day?" inquired Mrs. Armstrong at the close of the following Sunday services. "You have not seemed yourself either this morning or this evening in preaching. Perhaps the people did not notice it, but you appeared to me several times to lose your thread of thought, and to be

covering your confusion under a shower of loud-sounding words. And I never heard you offer such cold, formal, public prayers. There was no feeling, no unction in them at all."

And then as her heart smote her because she had ventured to be so severely critical, and that of all times in the week when he was the most exhausted and sensitive, she quickly drew her chair to his side, took hold of his hand, and leaned her whitening head upon his shoulder.

Never is matrimonial love more beautiful than when it has become fully ripe. Silver and golden weddings have more of attraction than the first. Snow-white locks are the most adorning; and as landscapes of hills and valleys are more delightful than the smoothly undulating prairies, so are the broken features of the after-years the more truly beautiful, inspiring and satisfying.

Doctor Armstrong did not answer her; but presently a great tear dropped from his face upon her hand.

Instantly she was kissing away the other tears, and begging him to forgive her for making him feel so sadly when he was so very tired.

"It is no fault in you, dear; I must tell you all. I borrowed, and drew our bank funds; and yesterday there were some fluctuations in the stock market; and—and Mr. Kilburne sent me word that I must double my margin, but that it would be all right. We must mortgage this house, or lose those ten thousand dollars. Indeed, if

not now to possibly save all and gain much, we shall have to do it in a few weeks to pay my thirty and sixty days' notes."

Two anxious business meetings were held the following evening, the one of the Calvary Church trustees in the parlor of the president of the Jackson National Bank of Chicago, and the other in the committee room of the Illinois University at Springfield. The church had lately built an expensive sanctuary, and upon it there rested a one hundred thousand dollar debt, which Mr. Kilburne had been carrying. On the other hand, half of the assets of the University were promissory notes for a quarter of a million of dollars; which Mr. Kilburne had given five years previously, due along from six to ten years, interest payable semi-annually.

"Of course, it is out of the question," said the president of the church meeting, "for us now to vote those two thousand dollars we had intended for home and foreign missions."

"Well," declared another, "we may put off the inevitable a year or two; but in the end the mortgage must be foreclosed upon us, and perhaps the Roman Catholics will think that our grand architectural flourish will make a good cathedral."

The Springfield meeting was equally gloomy. The president of the institution had sent in his peremptory resignation, as he saw no possible way out of the embarrassment. The question of additional professors in the departments of chemistry

and of the modern languages was taken from the table and indefinitely postponed. Motion was passed to notify one half the beneficiaries that they could no longer receive assistance from the college funds. The library committee was directed to purchase no more books, and the treasurer was requested to consult a lawyer as to the validity of the mortgage that was crushing the University.

Mr. Kilburne did all he could to save to his pastor his home; but in vain.

"This is the hardest part of my failure," he said to Dr. Armstrong, as he called the evening before retreating with his family to his wife's little farm. "If only I had not drawn you into this terrible maelstrom of speculation!"

"Is Margaret going with you to the farm?"

"Yes, the brave girl; bravest of us all. She keeps up her spirits wonderfully: said yesterday she had applied for position as teacher to fill the first vacancy in one of the ward schools. She would rather stay with us on the farm, but feels that a little money must be coming in soon."

"How about those five thousand dollars you subscribed last year at my request, for a prize fund in the Manhattan Theological Seminary at New York?"

"Thank God, I paid that before the crash! I wish I had done so with our church debt, and the Springfield endowment."

It was a great come-down from the Michigan

Avenue palace to the humble farmhouse. He who had often lifted and depressed the Chicago stock-market at will, and sometimes had shaken Wall Street as by an earthquake, now was compelled to take hold of all the hard and plodding work of barn and field. At first he could not afford any help, and when Margaret returned to the city to commence school-teaching, Mrs. Kilburne was left alone with the housework.

This severe manual labor was a godsend to them both. They found that one of the greatest possible blessings in this life was close upon their greatest trial. Health, which is indeed better than wealth, they had been losing of late years to a very alarming extent. Mr. Kilburne had grown very heavy. Heart disease had often indicated its presence, and their family physician had warned him of the danger of apoplexy. At the same time Mrs. Kilburne appeared more and more delicate. Frequently her coughing and unnatural paleness suggested the danger of consumption. But the farm exercise soon changed these appearances. What all the physicians of Chicago could not have done, the barn did for Mr. Kilburne, and the kitchen for his wife.

Margaret was very fortunate in securing a thousand dollar position as first teacher under the principal of the Illinois Avenue Grammar School. Her associates among the instructors were very agreeable, and her fidelity and tact with the pupils made her relations to them pleasant.

But she had one specially heavy load of disappointment to carry. The thought of giving herself as a missionary to the heathen had been growing very rapidly since her grandmother's death. Yet now she could not leave the country, for none of the single women missionaries, who were beginning to be sent, had much over half the salary she was receiving, and she had been told that it was utterly impossible for her parents to make a living upon the little farm. Providence had evidently shut the door of opportunity in her face, and bolted it very strongly.

The life of Mrs. Ann H. Judson filled her with an enthusiasm which nothing but the seeming home obligation to her parents could resist. She subscribed for several of the missionary periodicals, preferring them to any other literature, and denied herself in many ways to meet the little expense.

"Young men," said she to her Sunday-school class of boys, "I have a more ambitious desire for you all, than that you should become Mayors of Chicago, or Governors of Illinois, or Members of Congress, or even Presidents of the United States. I would have you so filled with the spirit of the Matchless One, as to go forth as he did far from home to save a lost world. To be a missionary to-day to the thousand millions of our fellow creatures who know nothing of Christ, is an honor outshining any that in this life can be given or taken away."

A letter she received at this time from Cleora



Lyddell, written the day after the visit to Asakūsa in Tokio, helped to fan the flame of Margaret's desire sometime to be a missionary to the heathen. She replied to her friend, though the letter, forwarded from Japan, did not reach the Lyddells until they were in Paris, declaring "All aspirations of my life, beyond the discharge of obligations to my parents, are centring in the thought of 'woman's work for woman' and for the children in heathen lands. I pray daily that the obstacle in my way may be removed, and I am becoming more and more careful of my health, for I may yet be the Lord's chosen vessel to carry the water of life to those who are thirsty and dying by the tens of thousands daily in Asia and other desert lands."

Meanwhile Margaret was not satisfied with simply waiting upon her longed-for opportunity which might never come. She was very studious, to be the better qualified for the work when it should be assigned her. Her experience in mission Sunday-schools taught her that to instruct the ignorant and degraded in the truths of Christianity requires more intellectual power, and resource, and wisdom, than to lead the conversations of fashionable life, or even to hold one's own in the most cultured society.

Several evenings each week were devoted to composition. She was encouraged to believe that she had a special gift at word-painting. After having written a great many sketches in descrip-

tion of common daily life, she ventured to send one of them to the *Chicago Globe*. There was no reply, and she tried again. Still no insertion; no acknowledgment; much less any money. She resolved to go with her third contribution, and talk with the editor about it.

He received her very politely in his sanctum, begging her to wait a moment until he finished a few lines of copy.

Meanwhile her eyes caught sight of an enormous waste-basket at the side of the editor's table, and of one of her articles — she knew it by the ribbon with which she had tied the paper — so provokingly rumped together, and peeping at her through the open wicker-work.

A moment after a clerk brought from the counting-room a whole armful of manuscripts, reporting, as he dropped them on the table:

“Twenty-three poems and forty-seven prose contributions this morning.”

“An unusually small number. Perhaps I will have time to glance them over,” observed the editor to his lady caller as he turned toward her, adding, “And what, please, can I do for you to-day?”

With a little hesitation, and a world of suppressed embarrassment, she replied:

“I am a teacher at the Illinois Avenue Grammar School, and am very much interested in public exercises which are to take place there next Friday; and if you will be so good as to make a local of it, and have a reporter” —

“O, certainly, certainly, madam; that is as to the notice; but whether we can spare a reporter from the police courts, and from the regular criminal court, which opens next Monday, I cannot promise. Is there any more I can do for you?”

“No, sir: I thank you. Good-day!”

“Good-day!”

## CHAPTER VIII.

### CHINA AND THE MISSIONARY'S CALL.

**L**LEWELLYN LITCHFIELD, as private secretary to the United States Minister at Peking, had many special advantages above the ordinary tourist or the merchant, in becoming acquainted with the capital of the Flowery Kingdom. He could always travel in the Legation cart, in true mandarin style, with driver and outrider both wearing the official button, and this gave protection which was still important, notwithstanding the treaty of Tientsin and the recent convention of Peking. Often he could accompany the minister in his formal calls upon Prince Kung and the heads of departments, and always he was present, when these rulers of the Celestial Empire made their stately ceremonial visits to the Legation. He found ready access to the temples, to the English and Russian palaces, and to the ruins of Won-sho-shan and of Yu-en-ming-yu-en.

There were two exceptions to the rule; two places where even ambassadorial dignity could not gain him any access. The first was the imperial or forbidden city, a vast, wall-enclosed quadrangle

in the centre of the northern or Tartar portion of the city; the other inaccessible "lion" of the capital was the southeastern quarter of the Chinese portion, a five hundred-acre area, surrounded by double walls, and containing the Altar to Heaven with its accompanying temples and ceremonial buildings. It was utterly out of the question for Llewellyn to break through the barriers which Chinese, or rather Manchu custom, had thrown around the home or prison of the Emperor. Even when the triumphant foreign powers insisted in 1860 upon audience with his august Majesty, there was probably only a nominal compliance. As the wily Japanese palmed off the Shogun for the Mikado upon Commodore Perry, so it is more than possible that a false show of Emperor was made upon that stately occasion when in the park outside the forbidden city, the English and French generals and diplomats thought they were looking upon the sovereign of four hundred millions of people.

But at the Altar to Heaven there was opportunity for Llewellyn. The grounds were in charge of the priests, and a corrupt priesthood is always more easily bribed than the secular officials of the most wretched civil service. He could have gone directly in the first day that he made application, had he been willing to pay the eight-tael, or ten-dollar bribe demanded. But the responsibility of the support of mother, sisters and brothers still rested so heavily upon him that he

could not throw away money. When subsequently in the shadows of the evening he scaled the walls, wandered alone over the whole area, and inspected the great altar of imperial worship, he little thought it was an event that was to contribute materially to the shaping of his whole future course in life.

In the Chinese Foreign Office was a mandarin who could speak English well, and with whom Llewellyn became familiarly acquainted.

“What do you think of the missionaries?” inquired the latter one day, fully expecting a confirmation of his own prejudices.

“They are the only foreigners” — the Chinaman replied; — “the only foreigners who are doing any real good to my fellow-countrymen.”

“Indeed, Shung Ling, both parts of your statement surprise me.”

“We are generally accounted by Christians so stupid as not to distinguish between the self-denying, philanthropic efforts of the missionaries, and the mercenary, hypocritical and domineering conduct of all others who have forced themselves upon China.”

“I suppose,” interrupted Llewellyn, “that you refer chiefly to those who forced the opium traffic upon your country. But there are two sides even to this question.”

“Perhaps,” replied Shung Ling, with a most contemptuous expression upon his usually placid face, “you Christians have a very convenient

moral code. You always adjust it to suit your actions. The great Confucius taught us better. Judged by his standards, there could be nothing more wicked than this persistent opium crime against China. And the same spirit seems to actuate all other financial and diplomatic dealings of foreigners with us."

"You make an exception of missionaries."

"Decidedly; that is, of those especially who have nothing to do with the Roman Pope; and this again is a distinction you think we are too stupid to make."

"But, to change the subject, Shung Ling, as I have some business at the Legation to which I must hasten, it is the height of my ambition in China to have sometime a few minutes' visit with Prince Kung, and His Excellency, Li-Hung-Chang. I cannot claim any audience as a mere private secretary to an ambassador, and during the formal calls at the Legation, it is not proper for me to say a word."

"They are here frequently, and are both very unceremonious at times. I will see what I can do for you."

Several months passed before the opportunity arrived. Meanwhile Llewellyn spent two hours every day with his Chinese teacher, pressing on in the study of the mandarin. As he sought only to be able to converse socially in official circles, his task was very much easier than that of the missionary, and when finally Shung Ling sent

him word to hurry over to the Foreign Office, he felt quite able to hold his own, without any interpreter, in conversation with the Prince and the Viceroy.

"Ah, then, you are from America," said Prince Kung to Llewellyn, after a studiously casual introduction; "and there is where you Christians are killing each other by the wholesale."

"Our government is engaged in the overthrow of a gigantic rebellion, Your Excellency."

"That is right," added Li-Hung-Chang, who had been the leader of the Chinese forces in the overthrow of the Taiping rebellion. "And after the war is through, I wish you would whip England again—the Christian opium-cursing nation."

"Christianity," observed Llewellyn, "is not responsible either for the slaveholder's rebellion, or for the terrible opium curse."

"O, that is your missionary philosophy," replied the Prince, "fallacy and imposition! I wish all you diplomatists would go back to your own countries, and take your opium, and your missionaries."

"I should agree to that," added the Viceroy, "only I would like to have them leave behind their machinists, whom we are employing in the Shanghai, Fuchow and Peiho arsenals. The fact is, the only respect in which Christian foreigners excel us, is in the use of iron and steam."

"That gives them advantages," said the Prince, "in commerce and war; but I would not ex-



change with them our superior morality and philosophy and religion."

"That is my conclusion after careful investigation," added Li-Hung-Chang, as he arose to indicate to the young American that this casual interview could not be prolonged; "I have seen their holy book and been quite charmed with it. I have talked with a few of their missionaries, and if I had never met any foreigners but them, I too might be a Christian. But never now in view of the foreign Christian greed, and hypocrisy, and opium outrage."

From this interview it began to dawn upon Llewellyn's mind, that if China is ever to be Christianized, it must be chiefly through the evangelizing enterprise of the missionaries, and of those native agencies which are the product of their labors. After these commendations of the missionaries, he felt half ashamed of his own prejudices, and resolved that he would know more about them himself. If possible, he would make no excuse to the next invitation to any mission home or school or chapel. He did not dream that before another week he would be compelled to anticipate an invitation, and to go to the missionaries for advice and help in a great perplexity.

"There is no other way," said the American Minister, "than your summary dismissal. Nothing less will satisfy the enraged Chinese officials. They say it has become generally known at

court, that an attaché of this Legation has forced his way into the sacred enclosure of the Altar to Heaven. In the presence of their fury, it will not do for me to seem in the slightest degree to countenance your act."

"Many have bribed the priest, or scaled the walls as I did," replied Llewellyn. "Very rarely does a foreigner fail to secure access in some way."

"That is true," continued the Minister, "and when I visited Peking, while Consul-General at Shanghai, I stole a march on the priests, and clambered over as you did. But it has happened that the trouble has arisen over your act, and if I do not dismiss you to-day, I am afraid the Court will send orders for the withdrawal of its embassy at Washington."

What should he do? There were no hotels, or foreign boarding-houses. He could not start off at once for America, or even for Hong-Kong or Shanghai, for he had drawn all his salary the day before, and forwarded half of it to his mother, and the other half to his savings-bank account in New York City. He had hardly pocket-money enough left to hire a donkey to Tung-cho, and a boat thence to Tientsin.

There was no other way but to go to the missionaries. Ah! many a young man, far away from his native land, has been saved from ruinous temptations and from blank despair, by the hospitable homes and loving hearts and wise counsels of Christian missionaries. If for no other purpose than

as beacon-lights along the shores of other continents, to save from shipwreck our own world-wide travelling young men, Christian missions are worth all they cost.

Rev. Dr. Bower, of the American Board, greeted Llewellyn as if he had been his own son. There was no apparent remembrance of the many times the young Legation attaché had failed to accept invitations to the mission premises.

“You must certainly make your home with us until we see some way out of this perplexity,” said the faithful Congregational laborer. “And if, meanwhile, you can study our work, and learn to appreciate it, I shall feel that this has been a very providential embarrassment to you.”

The next day Llewellyn spent two hours with his host in the native chapel. The faithful preaching of the Word to adult heathen favorably impressed him. He saw that the missionary's task was no easy one; no simple repetition of the story of Jesus to child-like hearers. Questions, many of them very hard ones, were frequently proposed to the missionary by the members of the constantly changing congregation. There was no hesitancy to interrupt him with inquiries about opium, and foreign dress, and the comparative merits of Christian ethics and those of Confucius, Fo (Buddha), and Laou-tsze. To Llewellyn much that was said was unintelligible, but he saw the missionary was doing hard, honest work, and that many of his hearers were receiving impressions thoughtfully and conscientiously.

Llewellyn's room was not as sumptuous as his old one at the Legation, nor was the table as bountifully supplied as that to which he had been accustomed. He saw daily evidences that it required very close economy, and a great deal of household tact, to make salary cover expenses. Part of the building he found to be occupied for school purposes. The daily conversations and prayers opened up an entirely new world of interests and responsibilities. A little information scattered all his prejudices as chaff before the wind.

One day they went over to the London mission to call upon Rev. Dr. Maundrell.

"I have procured a situation for you, Mr. Litchfield," was the pleasant greeting. "It is only for three or four months, but you will be able to turn yourself, and to decide the question of remaining in China, or of returning to America.

"It is hardly worth while for you to tell me about the situation," replied Llewellyn, his heart bounding with gratitude, "for I am inexpressibly anxious to do anything, especially what may be recommended to me by such kind and thoughtful friends as you two missionaries."

But all was explained; and in a few days Llewellyn was off upon a commission of the Dutch Minister, to gather from all the treaty ports of China certain statistics, which the government of the Netherlands desired in the interest of Japanese trade and immigration. This business required his presence a few days each in Tien-tsin, Chefoo,

New-chwang, Shanghai, Chin-Kiang, Kiu-Kiang, Han-Kow, Ningpo, Fu-chow, Amoy, Swatow, Taiwan, Takao, Canton, and Hong-Kong.

We cannot follow him upon this extensive tour of China, full of interest and of information. In a land of such rigid conservatism, where changes are so slow to take place, although Llewellyn's opportunity was almost a score of years ago, he saw nearly everything as recorded by the author of these pages in his late volume, entitled *Around the World Tour of Christian Missions*. Only this especially, evangelizing enterprise was far from being as advanced as at present. Beginnings merely were being made, foundations for the grand structure that is now appearing before the eyes of all who are willing to see.

Wherever there were missionaries, it proved no loss of time for Llewellyn to call upon them. He found them better informed in regard to the facts he was seeking than any of the foreign officials or merchants. He saw that several of them were making valuable contributions to different sciences, and yet evidently all such work was very incidental to the absorbing passion of their lives, to convey the saving knowledge of Christ to the teeming millions of China.

Llewellyn's heart was more and more enlisted in the cause of Christian missions. The need of Christ in the heathen world continually strengthened as a conviction, while he visited the different parts of this vast empire. His admiration for the

missionaries was constantly on the increase as he studied the spirit of their service, the exemplary character of their lives, the thoroughness of their consecration, and the painful, plodding self-sacrifice with which they were prosecuting their holy enterprise.

“Why not I?” came to him again and again, as if it were a whisper from the spirit world. “Why not I? There is no greater need for Christian work than in heathen lands. I have come to appreciate it and to love it, and the plans of my life are all unsettled. Why not I become a missionary? Perhaps I might, and continue to support mother and her family.”

At Hong-Kong he received the unexpected news of his mother's second marriage, and into a home that solved entirely the question of support for herself and her dependent children.

“Why not I give myself to this great cause of world evangelization?” came back now with double force to Llewellyn. It followed him by day and by night, giving him no peace, until he yielded obedience to God's Spirit, who had been instructing his mind and warming his heart, and leading him by wonderful providences.

The next mail for America carried a letter from Llewellyn to the President of the Manhattan Theological Seminary in New York, relating his conversion to the cause of Christian missions, and his desire to qualify to enter upon such work for life. “I am coming by the next steamer,” he added; “and

shall delay neither in Japan nor California. I have no encumbrance, and have sufficient money saved to carry me with rigid economy through a three-years course. May God bring us together and enable you to counsel me aright."

## CHAPTER IX.

### A BATTLE WITH UNBELIEF.

MARGARET KILBURNE became very much interested in the preaching of Professor Parker. His polished language and manner, the depth and breadth of his philanthropic sentiments, and his heroism in loyalty to his own convictions, which had already begun to arrest the attention of multitudes in Chicago, completely charmed her. Though a long distance to go every Sunday, the attraction was so great that her attendance was quite regular. Doubtless she received much good; restings of her wearied spirit, incitement to onward struggling, clearer appreciations of the character and life of Christ. But at some points there was an abandonment of the old orthodox faith. Miss Kilburne would have combated the unscriptural vagaries, had they been presented in any other form. But while her attention was off guard, and she was dazzled by the light of human genius, scepticism stole in and swelled in volume until it became a devastating flood.

At this very time, when an experience of brilliant religious sentiments was taking the place of



a genuine abiding of the heart in the power of the Son of God, the young schoolteacher was passing under many clouds. Not at once did she fully realize the great change which had taken place in her social position. She had accepted the situation of the loss of property, but was not prepared for such a rebuff as she received upon the boulevard one Saturday afternoon from the wealthy Mrs. Norcross, for whom only one year before Margaret acted as bridesmaid.

"O, Belle, I am glad to see you!" exclaimed Margaret to her old friend, who had just alighted from her beautiful carriage in front of a splendid mansion.

"Indeed! ah — Miss — Kilburne, I believe."

"Have I changed so much in one short year that old friends can hardly recognize me?" inquired Margaret, with mingled feelings of surprise, indignation and sadness.

"O, no; the change has not been so much in yourself as in — in — Patrick," she exclaimed to her coachman in her confusion, "you may drive around the square; I will be out in a few minutes."

"Then our old friendship, Mrs. Norcross, was but the creature of circumstances; it was the meeting-place of our parents' money, instead of our two hearts: can it be there was such a burlesque?"

"Society has its laws, and they are inflexible. I think I have heard you are earning your living by teaching in one of the common schools."

“But it is the same Maggie who has often driven on these boulevards with you, and dined with you at your father’s and my father’s homes, and with you read many a book and arranged many a party.”

“Is there any way I can help you, Miss Kilburne? My husband is very benevolent.”

“In no way, madam, but to hear me one moment longer, while I relieve my wounded and indignant heart. You have money still, but you are in wretched poverty of soul. I would not exchange the wealth of my affections for a thousand times all the property you expect to inherit. Changes have come, and you are no longer my friend. But there is an unchangeable friend, One who loves to the end.”

Margaret’s last words were not heard by the haughty aristocrat, who had already turned and slammed the iron gate behind her.

“Ah me! Am I becoming a hypocrite?” soliloquized Margaret a few moments afterward, as she checked her rapid gait and sauntered along toward her humble boarding-house. “My religious words were what they should be, but I do not half believe them. God also has changed to me, and the heavens over my head are brass. I do not doubt that Christ’s teachings are the way of life; but the doctrine of providence—providence—I think the materialists are half right.”

It added much to the embarrassment of her situation to be the object of the gentleman prin-

cipal's special regard. She could scarcely explain the reason, and yet she knew she never could be more to him than a friendly associate. The thought of remaining single, that she might sometime go as a missionary to the heathen, was not now a controlling consideration. It was only that she was sure that while she respected him as a gentleman, and admired him for his talents, and was grateful for his assistance in many ways, she could not love him. She told him so very decidedly. Nevertheless he persisted in his attentions during all the many months of their association as teachers, and this contributed to Margaret's misery as she was now too much of a woman to find any enjoyment in flirtation.

Perseverance in newspaper correspondence began to meet with some reward. Frequently her contributions were accepted and generous payments made. To write a book was now her ambition, and, after burning the midnight oil continuously for several months over her story of sunshine and shadow, selfishness and love, she was able to carry her completed manuscript to one of the Chicago publishers.

"I am very sorry, Miss Kilburne," said the gentlemanly publisher, "but we cannot undertake any more books at present. Perhaps the firm across the street may not be so crowded."

She tried there also, but received the reply: "We noticed your coming with your manuscript from the opposite house, and we make it a point

never to accept what has been rejected by other publishers.”

A member of the third publishing house on whom Margaret called consented to receive her manuscript for examination, but two weeks later at the time of his promised answer returned it, saying :

“ We cannot publish your work unless you will reduce it one third, and re-write the closing chapters, and choose a different name, and pay the expense of the plates,—”

“ How much would that be ? ” inquired the far from happy authoress.

“ Perhaps six hundred dollars ; but then we would give you a royalty after the first thousand are sold.”

“ How much would be the royalty ? ”

“ Ten cents on every book.”

“ You might as well ask me, sir, to lift a mountain, as to raise six hundred dollars ; and then, too, for the author to receive nothing for the first thousand books sold, if at all, and only ten cents per copy after that, seems to me perfectly absurd.”

It was very discouraging, but Margaret was wise enough to use the criticisms which had been made, and upon renewed application at the place where she last called, the publishers consented to accept her work, to meet themselves the cost of plates, and to give her a royalty of fifteen per cent on all sales.

Various judgments upon her new book were

rendered by the press. The *Chicago Globe* congratulated the author. The *New York Journal* saw no reason for putting such schoolgirl compositions into book form. The *Boston Times* thought the plot interesting and the style remarkably brilliant and polished. The *Philadelphia Tribune* said the story was very insipid, the style commonplace, and that the reading public could never be entertained by such trash.

The most noteworthy result of all this literary experience was the introduction of Miss Kilburne into the social circle of men and women of letters. The majority of them she found to be very worldly, and far more sceptically inclined than herself. Their reading-circles and society-meetings and club-entertainments became so exacting upon her time, that she first gave up the Wednesday evening religious service, and then resigned her Sunday-school class.

Often would come back to her the memory of former days, when she enjoyed a simple child-like trust in God, when prayer for daily guidance and protection seemed delightfully real, and when it was so easy to believe that all things were working together for her good. She had not surrendered such confidences without many fierce conflicts of spirit. But her new religious and literary associations, powerfully influencing her at a time when she was being called to pass through some of the most trying of all possible experiences in this life, added to the facts that her early Chris-

tian character had been cultivated in a garden of luxury and that she had never had any true religious nourishment from father or mother, secured within her heart the final victory for unbelief.

She wrote frankly to her friend, Cleora Lyddell, at this time: "My old every-day piety is almost entirely crushed out of me. I still believe that the only way to heaven is through Christ; that is, for us, though I am not so certain as formerly of the necessity of sending the Gospel to the heathen. I have not had a special prayer answered the last year. Nothing has come to hand but can easily be traced to the unthinking, unfeeling, inevitable laws of cause and effect. I have tried and tried to adjust our old theory of providence to the stern, ugly facts of my present life; but have failed, and give it up. Do not tantalize me, please, in any reply, by indulging in religious poetry. This life is prose, not poetry; and providence and mythology should be laid aside together."

On the return to her boarding-house room, or prison-cell as she called it, after dropping this letter into the street post-box, her attention was arrested by a little company of men and women around the steps of an old tumble-down dwelling on a side alley, listening to the earnest words of a young man, who seemed to be holding a Bible in his hands. It was Mr. D. L. Moody in the beginnings of his work, which has since become famous throughout Christendom. Margaret moved

up a few rods toward the strange scene to listen.

“I tell you, friends,” said Mr. Moody, “when God says he will never leave nor forsake his children, he means it. Have you abandoned your boy, father, when you are out of his sight awhile, working at the shop for his food and clothing? Mother, your baby is very lonesome and often cries for you, when you are off washing, but it is the only way to keep a roof over your heads, and food in your mouths, and clothing on your bodies, and do you really for a moment ever forsake your child? We can no more look up and understand God, than our babes in their cradles can understand us. But he tells us that he loves us. Do you doubt it? Look at his own Son dying on the cross for you and me. God says to his children, ‘All things shall work together for their good.’ Do you doubt it? Look again at the cross on Calvary. Can such love fail to fulfil such promise? Can such a heart hold itself aloof from our daily trials and perplexities? Oh, think of it! Can the Father of Jesus Christ be the god of our unbelief?”

Margaret had not thought of flanking her unbelief in any such way as that. She had always tried to meet the enemy directly in front, and therefore frequently had failed. She had not learned that in spiritual warfare there was need of strategy as well as of heroism.

Not long after, Margaret was taken seriously

ill. Her extra literary work, the unrelenting trials of her life, and particularly the painful disquietude of her religious nature which had turned away from a living, restful, daily faith in God, made her ready upon the occasion of a slight cold for long anxious weeks of typhoid fever. For some days it was very uncertain whether she could live.

“Do you wish any minister to come and see you?” inquired the anxious mother.

“No — yes.”

“Shall I send for Professor Parker?”

“I want something more than literary satisfaction now.”

“You have often enjoyed hearing the Professor.”

“I prefer now Mr. Moody.”

“Dear sister in Christ,” said the summoned lay-preacher; “do I find you looking up or down to-day?”

“Down sir; and that is the difficulty; I cannot help it.”

“Cannot help it? O, I am so glad to hear you say this, for God delights to help the helpless. He tells us that it is his way to leave the ninety and nine and go out after the one who is the farthest off from comfort and from safety.”

“That is my condition, sir. For almost two years I have been cherishing a hope of salvation while rejecting more and more the proffered benefits of religion in this life.”



"Then you see its folly, do you?"

"Yes, I begin to see it. But how can I realize God's presence and care through the horrible life I have been called to live, and now here when by my sickness I am using in advance every dollar I can earn for months, may lose my situation in the school, shall disappoint my publishers as to my new book, and everybody has been made to forget all about my continued story in the *Globe*?"

"You cannot of yourself realize it. Such feeling is the gift of God's Spirit in answer to prayer."

"I have prayed for it."

"But you have set the time, and told God that he must come within such limits, or you would not believe him."

"Two years are a long, long time."

"Not too long for the ripening of some of God's most gracious purposes with us. It was longer with David, and with Ruth, and with Mary the mother of our Lord. You are sorely tempted to distrust God. But there must be some way of escape; the Bible says there always is. Let us close our eyes in prayer and find it."

And then Mr. Moody prayed as he knelt by her side, even as so often since in the crowded inquiry room, "the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man that availeth much." He asked that new wisdom and strength might come to this one, who had been worsted of late in the conflict

with unbelief. He entreated that she might be brought forth from this crucible pure gold for the Master's use; that she might be as reconciled to all the dealings of Providence as to the plan of salvation through Christ, and that even that hour she might have the sight of faith to pierce the clouds over her head."

"Amen!" whispered Margaret, while the smiling tears in her eyes told that she had caught a glimpse of the sunlight beyond.

## CHAPTER X.

### THWARTED PLANS, AND KANSAS COLPORTAGE.

THE president of the Theological Seminary in New York welcomed Llewellyn Litchfield with the utmost cordiality. He was very much pleased with the young man's personal appearance, his intelligence and his religious character. Evidently he was more than a college-graduate. He had seen the world, won some of its battles in a spirit of manly self-reliance, and did not come in the effeminate, irresolute and lolling manner in which many students present themselves for admission to our Theological Seminaries.

“And, So, Mr. Litchfield,” continued the president, “you feel quite settled in your conviction, that it is your duty to prepare to be a missionary to the heathen. Why are you not now prepared, without any farther study, to enter upon such labor?”

“I have come into contact, sir, with many of the leading minds among the natives of Asia, and have found that it is not safe to meet them in battle except with the sharpest and best-tempered weapons. They know how to handle with great

dexterity and effect their false principles and religious systems. I have seen missionaries confused in argument and compelled to retreat by the superior skill of heathen men."

"But then, the masses of the populations, among whom you would do most of your work, are very ignorant and degraded."

"O, sir; it has been among them especially that I have felt my deficiency. I could argue with a mandarin upon the relative merits of Christianity and Confucianism, much more easily than I could explain to my servant in Peking what Christians believe."

"You are right, Mr. Litchfield. It is one of the greatest mistakes which many make, that we are educating ministers and missionaries for educated people; that the demand for thorough training in the ministry is specially on account of the increased intelligence of the laity. The demand is supremely involved in the very character of Christianity and in the complexities of every human soul."

"Who is the professor in the missionary department of your seminary? I know I shall enjoy and greatly profit under his instruction."

"I am sorry to say, we have no such professor or department as yet. It is a shame that we have not even arrangement for a course of lectures upon the great science of Christian missions. It is a reproach our Theological Seminaries cannot very much longer endure."

The next morning Llewellyn had hardly time or inclination to glance at a newspaper, so filled were his thoughts with the realization of the plan which had matured in China and then brought him hither so many thousands of miles. At nine o'clock he was to meet with his fellow-students for the first time, in the chapel of the seminary. What cared he about New York and Washington hotel and street-gossip, when commencing preparation to be a messenger of God to heathen millions? Still he looked for a moment to see the news from the war.

“What is this? Can it be possible!”

### HEAVY DEFALCATION.

WASHINGTON SAVINGS' BANK RUINED.

*Cashier Confesses. Loss of All its Funds in Wall Street.*

“Then I have nothing,” sobbed Llewellyn, after he returned to his room, where he broke completely down; the first flood of tears he had shed since his father's death. “Nothing; all lost! Not enough to pay my board bill here for the rest of this week!”

“O, God,” he exclaimed, as he fell upon his knees, “let me not lose Thee in the terrible darkness of this calamity!”

He reached across the table for his Bible, and as if angel-fingers had opened it, his eyes rested first upon these words of Job.

“Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.”

The rattling of a key in his door reminded Llewellyn that his room was wanted, and as there was no other suitable place for him to linger in the boarding-house, he was compelled to take to the streets. Here he wandered aimlessly for hours, till weary, he sought the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Without reading, his eyes traced the lines of many columns of the newspapers, until his attention was arrested by a contributed article in the *Chicago Globe*, entitled, “My Wounded Bird.”

It was a prettily told story of a canary bird which had been singing sweetly in chorus with several others of her kind in other cages of the room, until an old cat sprung against her cage and knocked it over on the floor. The little songstress was not caught in the fatal claws of the monster, but one of her wings was broken by the fall. Then the writer tells how the broken wing was splintered; how carefully a nest of cotton was made and how for many days she had more attention from her owner than all the other canary birds together. In the moral it was urged that society should give more attention to the unfortunate and distressed, and that this lesson of nature must be the revelation of God.

The article was signed “Elfrida,” *nom de plume*, under which Margaret Kilburne began her contributions to the Chicago press.

It was like a cooling zephyr to a feverish

brow. Could Margaret have known what help her words had been to one young man in a far-off city, when sorely wounded in spirit and almost helpless with despair, she would have felt ready to take a great many rebuffs from the newspaper editors.

Greatly refreshed with the thought, that now in his extreme plight he was the object of God's special solicitude, and that, whatever was before him, God was nearer to him and cherishing him more tenderly than ever, he returned to his boarding-house, and early in the evening called again upon the seminary president.

The welcome was not as cordial as it had been the evening before.

"We have not seen you to-day at the chapel or in your class. What is the explanation?"

The story was soon told, and Llewellyn found quick sympathy and wise counsel.

"I had my misgivings, Mr. Litchfield, about your beginning in the middle of a theological seminary year. Work ever so faithfully, you can hardly make good the opportunities lost, and besides it is a year and a half since you left the drill of college walls. However earnest your purpose, it will be some time before you, from your journeyings round the world and desultory studies, can adjust yourself to a rigid routine of school life."

"If now I wait until next autumn to begin with a new class, then I am kept back for one whole

year from entering upon foreign missionary work.”

“That is not so important as you imagine, Mr. Litchfield. Among young men who feel called to the work, there is a great deal of undue anxiety to hasten precipitately into the preaching of the Gospel at home or abroad. Christ did not begin his public ministry till he was thirty years old.”

As the result of this conversation, and of an interview the following day with the Secretary of the Bible Society, Llewellyn accepted a six months' commission as a colporter in Kansas. This would enable him to gain some experience in missionary work; to thoroughly test the reliability of his “call,” and to add probably three hundred dollars to the income of the scholarship promised him in the fall.

It was very hard work for Llewellyn to sell Bibles from house to house throughout the rural districts of Central Kansas. He had not known that there could be any evangelistic labor in America so comparable with the hardships of foreign mission toil. The experience of his father in village-pastorate had shown him that the ministers at home also had their heavy crosses to bear, but he went away to college so early in life that he did not receive the full emphasis of such impressions. His new experience was therefore very instructive, and it became quite certain that in his future correspondence from a heathen land, as also in his public addresses during vaca-



tions, Llewellyn would never say, or even seem to say, that the foreign missionary had the right to monopolize the sympathy of Christian people.

At a little village named Lebanon, he was stopping over night with a home missionary there located. For supper they had nothing but corn-meal porridge with molasses. But it tasted deliciously to Llewellyn, after his twenty miles' tramp that day, carrying all the way his satchel of Bibles, and calling at more than a score of farmhouses. He ate as heartily as any of the six children around the plain, clothless table.

His apartment was a curtained corner of the family-room, with the only bedstead in the house, furnished with a single straw-tick, and with a scarcity of covering that suggested at once the necessity of remaining dressed.

As they sat down conversing around the cooking-stove, in the light of a burning wick upon the edge of a saucer filled with tallow, Llewellyn had good opportunity to study this home-missionary and his family.

"Where did you attend school, Mr. Sutherland?" inquired the visitor, certain that the question could create no embarrassment.

"I graduated at Yale and at Andover."

"And your wife?"

"She went for awhile to the Buffalo High School, and completed her course of study at the Ipswich Female Seminary."

"Did you never have any call to an Eastern church?"

“O, indeed, several. I was wanted in Salem at a two thousand dollar salary, and I had an invitation to Philadelphia at four thousand dollars a year.”

“Why did you not accept one of them?”

“Because I was thoroughly convinced that God had called me to be a missionary, and my wife felt equally decided upon that point.”

“Then should you not have gone to Turkey, or India, or China?”

“No, sir; it pleased God to breathe into us somewhat of the spirit of those Moravians, who buried themselves for life in the lazarettos of Southern Europe, and we felt as if we should go in Christ’s name into the hardest and most repelling work to be found in the world.”

“What is your salary here?”

“Three hundred dollars from the mission society, and the people of this region make it up to about one hundred dollars more. We are a little close at present in our living expenses, as you may notice, on account of the late severe sickness of our eldest daughter.”

“You surely have some allowance annually from your society toward doctor’s bills!”

“No; such provision is made only for foreign missionaries.”

“Certainly something is sent you additionally for house-rent?”

“O, no; you have all your ideas from heathen lands. There is no corresponding sentiment abroad

in the churches to treat us generously. This shanty takes fifty dollars a year of our salary. Then wife and I have no vacations. I have been here twelve years, but the officers at the Rooms would consider me insane, should I propose at the expense of the treasury to take my family to Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia, and rest two years, or even two months."

"Do you mean to object to foreign missionaries' vacations?"

"I do not. They ought to come home in every eight years or so. But I do not see how many of them can consent to stay away from their work so long. Here I have a little central station and ten out-stations in different parts of this county, in all of which I preach regularly from one to four times a month, and to leave my work for two years would be almost its ruin."

"I have been told," observed Llewellyn, "that the home missionaries receive a great many presents from the churches in the older settled regions of the country."

"We have had but one box, and that five years ago from a church in Maine. It is a long way off, and the good sisters forgot to pay the freight expenses. The cost of teaming from the railroad here was fifteen dollars in addition, and it was several months before again we felt even with the world."

The next morning at seven o'clock, as Llewellyn was about to start upon his daily col-

portage-work, his host brought him a little bag of silver and copper and nickel coins, saying:

“There are ten dollars, our family contribution the past year to the foreign mission cause. I will go along with you to the store and get it changed into a bill, and then will trouble you to hand it next week, when you reach Leavenworth, to the State agent.”

In the first woods outside of that village through which Llewellyn passed, he knelt and prayed that he might be made the fitted messenger of such self-sacrificing hearts to the heathen world.

It was a surprise for him to find so many homes without Bibles. Perhaps a third of these he persuaded to purchase. More frequently he succeeded, after some religious conversation, in securing the attention of the family to the reading and exposition of a chapter of God's word, and then their permission for him to lead them in prayer.

Hardly a day passed, however, without some rudeness. Doors were slammed in his face; dogs were permitted to trouble him to the delight of their scoffing owners; his Bibles were stolen; often he was refused shelter at night, and was compelled to travel on till very late before he could find a resting-place. Sometimes he had to sleep in barns and sheds and on the sheltered side of straw-stacks. He would not have suffered so much had he been on any secular business, but his fidelity to his mission purpose awakened frequent and sometimes bitter hostility.

Not always so, however. One night in a log-house he found that God's spirit had evidently preceded him. Both husband and wife were hungering for Gospel-food. They had not met a minister since they moved to Kansas from the old Green Mountain State eleven years before. There was no Bible in the house, and there had never been any prayer. Yet both had begun to long for something better than that this world can give or take away. Till almost morning Llewellyn read and expounded Scripture to them, and prayed for them and with them, until light broke into their souls, and they rejoiced in a believer's hope. The last words of the happy farmer to Llewellyn on the morrow were, "If ever you want a man to die for you, send for me."

Occasionally he would come across a rich Christian character in those far out-of-the-way districts, a real diamond in the rough. Then, part of the time, at least, he received more than he gave of that wisdom which is from above. One old lady's cheerfulness under a bewildering accumulation of troubles, her confidence which nothing could shake in the loving fatherhood of God, and her prayer with him and for him regarding the missionary purpose of his life, lingered for years with Llewellyn as a most precious memory and a most valuable inspiration.

In one home he met an experience which turned many leaves of his after-life. That day a letter came from the army in Virginia, saying

that the only son of this family had fallen in battle. The writer, who communicated as tenderly as possible this sad news, was a delegate of the Christian Commission. Llewellyn did all he could to bind up the broken-hearted. He also replied to the letter in their behalf, adding an offer of his own services in the hospitals or at the front during the succeeding months of July and August.

## CHAPTER XI.

### WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE conflict of Mr. and Mrs. Lyddell with God, in regard to the foreign missionary ambition of their daughter, continued upon their return to Boston. They had spent considerable time and money in Paris, in the endeavor to draw away Cleora's inclinations from thoughts of the heathen and their evangelization to the interests of select fashionable society and to the consideration of the question of her settlement in life. Though meeting with no encouragement, they resolved not to relax their efforts when they had completed the circuit of the globe, and were again at home upon Beacon street.

Immediately they arranged for a general reception at their mansion, to which invitations were extended to many of Mr. and Mrs. Lyddell's old friends, and to over a hundred of the young people in the leading families of Boston and vicinity. The attendance and the cordiality of the greetings were very pleasing to Cleora. She appreciated the intelligence and refinement of her guests, which enabled them to pass away a pleas-

ant evening without recourse to cards and dancing. She was unreconciled, however, to the amount of time required to meet all the demands of so large a circle of acquaintances. Her conscience condemned her for spending life so selfishly. She rightly judged that there is a dissipation of culture and refinement, as well as of ignorant, low-lived sensuality.

Among the guests of that evening were the poets Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes and Lowell; and those other two of our sweet American bards, Bryant and Emerson, sent their regrets in words so fitly chosen that it seemed as if they were there. The Mayor of the city and Senator Sumner came in for a few moments, and the President of Harvard University lingered as if in congenial atmosphere. Yet Cleora was happier upon the morrow, when she had her carriage loaded with the leavings of the great feast, and went along to give the cakes and the fruits to the boys and girls' charity homes, and the flowers to the different wards of the city hospital.

It was hardly a month after her return that Cleora became actively enlisted in the work of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions. To their fairs she contributed more of the curiosities she had brought from foreign lands, than she retained for her own pleasure. She served at the tables, evidently not to exhibit herself, but to help the cause of alleviating the distresses of the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals and at the front. Many



an hour at home she spent in making lint and bandages to send to where bones were breaking, and blood was flowing for human rights.

"May I go with you?" asked Cleora eagerly of Rev. and Mrs. Dr. Tolhurst, of Grace Church, who were making a parting call upon the Lydells before going to the Army of the Potomac, in the interests of the Massachusetts Relief Agency.

"Surely, Miss Lyddell," replied Doctor Tolhurst, "you would make an excellent companion for my wife in the hospital work: and even should we find ourselves at times upon the battle-fields, I think you would know what to do and to say."

"But we have no ambition that our daughter should become a Florence Nightingale," exclaimed Mr. Lyddell, while his wife added to his protest her emphatic assent.

"Nor I either, father dear," responded Cleora. "I have no longing to become celebrated as a philanthropist; I simply wish to do all the good I can wherever there is opportunity, and here seems to be one providentially presented. You will not forbid me—you have no son for the army. Please let me go to help the sick and wounded sons of others!"

"I am perfectly willing that you should give a thousand dollars to this new relief enterprise."

"But, father, I desire to give MYSELF. For this glorious cause I cannot do up my heart in any amount of money. Please, mother, you give your consent, and then father will, I know!"

And they both did; not because they wished their daughter to go to the front, but they thought the rough experience of such philanthropy would soon drive her back in glad retreat to the ease and opportunity of her station in life. They were becoming discouraged in their efforts to extinguish the fire of Cleora's foreign missionary enthusiasm, but perhaps a few weeks with Doctor and Mrs. Tolhurst, among many hard, swearing and insulting men would do it.

It was along in the summer succeeding the disastrous battles of Chancellorsville and Fredricksburg. The army lay between Alexandria and the Rappahannock. There were many thousands of sick and wounded soldiers in the field-hospitals, as also in Washington and at other points throughout the North. Those retained at the front were either slightly invalided and soon expected to report for duty, or so seriously diseased or injured as to render removal dangerous.

Among several hundreds of the latter, belonging to the second corps, were pitched the two tents of the Massachusetts Relief Agency. Miss Lydell had curtained off half of Doctor and Mrs. Tolhurst's tent as her own private apartment. The other, which was a larger spread of canvas, was their depot of stores, in charge of Rev. Dr. Harris of Lowell, and Rev. Mr. Kennard of Worcester.

Daily, Cleora, under the direction of the army surgeons, made her rounds of the hospital wards,

carrying delicacies of food, clean linen, papers and books. Many a feverish face and hand were made more comfortable by her washing. Many a pillow seemed easier after she had arranged it. And many a time the medicine appeared to taste less bitter and to work more efficaciously, when she reached one of her hands under the warrior's head, and with the other placed the cup or spoon to his parched lips.

"O, lady, please stay a little longer by my cot!" pleaded a man one day as Cleora moved on, after leaving a glass of jelly at his side.

"Can I do anything more for you this time?"

"No. Only yourself. It is a little bit of home again to look at a lady. It almost seems as if my arm is on, and I am with mother and Mary on the farm."

"Have you a picture of your Mary?"

"No; but she is like you, only a little more beautiful. You are an angel to us, but nobody can equal her."

"Was she willing that you should come to the war?"

"Oh! she was braver than me, and said if I would go she would work the farm; and since she has buried the baby—harder for her than for me to lose my arm. No doubt she is in the field to-day in my place. It is only a very little farm."

"I will write her post-office address in my book, and send her a letter in a few days."

“But don't tell her my arm is gone! Say I was hurt; that's all. The ball touched me in front; tell her that.”

Word came to the Agency tent one morning from the surgeon of a New York regiment, that one of his men, who had been badly wounded in the breast, was dying, and kept calling for the young lady Christian.

“Isn't she coming yet?”

“Yes, John, I am here,” replied Cleora as she knelt by his side.

“You were telling me the other day of the Friend of sinners; and you said he'd not turn me off.”

“All true, John. Do you believe in him?”

“I believe in you.”

“I am only a poor sinner, saved by faith in Jesus Christ. And I know that my Saviour will be your Saviour too, if you will only let him.”

“Put my hands up, then, together, just as you do when you pray, and tell me what to say.”

“Yes, I will, John.” And Cleora took the hands that were already cold in death, and held them clasped above his wounded breast.

“I'm an awful sinner, lady. I have been a swearer and a thief and adulterer and a drunkard, and I killed my wife”—

“Tell it all now to Jesus,” interrupted Cleora, as she still held his hands in prayer, and noted the glazing eyes.

“It is just so; O, God, you know it! I'm sorry, but that don't help it”—

"Jesus save me! Say that, John."

"Jesus save me! There hain't no other way; I can't give you anything. O, God! O, Jesus!"

It was all that could be heard. The eyes were still open, and as the lips continued moving, Cleora kept the hands lifted in prayer. And yet she thought it was joyful testimony of another soul, though with sins of blackest dye, washed white in the blood of the Lamb.

"Have you pen and ink, lady?" inquired of Cleora one morning a young man who could scarcely have been out of his teens. He was very low with the dysentery, which carried off more than the bullet from our army.

"Yes, and I have paper too. I am always prepared to write for the soldiers. Is it to your mother?"

"Yes, mam. God bless her! I do not deserve such a mother."

"I hope you always treated her well."

"No, I didn't. That's the trouble; and I want to confess to her — my hand is so weak, I cannot write it; so I called you."

"Then I shall say for you now — My dear mother!"

"O, make it a little stronger; I called her 'the old woman' so long — say, My Very Dear, Dear Mother."

And Cleora wrote on as he dictated, his voice sometimes so feeble that she had to lean over close to his thin, pale lips to catch his meaning. It was a long

story of unrequited love, of running away to sea, of falling among wicked companions, and of enlisting in the service after a night of dissipation.

“That dark record is all down. But, soldier, it is written also in God’s book above.”

“It was, lady, till last night. But after I heard you praying by the cot of my next comrade, for Jesus to blot out all his transgressions, I kept saying over your words till something made me sure they were answered.”

“Then I may write your mother that God has forgiven you, and that you desire her to do so too?”

“Yes; and tell her if I get well I’ll come home, and that I’ll not give her reason to shed any more tears over me.”

On return that evening to her tent, Cleora passed a regiment of cavalry, preparing to go forth on a very dangerous reconnoissance. The colonel, who gave his name as Loughridge of Chicigo, handed her a beautiful diamond-mounted lady’s watch, saying:

“This belonged to my wife who died a year ago. If I fall to-night, send it to my little daughter. This is her address.”

And the major also dismounted, saying:

“Lady, please, this ring has the picture of my betrothed. Here is her card. Perhaps you may return it to me in the morning.”

“I do not like to ask it,” said a young lieutenant, stepping up modestly to her side, “but mother requests me in a letter to-day to send her

a lock of my hair, and perhaps this is my only opportunity, if you will allow me to cut off some with my knife and leave inside of her letter with you."

Then several of the private soldiers ventured to approach Cleora.

"This pocket-book has my last month's pay: I was expecting to send it to-morrow to my family."

"This Bible my mother gave me: tell her I have read in it every day."

"This knife was my little boy's good-by: would you mind keeping it for — for me?"

The morrow was a very busy one with Cleora, for many of that regiment did not return. The colonel was severely wounded, and every day for weeks, Cleora or Mrs. Tolhurst ministered unto him. The sabre had cut very close to one of his eyes, so that he could not read, and Cleora read to him frequently from the newspapers. A little book upon crosses and crowns of life, written by Margaret Kilburne, and which Cleora had received from her Chicago friend since coming to the army, interested him very much, especially when he learned that its authoress was from his own city, had lived in his own neighborhood, and had been one of the most brilliant lights in the society to which he belonged. At its close he requested his reader to pencil her friend's present address in his memorandum-book.

From the supply-tent the clergymen in charge had finally to return home to their pastoral duties,

and Cleora was their substitute a week. Occasionally, the Christian Commission delegates drew upon her stores. Thus, one morning a young man came to request the loan of a few bottles of Jamaica ginger.

“Your name, please, sir, to record in our order-book?”

“Llewellyn Litchfield. And if you ever come to our tent for supplies, I hope I may be there to inquire your name.”



## CHAPTER XII.

### TEMPTED FROM DUTY.

**W**HILE much absorbed by her literary ambition, Margaret Kilburne was not unmindful of her special gift of song. She had been hindered from taking any course of thorough instruction in vocal music, formerly on account of the pressure of school and social duties, and latterly because she could not afford to pay the exorbitant charges of first-rate teachers. But her voice and familiarity with the rudiments were highly appreciated among her pupils, and at her old church, to which she returned after recovery from the severe sickness, she was invited to take the leading place in the choir, at five hundred dollars a year. In the Sunday-school, where she resumed her class, she played the piano, insisting, however, that this should be gratuitous service. She was much happier, and hence in more of a singing mood, than she had been for months. Her faith again was strong in God, and her conviction of duty to missions plain; yes, stronger and plainer, and hence she was more inclined to sing, and could sing better.

“Miss Kilburne, I have called to make a prop-

osition to you. I do it as a mere matter of business, which I have carefully considered, and in regard to which I am able and willing to take all the risks."

The caller was the manager of the old Opera House, which was destroyed in the terrible conflagration of 1871. He was a gentleman in appearance, past middle life, and his whole manner was qualified to inspire confidence.

"I have heard you sing in church several times of late, and you have a remarkable, natural voice; but it lacks cultivation."

"I am indeed well aware, sir, of the lack of cultivation, as also of the inexorable reasons."

"Do not understand me, then, as offering any favor. Simply this: I am willing to invest ten thousand dollars in your voice, assuming all the risks, provided you will give me a paper, agreeing, after the completion of a two years' course of instruction in Europe, to sing under my management for five years, at terms that shall appear mutually satisfactory at the close of the first season."

"Your offer, sir, is very complimentary, and I cannot help giving it careful thought."

"Pardon me, Miss Kilburne, if I add another consideration. Your former residence upon Michigan avenue has lately come into my possession. I do not intend to occupy it; only an investment. If it would be pleasing to you to have your parents again reside there eventually, I will arrange that this property shall be your savings bank."

“Indeed, it is a beautiful castle in Utopia which you have built for me, sir. Your proposition almost takes my breath away. I fear I shall not be able to consider the question as judiciously and conscientiously as I should.”

The day following, while this matter was still undecided in her own mind, Margaret had occasion to call at the office of the *Chicago Review*, to leave a notice she had written of a new book which the editor had sent her for examination.

“May I detain you a few moments longer, Miss Kilburne? I wish to speak with you regarding a permanent employment, for which you have shown special qualification.”

“I wonder,” thought Margaret to herself as she followed him into his sanctum, “if he has anything to do with this singing business. Perhaps he knows of my offer, and is the good angel to warn me against going even upon the opera stage.”

“I can afford,” continued the editor after they were seated, “to give you twice the salary you are now receiving as schoolteacher, if you will devote all your time to one of the literary departments of my paper.”

“My singing in church could not interfere, I suppose, with the duties you suggest?”

“Oh, no! At least it should not.”

“Would you be willing, sir, to engage me for a year? I may by that time have more pressing duties that may call me away from Chicago.”

The editor kept his thoughts of explanation to himself, and was too much of a gentleman even to cast a single inquiring glance at the modest, frank young lady. Yet he assumed that he had discovered matrimonial rocks ahead, which probably would wreck his enterprise.

“It would hardly answer to consider so brief an engagement,” he replied. “It would take several weeks for you to get your work well in hand, and there would be the liability of various distractions toward the close of the year. I should feel it necessary to be reasonably certain that your services were secured for three or four years.”

A week of great mental agitation, which almost drove Margaret to distraction, followed these two honorable business offers.

“He does not ask me to be a theatrical performer, but a singer in opera. That sounds very differently; is it really so? Perhaps the morals are no better; only a little more varnish of refinement. To own again that beautiful house which father built, and in the elegant dining-room to see him at one end of the table and mother at the other, oh! it would be glorious. Perhaps Mrs. Norcross would call upon me again; ha, ha! A star, he thinks I will be. Quite likely he is mistaken: many men are, even in investing ten thousand dollars. Father was with quarter of a million. But what would become of my principles—my missionary interest? Perhaps I could be

a missionary to the profession. I would sing pure and religious songs. No; then they would not listen. I must pander to polite sensuality in my words, and gestures, and dress. Am I ready for this? No; but such glittering prizes! That literary offer is not so dazzling, but it is complimentary. I would not have to soil my character, nor compromise my religious principles. But the hope of going next year as a missionary to the heathen would have to be abandoned."

This battle went on day after day in the hidden life of Margaret Kilburne. Indeed, more than one night the morning's dawn found her without having had a moment's slumber amid these clashings of worldly interests against the conviction that it was her duty to hold herself on call to be a foreign missionary.

But the memory of Antoinette at Yonkers was ever before her. Providentially, her Bible-reading in course brought her at this time to the sad record of Jonah fleeing from Nineveh. Moreover, the wisdom of that long-trying sickness was now very plain, in that her religious principles, though bending far and swaying violently, did not break. Before that experience, to either one of these temptations she would have yielded. Then she would have dragged her anchor; now it held within the vail.

Never had Margaret's face shone more brilliantly; never had her heart been filled with more peace and joy, than when one morning she

mailed the letters which politely declined both offers, on the ground of conscientious obligation to the cause of foreign missions, and then started for her comparatively humble school-work, exclaiming in thoughts which were heard above: "Thanks, O, God, unto thee, for having given me the victory through my Lord Jesus Christ!"

Margaret did not know that another lion was lurking in her path. She little dreamed that in a few months she should be still more severely tried, and that her conviction of duty in foreign lands would require more consecration, and heroism, and faith in God. It was well she did not anticipate it, or she could not have won in the last battle.

After the singing and the literary temptations had passed, Margaret entered with a great deal of enthusiasm into the home-work of foreign missions. She had read for years the Society's reports and periodicals, and supposed that there could be no friction, no manifestations of self-interest — nothing mean and underhanded in either the home or foreign departments of labor, professedly so self-abnegating, so purely philanthropic so Christ-like.

As treasurer of the Woman's Mission Circle in her church, Margaret called upon a missionary sister from India, the evening after their quarterly meeting, to pay her ten dollars, to cover all her expenses, and five dollars additional for coming to address them.

“Mrs. Hammond, you must know Mrs. Lyton, of Madras, the Wesleyan missionary; I believe she is your next door neighbor?”

“O, yes, Miss Kilburne, I know her by sight.”

“Indeed!”

“She assumes too many airs; at the same time is not consistent, for she pets the Euro-sians.”

“You surprise me.”

“Yes; and she had a party once, and did not even invite me. And she has a little more money than we have, and has enticed some of our best girls away by giving them more help than we can afford. Besides, her husband is not a perfect gentleman. And that eldest daughter”—

“Excuse me, Mrs. Hammond, I have an engagement, and cannot delay another minute,” interrupted Margaret; and half-stunned with the revelation of the possibility of such social life among any consecrated foreign missionaries, she walked to the corner and hailed a passing street-car.

One day there was a lady caller at her school, who lingered after the pupils were dismissed, and introduced herself as a returned missionary from Asia.

“Under what society, Mrs. Carlyle?” inquired Margaret.

“We have been under the American Board, but, thank Heaven! we are no longer in such slavery.”

“What can I do for you, Mrs. Carlyle?”

“I understand you write for several prominent papers in Chicago, and I want you to show up the cruel tyranny of those Boston brethren, and to advocate our plan for a grand school-building at Konumkolun, only two hundred and fifty miles north of Madelikara, on the Malabar coast.”

“Do not ‘the Rooms’ agree with you as to the necessity of this institution?”

“No; they say our plan is premature. But they appropriate largely to other stations. I would like to know if that is fair treatment! We ask only twenty-five thousand dollars.”

“That is a large sum of money, and its appropriation deserves the utmost possible of information, deliberation and wisdom.”

“But we have been there for nine years, and we know all about it. We have written whole quires of letters of explanation and urgency; but no use. So the Lord has laid it upon us to make this thing go ourselves. We have come home to beg the money all over the country.”

“It is a free country.”

“Yes, thank Heaven! and when we have our grand building erected, we will offer the deed to the Society, on condition that ‘the Rooms’ ask pardon for not complying with our request, and at the time invest fifty thousand dollars as an endowment for the school.”

Margaret wrote nothing as requested; and if



she had, the editor undoubtedly would have thrown it into his waste-basket. She was the more bewildered regarding the subject of Christian Missions. To contend with heathenism was enough, without such clashings. She had thought that the spirit of missionary consecration was equal to the avoidance of any such trouble. Perhaps the Society was wrong; but then it could not be right to strive to create such distrust and discord among the home churches. Margaret had thought that foreign missionaries were vastly more Christ-like in temperament and all wisdom than even the best of the home ministry and laity, and was discovering her mistake.

The Sunday following Margaret went to church, hardly in a spirit to lead the singing of the choir. Her bright anticipations of the companionship of almost perfect co-laborers in the far-off lands, were clouded. It was, after all, very much like taking hold of any kind of mission-work at home, with pastor and deacons and Sunday-school superintendent.

The time had come for service to begin. The congregation was still scattering, people coming in all the while, especially those who wished to make a show of their fine clothing. A young stranger was in the pulpit, evidently anxious for the organist to waste no more time with his elaborate prelude. But the tenor and alto were not quite through with a little Sunday-morning flirtation behind the curtain.

While Margaret was singing, she noticed passing up the middle aisle toward the pulpit, Rev. Dr. Trobridge, the well-known corresponding secretary of the Samaritan Foreign Mission Society. She knew that he was to deliver an address that afternoon at the Clark Street Tabernacle, for which special purpose he had come from Philadelphia.

She saw that both the Mission-secretary and the young clergyman (probably a student from the seminary) were surprised at meeting each other behind the desk. But after a few words of whispered conversation, the venerable and stately doctor of divinity leaned back comfortably in his great cushioned chair, and the young man conducted all the services of the hour.

Margaret enjoyed the sermon, although it was a little bookish and school-fashioned.

"Poor fellow," she thought, "you have worked hard over that essay on faith. Perhaps you sat up all last night, for you are very pale. Last Wednesday, for the next morning's paper, I burnt the midnight oil over about the same amount of manuscript you have there before you. I think you must be very poor, for your clothes are so seedy. Perhaps you have not had a good piece of beefsteak for a week. I am really glad you were in the pulpit first, so as to do the work and get the supply-money to-day."

Margaret lingered after service to speak with Doctor Trobridge, and tell him she would certainly

hear him in the afternoon, but for her Sunday-school duties. Then she went up to the gallery to get her music and put on her rubbers, and in about ten minutes was passing noiselessly out through the spacious church vestibule. She was not to blame for hearing the church-treasurer and a deacon a moment in conversation.

“You say you handed the twenty-five dollars to Doctor Trobridge?”

“Yes, deacon; I thought it would be a real privilege, as well as a courtesy, for him to hand it over to the young man.”

“Who would have thought that, with his salary of three thousand dollars a year, he could quietly have pocketed our supply money, and have left the young man entirely out in the cold.”

“Gentlemen,” said Margaret, stepping up to the surprised corner, “I did not mean to hear you, but I could not help it. I have earned from you this morning five dollars; please see that this, at least, is sent this afternoon to the cruelly-treated young man.”

“I never, never, never will be a missionary!” exclaimed Margaret, as she went stamping her little feet down the church steps. “To think that a leader in the cause of foreign missions should be so selfish, so mean! He might have divided, anyway, if there was some misunderstanding about the supply. Who is that yonder? Ah! my old friend, the Illinois District Secretary

of Presbyterian Foreign Missions. I do not want to see any more of his stripe. I will cross the street here."

"O, Miss Kilburne!" exclaimed the panting Doctor Thompson, who came hurriedly following her, "we wish you to sing — What, crying! Dear soul, what is the matter?"

"I have no more heart ever to be a missionary. I have made an idol of the workers, and God has broken it into pieces."

"I am glad of it, Margaret. You had forgotten that God chooses weak, earthen vessels for his service. This must be wise in him abroad as well as at home. Has not your judgment often been convinced that God was right in selecting Peter?"

"Yes, I know; I know" —

"Only in part, Margaret; now as, through a darkened glass. By and by we shall see clearly why so much imperfection is allowed in the best of men and women."

"Yes, Doctor Thompson; I love to sing of that 'Sweet by and by.' We have it as the opening piece this evening."

"Yes, indeed, Margaret; but do not think it must all be bitterness here. Even these cups you are drinking Christ can sweeten. All earthly disappointments drive us nearer to God. In my work here in Chicago, I know my brethren of the ministry so well, I cannot trust them absolutely; I have to trust Jesus — Jesus only. And

could you look this moment into all my heart and character, you would say, oh! poor broken vessel, you cannot hold any water. Yet even we are the ones to heed the Master's call to carry the Gospel throughout all the heathen world."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### TAKEN PRISONERS.

FROM Kansas Llewellyn Litchfield went directly to Washington, and reported himself for duty to the general agent of the Christian Commission. For several days he was assigned to the Lincoln hospital, and his fidelity, without apparently excessive weariness, marked him as one fitted for the hard work at the front. With the next opportunity, therefore, he was sent down the Potomac, and across toward the Rappahannock, and located with two other volunteer delegates near the headquarters of the sixth corps.

To scores of diseased and wounded soldiers, Llewellyn found opportunity daily of being a good Samaritan. Many of the able-bodied of the ranks he sought and conversed with, and never did his religious efforts meet any rudeness. All had become thoroughly impressed with the seriousness of the war, and it was generally felt that not over half of the men could ever return to their homes. It was a field white for the harvest, and diligently Llewellyn thrust in his sickle with a glad and grateful heart.

One incident was richly blessed to the strengthening of his faith, and of his determination to go to the dark, heathen world.

"If you please, sir, I would like to see you alone; and where nobody can possibly hear us."

Llewellyn had never met a more brutish and repulsive man than this common soldier who thus accosted him in front of the commission tent, the evening of a dark night. A little prayer meeting was in progress within, and the tents around were so closely pitched, there seemed no place for perfect privacy except in a ravine outside the camp. But Llewellyn was no coward; and, armed only with his Bible and his lantern, he replied:

"All right; I am ready. Let us go to the creek."

On an old log they seated themselves, and waited in silence until two soldiers, who were sauntering through the gully, had passed beyond hearing.

"I am the wickedest man in this army, and I want some of your religion; that's me."

"Well, my dear fellow, Jesus Christ takes special pleasure in saving such as you."

"I don't know about that. I'm an awful wretch. I have committed every crime. There are many places where I could be hung to-morrow, if I were known. Look at my forehead; you see I always keep my hair combed down over it."

"Yes; you have had a picture pricked into your skin there of a skull and two bones."

“Do you know what it means?”

“No.”

“I wish I didn't, either. It is the pirate's sign. My father was a Spaniard, my mother English. He was a slaver, and harsh to me. The crew and I mutinied, and threw him overboard. Then we got sick of the niggers, and went free after everybody.”

“And killed many?”

“Yes; men, women and children. It's awful! I was a perfect devil; no mercy, no honor.”

“If there is nothing good in you, how is it you are now fighting for my country?”

“The mere pleasure of excitement. I was on the other side until Antietam; was taken prisoner, swore I was a Union man, and enlisted. Don't care a fig which side beats. But give me a chance, and I'll fight because I like it. A hard fellow, I tell you; but I want some religion.”

“Why?”

“To put out the fire inside of me, and to—ah!—to—oh! I don't know, but I want religion to—ah!”—

“Let me read you out of God's word,” interrupted Llewellyn, for it was painful to see the agony of a most wicked soul reaching out in utter darkness toward God.

“Saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. The



Son of Man is come to save that which was lost. Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. Whosoever" —

"What's that word?"

"Whosoever."

"Let me see it! No mistake! O, God!"

The tattoo sounded, warning all soldiers to their quarters. Llewellyn slipped quietly away, thinking the man would soon follow, and that it was not best to talk with him another word.

During the night Llewellyn was awakened by the firing of a gun, and was informed that a sentry had shot a man who was prowling around camp after tattoo.

"Where was he?"

"Down toward the creek."

"Tell the officer of the guard I want to go immediately to him."

With two soldiers, Llewellyn was soon beside the prostrate form of the dying pirate.

"Poor fellow, can you speak?" asked Llewellyn, as he knelt on the grass beside him.

"Whosoever!" was the only reply.

"Do you know me? I was talking with you to-night."

"Whosoever!"

Fainter and fainter, this only he said, "Whosoever! whosoever! whosoever!" until the bullet had done its work, and another soul was in the visible presence of its God.

The first year of Llewellyn's theological semi-

nary life in New York City passed very pleasantly. The faculty were well satisfied with his introductory relation of Christian experience and call to the ministry, as also with his fidelity and progress. As the summer vacation drew near, he expected to be compelled to work on a farm nearly all the time, to provide himself with clothing for the succeeding winter. But his record and examinations entitled him to the income of the "Kilburne Fund," or three hundred dollars a year for the two remaining years of his course, and so gladly he returned to the army for a second summer in the Christian Commission work.

He requested to be sent again to the sixth corps, and found many, ah! not all, of his old acquaintances camped in front of Petersburg. Some of the harvest of his sowing had been gathered at the Wilderness, some of it at Spotsylvania, and still more at Cold Harbor.

One day General Grant ordered an assault all along the lines, from before Richmond to below Petersburg. Many thousands fell that day in vain. The enemy successfully repelled from behind the immense fortifications. Llewellyn, though in constant peril from bullets showering thickly around him, kept close up among the falling and the dying. Never were any from the medical and ambulance corps in advance of him. Once he received a slight wound, and once also he was thrown to the ground by the windage of a cannon-ball.

By the badges of the wounded, he saw he had come to the limit of the sixth corps' battleground, and to that of the second. He therefore was on the point of turning, when a familiar voice exclaimed,

"Brother Llewellyn!"

"O, Charley, my brother, is that you?"

"Give me some water!"

"Yes, here is some, and I must add a little stimulant, for you are very weak. Where are you wounded?"

"In my breast. I know I cannot live."

"Are you prepared to die, dear brother?"

"Yes; I am at peace with God, through faith in Jesus Christ. I ran away from home after mother was married again, became wild, and joined the army."

"We tried to find you, Charley."

"Yes; I supposed so. But I did not wish you to, and so I took another name. Nobody has known it, except a young Christian lady in the army, Miss Cleora Lyddell, who has led me to believe in Jesus. Give me some water. It is getting dark."

"Charley, you are going where father is. Tell him I am to be a minister, and a missionary to the heathen."

"Yes, I will. Kiss me for mother. More water! Llewellyn, say, Now-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep."

"Yes, Charly; we always repeated it together at school."

“More water!” “mother!” “Jesus!” “Lyddell!” “Jesus!” “mother!” “Jesus!”

And Llewellyn could hear no more. He took out his note-book to mark the bearings of some of the prominent objects in sight, so that under the morrow's flag of truce he might come and find his brother's body for burial. But he waited too long within what was practically the enemy's lines. On both sides the Confederates had been streaming forth from behind their breastworks after our retiring troops, and before Llewellyn was aware, he was taken prisoner, and under the extremely suspicious circumstances of apparently being engaged in sketching the fortifications and their approaches.

“Have you any papers, any badge — anything with you to prove you are not a Yankee spy?” asked the captain of the hastily summoned court-martial.

“My commission is in my tent; and my badge, which was upon my coat's lapel, dropped off during the battle.”

“A likely story! This is your note-book, in which you were found sketching our fortifications at the time of capture.”

“I was trying to locate my brother's body, so as to have it buried under the next flag of truce.”

“Too thin, sir, with this picture in our hands. It is itself enough to condemn you. You have exactly the line to that part of our earthworks where the trench has been filled by an earth-

slide, and where the Yankees might have gotten over with us yesterday, had they had this sketch of approach."

"You have levelled all the ground and cut down all the trees for a mile in front of your works, and in this direction I could find no other bearings than your fortifications."

"Enough, sir; you do not suppose we believe any of this stuff you have packed into your note-book, about letters from China, and being a missionary, and selling Bibles in Kansas? That is all a put-up-job, sir, to cover your tracks as a Yankee spy."

"Will you not allow" —

"Silence, sir, while the court confers."

A few moments, and Llewellyn's fate was sealed.

"You are to be hung to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Guard, remove the prisoner!"

What was one life when tens of thousands were being slaughtered? How could more attention in the name of justice be given to an enemy?

Llewellyn's brother, Charles Litchfield, had spoken of his obligation for religious counsel to Miss Cleora Lyddell. She had not been all of the past year in the army. It would have been her highest pleasure, but her strength was hardly equal to the strain of such faithful work as she performed, and her parents would not give their consent. So she was at home in Boston during the winter, quite domesticated on account of a protracted visit her mother made to Washington.

“Bridget,” said Cleora to the cook after she returned from seeing her mother off at the Providence depot, “I want you to teach me everything about the kitchen in the next two months.”

“Faith, and I can’t tell you ’cept ye soil them poorty fingers o’ yours.”

“O, I understand, Bridget. This afternoon I shall purchase a gingham dress and several aprons, and then work right along with you two hours every day. I wish to know all about how to make bread and cake and pies, and to cook meats in every way, and to prepare soups and puddings—to do everything you can do.”

“Ah, me lady, y’ese always to live in a poorty grand house, so there’s lots I knows as can niver does ye any good.”

“What things do you mean, Bridget?”

“O, fixing up poor stuff for the like o’ me when I was left a widdy—johnny-cake, and mush, and potato-soup, and pork-fritters, and ha, ha! rich folks hereabouts makes as much as iver I did of beans and black bread.”

“I want to know all this too, Bridget.”

And she did. Before Mrs. Lyddell’s return Cleora was quite an accomplished cook, and prided herself especially in that most useful of all domestic arts, the ability of making the most out of the least.

Writing to her friend Margaret concerning her new experience and its results, she added, “Surely, and God knows it, I am thus much the better

fitted sometime to be a missionary to the heathen."

Yet she had not said a great deal of late regarding this far-off ambition of her heart, her mind was so full of the diseased and wounded at the front. Mr. and Mrs. Lyddell were very much gratified at this reticence, and gave their consent to another summer's work with Mrs. Doctor Tolhurst in the State Relief Agency.

"By the time she returns to us again, there will be nothing left of her heathen craze," declared the father.

Her welcome to the field-hospital-work of the old second corps was enthusiastic. Many of the officers and men gave her very gratifying attentions, for she had proved herself a real Florence Nightingale in the service. Nuts and bones were beautifully carved by patient hands as tokens of appreciation; and if any flower within a mile of Cleora's tent ventured forth into the heat and dust of that great battle-field, it was quite sure to find its way to the box which stood on end as the table beside her little cot. Even some of the Confederates who had been helped by her hands and her words when prisoners, learned mysteriously across the lines of her return, and sent most courteous greetings.

"We have brought him half-way from the picket-line; but he could endure it no farther. We are sorry, for he is very anxious to see you."

"I will go with you to him," replied Cleora.  
"They will not fire on a woman."

It was true. Good field-glasses in the hands of the chivalrous sons of the South kept back all leaden messengers; but the bait of that little cluster of Yankee soldiers watching a woman's ministrations to a wounded picket was too tempting, and in a few moments a sortie was made by a company of cavalry, and Cleora and her companions were taken prisoners.

"We know you, lady," said the captain; "and you may stay or go with us as you choose. You may mount my horse, and, I assure you, you may return any day you wish, only as you pass our lines the general will require you to bandage your eyes."

"Leave two of our men to carry this wounded picket to the hospital, and I will go with you," was Cleora's quick and shrewd reply. And not waiting a moment, but taking their gallantry as a matter of course, she asked:

"Men, who of you have wives?"

Three hands went up.

"And who of you three have children at home?"

Two hands only were lifted.

"Take hold of the stretcher, then, you two, and report to the Massachusetts Agency that I am a prisoner one week. Here, Captain, is my handkerchief; be so good as to tie it yourself over my eyes, and then to arrange your saddle for a lady to ride."

Past the lines two miles — it seemed ten — till



she dismounted at headquarters, had her eyes uncovered, and was most kindly greeted by General and Mrs. Stone.

While they were visiting, a squad of soldiers leading a young man bound, with a rope around his neck, passed along about a hundred feet in front of the fly-tent where they were sitting.

“General, I have seen that young man before,” exclaimed Cleora. “He is a delegate of the Christian Commission, and his name is Llewellyn Litchfield.”

“Do you know him?”

“Not personally; but he has drawn upon our Massachusetts’ Agency-stores. He has a brother who is a soldier in our second corps, named Charles. I have nursed him.”

“Orderly!” shouted General Stone. “Stop that execution. It is a mistake. He is not a spy. Blindfold him, and send him across the lines at once under a flag of truce.”

## CHAPTER XIV.

### BOSTON AND NEW YORK SOCIETY.

**D**URING her experience in the relief-work of the army, Cleora Lyddell frequently corresponded with the *Boston Chronicle*. Its editor saw two or three of her first letters to her parents after she reached the front, and with their permission, he wrote to her an urgent request that she would become a regular contributor. His promise was ten dollars a column, and she directed that payment be made in papers for distribution among regiments from Eastern Massachusetts.

On return, many urged Cleora to issue her published letters in book-form, and the editor heartily endorsed the suggestion. The result was very gratifying. Several editions were demanded by the trade in rapid succession, and the press generally throughout the country pronounced the book one of the most valuable of the literary contributions of the War. A few papers, however, whose literary editors had been unsuccessful authors or preachers, or who catered to a popular taste for sensational criticism, said some very severe things. One observed that evidently the author thought

all wisdom would die with her in regard to what to do with the diseased and wounded in army-life, and that omniscience was her foible. Another paper said that the book was given to exaggeration, since it spoke of fifty thousand as in one battle, when the official figures gave only forty-seven thousand. And still another remarked that the book seemed to be prompted by sincere philanthropy, but it was very lamentable that a young woman should allow herself to express opinions on questions concerning which men of acknowledged capacity and long experience are still at loggerheads.

One day the distinguished secretary of the Massachusetts Domestic Missions called upon her to lead a special subscription, which she did with one hundred dollars.

“Will you not accept also a present of my book, sir?”

“I beg you to pardon me, Miss Lyddell, but I could not consent to have it in my library, or in my home.”

“Why, Doctor Addison Johnson, what is the matter with it? Does it not plead a glorious cause, the very one to which you are giving your life—help for the destitute and neglected?”

“All true, Miss Lyddell; and very little but what is good should be said of your book; nevertheless—please raise the window, and ring for a glass of fresh water; the subject affects me, as many others here in Boston, very strangely.”

“But do tell me quickly the reason of all this!”

“It is your careless use of the English language. Thus you say ‘latterly’ for recently. I know that Archbishop Whately and Southey, and others of commonplace writing, admit the word, but my namesake Doctor Johnson, designates this ‘a low word, lately hatched.’”

“Ha, ha, ha!” burst out Cleora in a fit of uncontrollable laughter, while tears came to the eyes of her visitor.

Of such hypercritical, superfine society, Miss Lyddell found much in the American Athens. The Philological Society of Young Ladies invited her to join, as also the Renaissance Association, the Sanscrit Class, the Grecian Band, and the Ceramic Club. For these pursuits she had considerable taste, but her appreciations and inclinations were much stronger toward personal beneficence among the poor and the needy.

There were some calls upon her charity, however, which she repelled. The causes were good in themselves, but had not in the judgment of the world, and of the vast majority of Christians, the appearance of downright honesty. Thus in Chelsea there was an asylum for the blind, supported on “the faith principle.” Its superintendent was continually sending her monthly reports, and statistical circulars, and writing her of this and that poor blind girl he could not receive until the Lord should furnish the money. Of course he never asked her for anything; O no! Besides, he had

persuaded a deaf and dumb girl in the next house to the Lyddell mansion, in whom Cleora had been deeply interested, to believe in "the faith cure," and by the consequent disappointments, she had been driven into hopeless insanity.

But freely of her heart and hand and money she gave to many noble philanthropies. Deeply interested in the girls behind the counters, she persuaded twenty leading ladies on Beacon Hill not to patronize a certain large store on Washington street, until stools were furnished the weary ones for occasional rests. She organized a society of young ladies, pledged to discountenance in every proper way the use of wine in social gatherings. And she was not afraid to advocate dress reform.

No institution enlisted more of Cleora's sympathies than the Beacon Hill Home for fallen women. She had herself furnished one of the rooms, and many an evening with Mrs. Deacon Sage of Tremont Temple, she walked the streets, inviting to refuge and the hope of a better life, girls who had strayed from virtue's path."

Calling at the Home one morning, to counsel an unusually attractive young woman who had accepted her invitation the night before, and occupied Cleora's room, she found her on the steps going away.

"How is this, my friend?" inquired Cleora. "You are not leaving us so soon, are you?"

"It is no use, Miss. You cannot save me."

"No; but Christ can. Come in, and let us talk about him."

“He can have nothing to do with me.”

“Let me read you of the beautiful story, where Jesus said: ‘Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more.’”

“Ah, Miss Lyddell! I was not so wicked all at once. Little by little I wandered astray. There was wilfulness, and wine, and the undue familiarities of the dance — all before the ruin.”

“Probably, also, you were unfortunate in your associations.”

“Ah! that is what they say — unfortunate. No; I chose my own companions. From some of the purest and the truest I turned, flinging their holy friendships away, because I would be more wild and sensual. Step by step, and myself to blame for them all!”

“Dear friend, there is hope in your candor, and in your recognition of truly moral classes in society.”

“Ah! Miss Lyddell — may I say Cleora? — you do not know me. Yet you would know my handwriting. We have not met for eight years — not since Saratoga.”

“Can it be possible that you are Laura Hamilton?” and the two, hand-in-hand, wept the unspoken words.

“Yes, Cleora, I stopped writing to you and Margaret because your letters were becoming so pious. At the same time I shook off one of the best young men in the world, a Mr. Llewellyn Litchfield. Oh! let me go; I never can again be fit to associate with such as him and you.”

“Laura, you must accompany me to my home. You must room with me for the next three months, and be my constant companion. Your dress and all these ornaments we will tear into pieces and burn in the furnace. I can divide some of my wardrobe with you, and we will go shopping together until you are clothed respectably.”

It was a great trial to Cleora that so little of this and other kinds of Christian self-giving work were done in her own church. It added to her heart-burden to know this was largely her beloved minister's fault. In some respects he was a great preacher, but he did as little pastoral work as possible. Then his sermons, though stimulating to the intellect, seldom addressed the heart, and he never seemed so happy in the pulpit as when decrying evangelists, and disparaging those ministers whose preaching results in the conversion of multitudes. He was always flying off from the simple exposition and enforcement of Scripture, into abstruse analyses and the seizing of every most remote opportunity for airing one of his pet theological theories. He ridiculed preaching old sermons, but Cleora was quite sure she had heard scores of times many of his propositions and lines of argument.

These peculiarities of Doctor Sheldon were not the only trial Cleora had with her pastor. To his coldness, and sensoriousness, and egotism, was added a worldly conformity. As one evening she was returning from a mission prayer-meeting, in company with the poor, fallen Laura, whom she

was trying to save, most unfortunately they were passing directly in front of the Opera House, when he came out with his wife.

"Cleora," quickly observed Laura, "that man cannot help me any more."

"O, perhaps he has merely been to the door for his wife."

"Not likely. Let us attend somewhere else next Sunday. A man who can patronize an operatic manager who keeps a mistress, and finds delight in the attitudinizing of girls dressed in tights, cannot give me any assistance in struggling up into a life of purity."

The anxiety of Mr. and Mrs. Lyddell were not being allayed. Boston society with its æsthetics and philanthropies was not succeeding in curing Cleora's "missionary craze." They determined to send her to New York, where she would come into contact with more enterprising fashionable life. Into the quite common mistake they fell of underestimating the amount and quality of the religion which throbs in the great metropolitan heart of our country and sends vitality through ten thousand channels all over the land.

The visit was to be with cousins, living in their own splendid "brownstone front" on Forty-second street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues.

Here Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, married but three months, had commenced housekeeping. He was a member of the great banking firm of "Fletcher Brothers," and his wife had inherited a



million of dollars from her grandfather, Karl Vanderhusen. Their mansion was furnished in truly palatial style, and for its care, together with that of the stables, fifteen servants were employed. The parlors were hung with seventy-five thousand dollars worth of paintings, and some of the finest statuary that could be procured in Europe, adorned the corners and mantels.

Moreover, in this elysium love reigned. The young couple were sincere and strong in their affections for each other. He did not spend as much time as many at the club, for his wife continued to make it so much more pleasant for him at home. They were both members of one of the Fifth Avenue churches. Surely here, if anywhere, Cleora would become attached to society and ambitious to settle down in pride and luxury.

One day soon after Cleora's arrival, Mrs. Doremus, of saintly memory, called for some help upon the outfit of a missionary party soon to embark for Micronesia.

Mrs. Fletcher promptly contributed, feeling that she only paid what the call was worth anyway, and then Cleora insisted upon doubling the amount.

"Perhaps Mrs. Doremus," continued the latter, "would not object if I should accompany her to see the missionaries off upon the steamer?"

"O, no, indeed, Miss Lyddell, provided you will bring along a steamer chair and both your hands full of flowers to help say good-by to those dear, self-giving people."

After Cleora had seen her chair placed upon deck, and had been down with the missionary sister who had received it, to arrange the flowers in her state-room, she met on return to the saloon, and to her great surprise and joy, her old friend Margaret.

“Why, I thought you were in Chicago!”

“Only here on a flying-trip to see one of my dearest pupils sail for the mission-field.”

“I wish I was going with this party,” said Cleora.

“And I too,” responded Margaret.

“God knows the deep and strengthening desire of my heart,” continued the former; “but his providence does not open the way.”

“Nor can I understand,” added the latter, “why the Master still so completely hedges up my path. If we were married to missionaries I suppose we could go. But I do not believe God is making us wait for that.”

“No,” replied Cleora; “he is fitting us for our work. All our varied home mission efforts will prepare us the better to labor in the foreign field.”

“Young ladies,” interrupted Mrs. Doremus, “allow me to introduce to you a young gentleman yonder, coming down from the deck, who is studying to be a missionary. I find him very helpful in my work. This way, Mr. Litchfield, please. Miss Kilburne; Miss Lyddell.”

## CHAPTER XV.

### SUPPLYING AND CANDIDATING.

THE hour for the sailing of the steamer had arrived, and Llewellyn had no opportunity aboard to more than pass the introductory compliments with the two young ladies. The departing missionaries were the centre of all interest. Some tears were shed, but behind them were happy faces and grateful hearts.

“O, my son!” said the mother of the youngest missionary brother, as perhaps for the last time she infolded him with her loving arms, “do not mistake these tears. They are tears of joy. You are my only child; but God gave his only Beloved to me, and gladly I give you to him.”

“In ten minutes the gang-plank will be drawn!” shouted the steward.

“That will give us just time,” said Mrs. Doremus, “for two verses of a parting hymn. Miss Lyddell, there is a piano behind you. You must know the missionary chant; and Mr. Litchfield and Miss Kilburne will help you in leading us.”

In a moment the busy saloon became a

sanctuary. The captain, passing through, stopped, and reverently uncovered his head. Steward and waiters followed his example. The whole scene was eloquent of Christian consecration. Never were those lines of Mrs. Voke's sung more tenderly:

Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim  
 Salvation through Immanuel's name;  
 To distant climes the tidings bear,  
 And plant the rose of Sharon there.

And when your labors all are o'er,  
 Then we shall meet to part no more;  
 Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,  
 And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

Not another word was spoken, and in a few moments the group of friends upon the farthest end of the pier were watching the fast receding forms of the missionaries, who had gathered upon the hurricane deck.

"Ladies," said Llewellyn, when he noticed they were talking with each other as if arranging for going, "I beg your delay a moment, while I say to you what I have had on my lips from the moment of our introduction in the saloon. I wish to thank Mr. Kilburne of Chicago, through his daughter, for the generous fund by which chiefly I am supported in preparing to be a missionary. And I desire also to express my gratitude to Miss Lyddell, whose face I remember in the army, for your care of my brother in

the hospital, and especially for your words, which were blessed to his conversion."

"Father will be glad to know of the pleasant impression I have received from his beneficiary," replied Margaret. And Cleora added:

"I felt very grateful for the privilege of talking with your brother upon religion before his death."

"Providentially I came across him on the battle-field just as his young life was ebbing away, and your name, Miss Lyddell, and those of his mother and Saviour, were the last on his lips."

"That theological student," observed Cleora to Margaret after they were seated in Mr. Fletcher's carriage, "evidently knows nothing of how I saved his life when he was about to be hung by the confederates as a spy. You remember I wrote you about it."

"O, yes! but I had forgotten the name if, indeed, you mentioned it. I think it is quite too bad that he should remain unacquainted with this probably the most interesting fact in his record. He could not help falling in love with you."

"If ever I am loved, I want to be loved for my own sake, and not for any casual service I may have rendered a gentleman in any great extremity. Besides, I could see that Mr. Litchfield was much more interested in you than in me, in which he showed good sense, for your plain travelling-dress makes you present a much

more suitable appearance for a missionary candidate than all this silk and velvet and lace which father and mother have piled upon me. Then he knows where you live—spoke of it, you remember—but neither knows nor cares about my address. O, he will turn up in Chicago before he graduates, and ask you to go with him as a missionary to the heathen!”

“Then as I must start on my return West to-morrow, and can spend only this afternoon and evening with you, why did you not invite him to call upon us? If there is so certainly to be a courtship, I do not wish to have it completed, you know, too quickly.”

“I desired to visit as much as possible with you, and did not intend to be selfish. I am really sorry now, that I was not more thoughtful for your sake.”

Several weeks passed, during which Cleora became deeply interested in the welfare of a mission, whose chapel was a little below Forty-second street, on Eighth avenue. After attending the Fifth Avenue Church every Sunday morning with her cousins, she went to the chapel in the afternoon, and often again in the evening, when she could find company. She took no class permanently in the Sunday-school, which was before the preaching service, but was always ready to be a substitute; and to many an evening meeting she went, not only with her escort, but with abandoned sisters she had searched for in the advanc-

ing shadows of the night, upon the neighboring streets.

One afternoon she was surprised and pleased to see Mr. Litchfield occupying the chapel pulpit.

The text was Galatians i. — part of 4. — “Who gave himself.”

It was not a strained effort at analysis; not a parade of theological class-room theories; not a manifestation of anxiety lest he should be classified among common preachers and evangelists. In a simple story Christ's giving of himself was portrayed, and all in the various relations of life were encouraged to follow his example. Several such plans of a sermon might be constructed before breakfast, but behind the story there was such an appreciation; and then so evidently the speaker was possessed of the spirit of consecration he was urging on others, that Cleora was greatly edified.

Her enthusiastic report to her cousins induced them to accompany her in the evening. Mr. Litchfield had given notice that, as it was the first Sunday of the month, when at the evening service many congregations considered the subject of missions, he would take occasion to give some description of the China field, with which he had become personally acquainted.

Cleora was deeply interested in the subject, and the more so because she saw that Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher were giving the most wrapped attention.

As the address closed, and a half-hour of social prayer for the cause of world-evangelization was introduced, Mr. Fletcher whispered to Cleora:

“If missions to the heathen had ever before been presented to me in that way, I should have been a believer in them. That young man knows about what he has been talking.”

Again he whispered to her, while they were singing, “I shall invite this young man to my house to spend the evening, and soon — while you are with us, if you have no objection.”

The invitation was accepted for the following Wednesday evening, and it passed very pleasantly to all the company. Mr. Fletcher drew out Llewellyn upon the social and political and religious condition of China, and he in turn inquired of Miss Lyddell many things regarding Japan. To both Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher it was a novel experience to see through two pairs of bright eyes into the manners and customs of foreign populations, and to take all bearings of thought from the standpoint of Christian enterprise.

“Really, Mr. Litchfield,” observed the former, “I did not appreciate how interesting a subject is foreign missions. I have been a great reader of newspapers and of books of foreign travel, but have never used the evangelization-key to unlock the treasures of thought which their facts contain.”

“Nor did I,” replied Llewellyn, “until after I



had visited South America and Africa, and had been several months in China. Then, in the providence of God, suddenly the history and passing events of the heathen world took on new meaning for me. I saw that the grand movements were in preparation for Christianity; that the fact of a few missionaries here and there was by no means all of God's dealing with a thousand millions of our fallen race, and that all merely political and commercial consideration of the lands beyond Christendom is at the best superficial and unreliable."

"And in Japan," added Miss Lyddell, "I came to see very clearly, that the cause of Christ is the real solution of the great revolution there in progress. The power behind the wonderful movements of late in that country originates evidently neither from the people themselves nor from the Western nations."

"But are you quite sure, cousin Cleora," inquired Mr. Fletcher, "that your wish has not been father to the thought, and that you have not imposed your emphatic views of divine providence upon all the facts you have met in foreign travel?"

"I think not, cousin Edward. I had not, when I went to Japan, any of that hostility to missions of which Mr. Litchfield has confessed; the rather I was strongly drawn toward the missionaries and their work. And yet not for months did I think of them as doing more than each taking a few

shovels-full of earth away from a mountain. But at last I saw the mountain shaking; and I asked, What does this mean? I saw great national events taking place, to which the mission work was but incidental, and yet in many ways combining to the overthrow of idolatry and superstition, and to preparation for the Gospel, and I could not help reading the lesson of an all-over-ruling Providence."

"Why, cousin Cleora, you preach as well as Mr. Litchfield. I should think you ought to be a missionary, but for the irresistible claims which Boston society has made upon you."

"Ha, ha! It would be amusing indeed," exclaimed Mrs. Fletcher, to see the belle of Beacon Hill leaving her palatial home, and carriages, and servants, and the most cultured society in America, and going to live among heathen!"

"My dear," responded her husband, "I should hardly say 'amusing.' It would be a most impressive exhibition of Christian consecration; one, however, which I should never expect to see, and which of course our cousin cannot be called upon to make."

Cleora was a little embarrassed at the direction of the conversation. While ready to express herself upon the general subject without reserve, and also to show the most cordial interest in the young theological student's purpose in life, she could not consent to acknowledge in his presence the cherishing of the same hope for mission work.

“You doubtless remember, Mr. Litchfield, my friend Miss Kilburne, who was with me on the steamer?”

“O, yes; and I beg pardon for not having inquired after her before. I presume she has returned to Chicago.”

“I wish she could have heard you last Sunday, and been here this evening. She has a very strong desire to go as a missionary to the heathen.”

“I think she would make an excellent missionary.”

“O, yes, Mr. Litchfield; I am sure I never met one better qualified by nature, by grace, and by experience.”

“I have heard, Miss Lyddell, that her father has lost his property, so that the responsibilities of wealth do not lie in her way of going to the mission-field.”

“Thé trial has greatly developed her womanhood and Christian character. Nothing would delight me more than to see her off as one of a good missionary party for China or India.”

“I am to visit Chicago in a few weeks; a friend has offered me a pass; and I will do myself the honor of calling on her. It will be very pleasant to be acquainted with you both.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

### WASHINGTON OR AGRA?

ON Margaret Kilburne's return to Chicago, her train was snowed in between Cleveland and Toledo. For six hours a large force of men was engaged in shovelling through a drift of half a mile in length. Meanwhile the passengers had opportunity of forming many new acquaintances, as not only time hung heavily upon their hands, but the question of food became important, and the gentlemen waded through to the neighboring farmhouses in quest of a supply for the ladies and themselves.

In the seat directly in front of Margaret, sat General Walter Loughridge of Chicago, and his mother.

"If the unaccompanied lady behind us will permit me," said the General as he buttoned his great overcoat to start out on his foraging expedition, "I will see what I can raise in the eatable line for her also."

"Indeed, thank you, sir," replied Margaret; "I am beginning to realize that appetite is very jealous of its privileges."

While he was gone, the venerable lady engaged Margaret in animated conversation; learned that she was the daughter of her old friend and neighbor, Mrs. Kilburne, and that she had been to New York to see one of her pupils, recently married, sail as a missionary.

“O, Walter,” she exclaimed, as at last he returned from a mile’s tramp, loaded with bundles of buttered bread, and of doughnuts and mince pies, “do you not recognize Margaret Kilburne?”

“Really; I beg a thousand pardons, Miss Kilburne. It is several years since we met, but you are indeed the same as when the shining light of Michigan Avenue society, only you are more mature.”

“I have passed through a great deal of experience in the last few years, but have not forgotten the young gentlemanly lawyer whose courtesies were often after the pattern of this bountiful feast.”

“A little over a year ago I came very near enjoying the opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with you.”

“Indeed; how was that, General Loughridge?”

“While I was in an army hospital, after being wounded, a Miss Lyddell of the Massachusetts Relief Agency, very kindly read to me the papers, and also a book which you had written. She said she knew the authoress well, and at my request, wrote your address in my note-book. But unfortunately, I lost it.”

This was truth, but by no means all the truth. Margaret did not, of course, express herself, but she thought correctly, that if he had cared very much to meet her on the occasion of that book and old acquaintanceship, he could have found her. He was a man of the world, honest, able and successful. The pious little book held his attention only while he was a helpless invalid, and lying close to the gates of death. As he recovered, he forgot his secret promises to himself and to his God. All his religious purposes vanished, and he went to church only as his mother's escort.

But Margaret pleased him. It detracted nothing from her in his estimation that her father had lost all his property. She was intelligent, beautiful, and accomplished as a writer and a singer. He had read and admired many of her contributions to the papers, and he had often heard of the sweetness and power of her soprano voice. This, however, was not acknowledged, for it did not quite tally with his alleged difficulty in finding her on account of the loss of his notebook.

With her personal charms, however, he was now very much impressed, and during the remainder of the waiting and the journey, he found many words and ways with which to express very agreeably to Margaret his high appreciation of her womanly qualities.

Only once did the conversation become trying,

and that when referring to the missionaries who had sailed, he remarked:

"I presume they have gone to better their condition. That is the business of everybody I have ever met in this world."

"Was that your business when you went into the army, General?" replied Margaret. "Did you leave your elegant home, and brilliant society, and large growing legal practice, to better your condition, when you put yourself before the enemy's bullets and into the malarious swamps and hospitals?"

"Mother, she has me as sure as you live. I never was answered better in court."

"I am always glad," continued Margaret, "to be the means of removing any of the popular misapprehensions regarding missionaries. But the task is too great a one for any mere informer. The difficulty is deep-seated. Missions are Christianity's most Christ-like expression, and as long as Christ finds opposition in the natural heart, so long will missions be opposed and defamed."

"Very true, Miss Kilburne, I must candidly acknowledge. But if you were a lawyer, and had had as much business with mission-people as I have had, you would largely excuse me. Some years ago I had a missionary client who inherited two thousand dollars, which I collected for him. Then, as he was away off in South Africa, I invested it for him in a little piece of ground in Chicago, down by the water. Well, the

improvements in the river have deposited a great deal of sediment in the shallow water off this piece of property, and the missionary could sell out to-day for ten thousand dollars."

"O, I am so glad for him!" exclaimed Margaret.

"No doubt, Miss Kilburne; but you are different from the rest of them. I cannot tell you how many times the secretary and members of the executive committee of his society have been mousing around me for information. It is none of their business, and goes to show what I have long thought, that they are a close-fisted, religious ring which has sat down upon missionaries and churches."

"I should not argue in that way, General Loughridge. Business men, I have heard, try to learn all about the financial standing of those with whom they have dealings. I presume you have in some secret drawer of your own office, commercial agency books, which give moneyed particulars concerning thousands of people. All this information is gained by interested parties going around and incidentally asking a great many questions. Are you, therefore, a part of a ring, acting unjustly and cruelly toward anybody?"

"Come, Walter, my son," interrupted the old lady, "you are no match for Miss Kilburne on missionary and religious subjects."

"That is so, mother; but I enjoy such whipping from so fair a hand. I wish Miss Kilburne



would let me call upon her from time to time, to sharpen up my wits for the bar and the political platform. She is the most skilled person I ever met in the *argumentum ad hominem*."

"If I could make a convert to missions, General Loughridge, of one of so large influence as yourself, I should feel as if my time could hardly be more profitably spent."

Months passed. Many times Margaret's busy and somewhat humdrum life was varied by calls from the handsome and distinguished lawyer. He brought his speeches for her to revise, and she read him her contributions to the press, and both found each other's criticisms useful. For recreation he frequently played accompaniments upon the piano, while she sang. But conversation monopolized the larger part of their interviews; not aimless, dreary words of gossip and fashion; brains worked as well as mouths. They threw away no time discussing anybody's dress, or peculiarities, or fortunes, after the common idiotic style among airy people. But they compared notes upon literature, science and art; discussed the great social and political questions of the day, for Margaret kept posted in the papers, thinking it more important for her to know what was occurring in Congress or in diplomacy, than what was the newest stitch in fancy-work or the latest importation in dress from the Parisian demi-mode; and occasionally they fell into conversation upon religious and missionary themes, though not as often as

Margaret desired, for her company was evidently reluctant to dwell upon such subjects.

She watched with great interest the progress made by the General and his political friends in the heated canvass for United States Senator from Illinois. Anonymously, she wrote several articles in support of his candidature, which, however, he detected as reproducing some of the expressions she had used in their conversations. He promised to inform her immediately of the result of the balloting at Springfield, where by telegraph he was in constant communication with the State-leaders of his party.

"Elected, Miss Kilburne; I have called for your congratulations!" was the early evening greeting of United States Senator Loughridge, as he arose in the little waiting-room of the boarding-house to meet Margaret, who had come down quickly at his familiar summons.

"Then I must bend very low in the presence of such exalted dignity. General of the United States Army, and United States Senator from Illinois."

"But I am not satisfied; I have still higher aspirations."

"What! wanting to be President already?"

A knock at the door, and the house-boy handed in a letter for Margaret, that moment left by the postman.

"Please read your letter, Miss Kilburne, for it may have important news for you."

"Yes; I see it is very important, MR. SENATOR.

Very short. It simply notifies me from the Women's Union Missionary Society, that I am appointed its missionary to commence a Zenana mission-work as soon as practicable in Agra, North India."

"Nonsense, Miss Kilburne! It is the greatest piece of absurdity of which I ever heard! I beg of you to give me the right to answer that letter."

"How?"

"By accepting my heart and my hand. I wish you to go with me as Mrs. Loughbridge to Washington. Will you not?"

Visions of Washington and of Agra floated before the bewildered mind of Margaret. She was asked to be one of the first ladies of the land, and by one she esteemed most highly, and could love with all her heart. Never a nobler man by nature than he, whose hands now clasped her own. But these years her Divine master had been calling her to missionary life, and preparing her for the service, and at last the door of opportunity opens. On the one side a husband, honor, wealth, society; on the other disgusting heathenism, retirement, poverty, discomfort, and perhaps an early death. Which? In her furnace she felt as if she could see another like unto the Son of Man.

"Not for the heathen, but for me, FOR ME, I ask this sacrifice," Christ seemed to say to her. And in full view of the pierced hands and feet and side, she quickly and firmly decided.

"Senator Loughridge, I cannot be your wife. My duty to Christ is to be a missionary to the

heathen. He calls me, and I must go, even if I never reach heathen shores, and am buried at sea. Besides, I question my right as a Christian to consent."

"Is your decision irrevocable, Miss Kilburne? I beg of you to reconsider it."

"Irrevocable, General Loughridge; and I pray God in all my weakness that I may be firm. Please now excuse me."

Margaret's letter of acceptance of the missionary appointment was written that evening to the rooms in New York, and when she returned from mailing it upon the adjoining street, she found a visiting card with regrets from Llewellyn Litchfield.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE DUKE OF TRAFALGAR'S SON.

THE great social event in Boston of the winter of 1865-66, was a protracted visit from a young English nobleman. He was neither duke, marquis, earl, viscount or baron, and being only the second son of the duke of Trafalgar, it was not certain he could ever rank among these five orders of Great Britain's nobility; but no family in all the realm, excepting royalty and that of the duke of Argyle, occupies so high a social position, and this was quite sufficient in American judgment to qualify the English visitor to be lionized among the *elite* of Beacon Hill.

None upon this democratic side of the great waters cared to trace the young nobleman's lineage back to his earliest ancestry, though many in the British Isles know more about his genealogy than of the geography of the United States, or of our common school system, or of the relation among us between Church and State. Many there could tell how one representative of the Trafalgar family was Sir Robert Peel's chief adviser; how another restored Pitt to power, and how another

commanded a frigate at the destruction of the Spanish armada. They could relate how a Trafalgar sent Wolsey to disgrace and death; how another was prominent in the wars of the White and Red Roses, and how another still under Edward the Third, secured the refusal of the annual tribute to Rome, re-demanded by Urban. Nor would they forget that a Trafalgar was one of the barons who extorted Magna Charta at Runnymede; that another fell at Hastings, and that the first known chieftain of this name commanded under Alfred at the battle of Ethandune.

Even the Bostonians did not concern themselves about this ancestral parade. Suffice it, they had an English nobleman on hand, and they made the most of him.

And yet he came to America, as far as he knew anything of the occasion of his coming, simply on a business errand, and was quite amazed at the social excitement which his presence created in the Athens of the New World.

The duke intended that this son Harold should be either an army officer or a clergyman, and was ready to buy him the former position, or to appoint him, if he chose, to the deanery of Oxford, which he controlled. But Harold was strongly opposed to the purchase system still prevailing at that time in the British army, believing that personal qualification should be the only ground of preferment; and, on the other hand, he had conscientious scruples against entering the Christian

ministry, without such a thoughtful and prayerful impression of duty as should constitute a call of God to the work. Society said that he was "too clever" to be a clergyman, and that therefore he must go into the army.

None thought of the Duke of Trafalgar's son ever engaging in mercantile business. To several of his relatives it would have been almost cruel to have suddenly suggested any such absurd idea. Never had any hands in which flowed their bluest of blue blood touched any money-making kind of work. To the head of the family belonged an estate of one hundred and fifty thousand acres in the midland district, which came from marriage with one of the Norman chieftains of William the Conqueror. To receive rents and expend in the gayeties of London and Paris, were the only proper liberties for them in business transactions.

But Harold had come to put a different estimate upon commerce. To buy and sell goods honestly, intelligently and industriously, seemed to him thoroughly becoming any gentleman, if he was thus inclined to fill a place in the world. He had formed the acquaintance of several leading merchants of London, and through them had met a number of Americans — "self-made men," who from poverty had amassed fortunes, without neglecting either education or refinement. Their example kindled his desire to enter into some kind of business; and as his father had settled upon him fifty thousand pounds, expecting

him to use this amount in securing high military position, he determined to ask permission to invest it in the silk trade, with a firm into which he had been cordially invited.

It came very hard for the old duke to give his consent. He first directed his lawyers to learn all they could against the firm, hoping thus to destroy Harold's interest in it. But they reported that there was not in all London a stronger and more honorable firm engaged in silk importation, than Edwards, Blythwood & Co., Limited, whose American correspondents were the well-known Lyddell, Burrows & Co. of Boston. When the women heard of the proposed degradation of the family, both the light and the heavy brigades charged bravely upon Harold and his father. The duchess declared with wringing hands and tearful eyes, she never could again look into the face of Her Majesty the Queen. The daughter of the baron of Westminster, who had received many presents from Harold, hastened to return them all. The marchioness of Kent recalled her invitation to a breakfast-party. But the old duke was unusually endowed with common sense, and gradually he disentangled his judgment from the traditions and prejudices of his family, and from the social inbecilities of otherwise intelligent British aristocracy, and declared:

“Harold is nearer right than all the rest of you, and he shall do as he chooses.”

After Harold had been in business upon



Threadneedle street for two years, the firm decided to send him for an important conference with their correspondents in Boston. The older members had all been to America, while Harold had never crossed the Atlantic; and, besides, Mr. Lyddell, who was the head of the Boston firm, had sent special request that if consistent, the young nobleman should be intrusted with the business, and make his home at his house while in Boston.

This was really the consummation of a plan which Mr. Lyddell had been maturing ever since the duke's son had been admitted into the partnership of Edwards, Blythwood & Co., Limited. Yet he never mentioned it to his wife until a few days before the nobleman's arrival, from fear that by some indiscretion the secret purpose he was so fondly cherishing should be revealed to Cleora.

Mrs. Lyddell was charmed by the plan and the prospect. It was more than she had ever dreamed for her daughter. She did not question the possibility of Cleora resisting the charms of the son of a real duke.

"Why, Mr. Lyddell, it seems too good to be true, to have an eligible young nobleman of the Trafalgar blood a guest in our home! Are you sure he is not engaged to some lady of the English court?"

"Yes, indeed; or I would not have allowed myself all this trouble, proposing another branch house in Shanghai, and a conference on the subject."

“And you say the duke is very old and feeble?”

“Cannot possibly live long.”

“And his first son is in delicate health?”

“I have said all that before.”

“I know, I know; but it is so encouraging.”

“O, you will fly away with your enthusiasm and spoil it all. This must be managed very adroitly. We must give him a grand reception.”

“What must I do?”

“As little as possible. I wish you to play invalid, and both at his reception and all through his visit, throw as much as possible of the responsibility upon Cleora.”

The nobleman came. The reception was considered in Boston the most elegant affair of the season. Cleora devoted nearly all her time and energy to the entertainment of her father's distinguished guest. Other parties were given in his honor, and she accompanied him. He wished to visit Harvard University, and Mr. Lyddell was suddenly indisposed, so that Cleora had to take her father's seat in the carriage. One day Mrs. Lyddell received a letter from Albany, informing her of the illness of her youngest sister, whereupon, eagerly, Mr. and Mrs. Lyddell seized the opportunity to leave the young people to themselves.

It was very evident that the nobleman was enjoying the situation. He found that among cultured Americans there was quite as good society as at the English court. He could not ask greater elegance

and refinement than he had met in the Lyddell mansion. Particularly, he became more and more interested in Cleora.

And it was not her rich dresses and costly jewelry, with which, especially of late, her parents had persisted in decorating her; not the ease and dignity with which she presided at his reception and escorted him to various entertainments; not even her literary and artistic accomplishments, nor beautiful and brilliant personal appearance, that particularly charmed Harold. He was accustomed to elegant female attire, to the most polished social manners, and to handsome, educated women.

But Cleora, in all this glare of English and Boston society, did not forget her dependent poor, nor the Young Women's Home, nor her class in the Mission Sunday-school, nor the flowers for the hospital, nor her Sewing-school for Poor Women. Sometimes he would accompany her on her beneficent errands, or if he was disinclined to go, it was evidently no reason in her mind why she should remain. He began to call her Florence Nightingale, and declared he had named better than he knew, after she had related to him some of her experience in the army.

One day, before the parents' return from Albany, word came to the breakfast-table, that the cook had been suddenly taken ill, and that the housekeeper had not yet returned from the yesterday's marriage of her sister. The butler was in a great flurry and volunteered the information aloud, on purpose that the guest also might excuse the deficiencies of the table.

“O, do not be over-anxious regarding us, Jacob,” was Cleora’s perfectly composed reply. “Be sure the doctor is called immediately to see Bridget; and as to the preparations for dinner, I will endeavor to fill her place to-day.”

“Allow me, Miss Lyddell,” observed the nobleman, “to most heartily congratulate you over your ability to meet yourself such a household emergency.”

The parents on return were very much disappointed to learn how much more than usual of her time Cleora had been spending on her missionary expeditions, and were mortified beyond measure that the English guest should have known of her kitchen-employments. But as a matter of fact, these were the very things which specially interested him, and won his heart.

“Cleora,” said the father, one early evening, his face radiant with smiles and all aglow with satisfaction, “your mother and I wish a little visit with you in our room.”

“Now, daughter,” he said, after the door was closed and they were seated in the three large easy-chairs which he drew to the cheerful grate, “we are ready to excuse you for having done so much outside missionary work”—

“O, I am so glad, father! I have hoped and prayed that sometime, you and mother would become heartily enlisted in the cause of self-giving for the sake of the poor and the needy.”

“Ah!—ahem! That is another matter, Cleora. The fact is, that our distinguished guest, the Duke of Trafalgar’s son, has confessed to us his special attach-

ment for you, and begs our consent for him to offer his heart and hand to our daughter. Could any course be more honorable and praiseworthy?"

"I believe that few of Cleora's American admirers," observed Mrs. Lyddell, "would have been so considerate of parental rights and feelings."

"It will be a most admirable arrangement," continued Mr. Lyddell. "Our house and the London house are virtually becoming one firm, and we shall desire to spend half of our time in London with you, and you can be a great deal here in Boston among your old friends."

"And how gratifying," remarked the mother, "that Harold should have secured the old duke's permission to broach the matter with us. We saw the letter in which he said — 'you have become a merchant, and I see no objection to your marrying a merchant's daughter.'"

"I was, however, somewhat surprised," observed the father, "for the young nobleman to suggest in such a business-like way, the matter of our daughter's dowry; but I presume that is English style. I told him it would be a quarter of a million; — dollars, not pounds."

"Father," interrupted Cleora, "let me take your hand; and mother, your hand also, please. You both know that I love you."

And the tears began to trickle down the fair cheeks of the beautiful girl, seated between her eager parents, neither of whom, as they bent forward in wonderment, could comprehend the agony of Cleora's expression.

“O, certainly, yes, daughter!” they replied.

“And I would not mar your happiness if I could help it.”

“No, indeed,” rejoined Mr. Lyddell; “but this will add to our happiness — the crowning joy of our lives.”

“Yes, dear girl, I know it will be hard for you to give up father and me, but really, it will not be giving us up at all.”

“Dear parents, God who made me and who redeemed me by the gift of Jesus Christ, requires me to render him other service than this.”

“No doubt,” replied Mr. Lyddell. “And the sphere of your opportunity to do good is to be enlarged.”

“Yes, indeed,” added the mother. “The English upper classes need, I take it, a great deal of pious, missionary work. Besides, they say there are many more poor and needy people in London than in any other city in the world.”

“But—I cannot, I cannot be the wife of this English nobleman.”

Mr. Lyddell sprung to his feet in a towering passion, exclaiming:

“Ungrateful child! Is this your return for all our care and sacrifice? Must your pious whims thwart all our plans for your good?”

“But, father, it would make me supremely wretched to disobey my divine Master.”

“Fool! what is it, then, that you have deluded yourself into thinking he wants you to do?”

“To be a missionary to the heathen.”

“I ought to send you to the insane asylum; that is what I ought to do!”

“O, our daughter will think differently of this,” interposed the mother, “when she has had time for reflection.”

“Never! never!” was Cleora’s firm response, as she spoke with tearless eyes and compressed lips. “There are duties I owe to you, father and mother, and there are duties I owe to God. I may never be married. That is not necessary for the plan of life which the Lord has marked out for me. But once for all, if ever I marry, it must be a missionary.”

“Then, let me tell you what you must expect,” replied Mr. Lyddell in words cold and rigid as an iceberg; “I will not turn you out of this house, but beyond its threshold you can have none of my money. When you go, you may go to the dogs!”

“When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.”

“O, confound your piety!” and Mr. Lyddell slammed the door as he stamped out. And the mother immediately followed, leaving Cleora where the angels ministered unto her.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### ACCEPTED AND REJECTED.

**I**MMEDIATELY after graduation at the Theological Seminary, Llewellyn went to Boston, by previous invitation and arrangement, to be examined by the executive committee for appointment as a missionary to the foreign field. Already he had had helpful correspondence with the rooms, having written the secretary fully regarding the providential way in which he had been led, and the resultant purpose of his life, and having received from him most valuable assurances and suggestions. But it was still farther necessary, in view of the vastness of the responsibility that must rest upon every missionary to the swarming millions of heathenism, and of the character of the trust placed in the rooms by thousands of home churches, that the important question of Llewellyn's qualifications should be passed upon by all the executive officers of the society, after a painstaking and prayerful personal examination.

The interview at the rooms was exceedingly gratifying. The examination was not of the superficial character many imagine, and Llewellyn felt



profoundly impressed with the ability and conscientiousness of the men to whom Providence had intrusted the management of missions. He had yet to learn that even these could sometimes forget their responsibility, and imperil the interests of the cause.

The candidates' correspondence had been with the home secretary, as is customary until after appointment, when the missionary-elect is expected henceforth to communicate through the foreign secretary.

Llewellyn had thus already in his offer of service answered many questions. He had submitted a statement of his views of Scripture doctrines, of his evidences of Christian character, and of his convictions of duty to preach the Gospel to the heathen. He had given assurances that his desires took into account all the hardship, suffering, and peril, incurred in prosecuting the missionary work; that he had inherited a good constitution, and was in perfect health, and that he had no near relatives to such a degree dependent upon him, or likely to become so, as to place him under obligation to provide for their support. And he had answered other inquiries, according to the manual the home secretary had furnished him, heartily appending his assent to the rules and regulations of the board, and declaring there was nothing in its organization or rules, or in the organization or manner of conducting its missions, which he disapproved, or which would prevent his

laboring cheerfully and happily under its direction, and in conformity with its regulations and those of the missions.

“Mr. Litchfield,” inquired the foreign secretary, “what do you think constitutes a call to the foreign field?”

“Qualifications and the opportunity,” replied the candidate, “together with such a consciousness of the divine direction and leadership as the Holy Spirit is sure to give.”

“You speak of qualifications,” remarked another of the executive committee of the board; “and you have furnished some gratifying testimonials from your pastor, the presidents of your college and theological seminary, and from two very well known laymen of New York, but if, nevertheless, we should differ from them as to the question of your qualifications, would you feel that you had any right to go as an independent missionary to any of the fields specially under our supervision?”

“No, sir. My duty would be either to stay at home, or to go somewhere else where I would not be an interloper.”

“By what do you expect to be controlled?”

“By a single-hearted, self-sacrificing devotion to Christ and his cause.”

“Mr. Litchfield,” inquired one of the most thoughtful of the committee, “do you expect US to send you forth and support you?”

Llewellyn thought a minute. As the full meaning of the inquiry dawned upon him, he responded:

“O, no indeed, sir! My missionary work is to be the discharge of an individual and personal obligation. You and the churches are only my helpers to carry out the purpose of my own independent self-consecration. Christ sends me, and we cooperate in the endeavor to prosecute his work.”

“You do not then, Mr. Litchfield,” continued the same examiner, “consider the missionary’s salary as, in any proper sense, a compensation for labor performed?”

“The salary you may vote me is simply your grant in aid — your cooperation in my mission work. Compensation for this service I will find in the privilege of preaching Christ among the heathen, and in the conscious presence and approbation of my divine Master.”

Llewellyn was heartily accepted. But now arose the question of his designation to a particular mission field, and in his case this involved no small difficulty. He wished to go to China, and to the North, where the Mandarin is spoken, with which he had become partly familiar.

But the foreign secretary explained:

“We do not desire that Mr. Litchfield should go where he cannot labor cheerfully, and in accordance with his own convictions of duty and privilege. But our most pressing field at this time is North India. The executive officers are unanimous that our next appointment should be to the new station to be opened in Agra. There is where, we believe, all things considered, Mr.

Litchfield may hope for the largest possible service to the cause of Christ."

"But, friends," interposed Llewellyn, "is my year's study of the Chinese to count for nothing?"

"O, by no means," replied the foreign secretary; "that will serve you along the line of your previous Latin and German studies. In some respects it will be even more helpful to you in acquiring a knowledge of the Hindi, and of the Urdu or Hindustani. Besides, we understand that your special attention to the Mandarin was merely with diplomatic service, and business in view, and therefore in the line of your work, it cannot justly be counted for more than six months of usual missionary endeavor to acquire a language. We hope that you will see the way to yield cheerfully to our judgment in the matter of your designation."

"Most surely I do thus yield," was Llewellyn's prompt reply. "It is for the time a disappointment to me, and yet undoubtedly for the best. You officers occupy a central position with regard to the whole field. You correspond with all; you know the condition and demands of all. None can judge as well as you of the relative claims of the several missions and mission fields. But upon another subject also," he continued, "I would like to defer to your judgment. May I, in farther preparation, spend a few months now attending medical lectures?"

“In ordinary cases,” replied the foreign secretary, “the experience of the committee has led them to question the expediency of such delay, even as of a physician to pursue the study of theology. It is desirable that you have more than the ordinary acquaintance with the laws of health, and the remedies for disease, but this is a matter to be anticipated and made to guide your incidental studies and readings for years before seminary graduation.”

“I think,” interposed the home secretary, “that another question we have not asked Mr. Litchfield may help us to decide as to his suggested post-graduate course. It is very important for us to know whether he is under engagement, express or implied, with view to marriage.”

“I am not.”

“O, then,” was the reply, “we would advise the delay you suggest. It will give you time to attend also to this matter. We all consider it very desirable that a male missionary should be married. The exceptions are rare. We hope that you will give the subject of marriage your prompt, earnest, and prayerful attention.”

When Llewellyn returned to his room at the Revere House, it was to enter upon a new experience. He had been brought face to face with the most important social duty of life. Sentimental dreams could be indulged in no longer. His heart must now be thrust out, as Noah thrust out the dove from the ark, to find a

resting place somewhere. Whom of his young lady acquaintances could he love better than his own life? Who of those he knew would even be willing to accept his offer, and to undertake with him the far-off, lonely work of a missionary among the heathen? Who? But one name was continually arising before his mind. But one person seemed to live in the home of his Utopia. Again and again he would crush his most tender and holy sensibilities, and turn from her as from an utter impossibility; but it was only for the vision to reappear more beautiful and entrancing than ever.

“O, God!” he exclaimed, as he sank upon his knees; “if this is not from thee, help me to escape!”

But he could not escape. It must be, then, in some way that Cleora Lyddell could become his. Other mountains of impossibility had been removed from before him; perhaps this might. Anyway, he determined to call upon her that evening, to see if she was the same earnest Christian, the same sensible, companionable and healthy woman, and the same enthusiastic lover of foreign missions, as when he spent that happiest evening of his life with her a few months before at the Fletcher mansion in New York.

Cleora received Llewellyn with real sisterly cordiality. His object in coming to Boston at once introduced the subject, so welcome to both, of foreign missions.

Llewellyn found her better read than himself in current missionary literature. She took the monthly periodicals of the leading societies, and read them too, which is more than many subscribers can say. Concerning several of the fields she had fresh information for him, and particularly with regard to North India.

"Then you think, Miss Lyddell, that I should be thoroughly reconciled to the disappointment of not being located in China?"

"Yes, indeed. China is a great field, but India has some special claims. There are not only millions unevangelized, but also a vast educational and missionary machinery needing readjustment and utilizing. I really believe, Mr. Litchfield, that the heathen world presents no louder call to-day than for American missionary enterprise in India."

It was evident that Cleora had THOUGHT as well as read, and therein largely was the secret of her continued reading and glowing interest.

Llewellyn was frequently surprised during the evening's conversation, at her wide range of information, her wise reflections, and at the completeness with which she was filled with the missionary spirit.

"You — ought — to — be — a — missionary — yourself, Miss Lyddell," observed Llewellyn, his hesitating speech and flushed face telling more than he meant.

"O, sir! the home land also needs those who

are acquainted with the work, and deeply interested in all that concerns it."

"True, Miss Lyddell; but would it be right for me to apply that argument to myself as an excuse for my staying at home?"

"You, sir, CAN go; but for me it seems yet quite impossible."

"O, I am glad, Miss Lyddell, to hear that little word 'yet.' It means that you entertain the thought of sometime going. It means that you would have God's hand remove mountains which are in the way. It means—I beg your pardon, Miss Lyddell," exclaimed Llewellyn, looking confusedly at his watch and rising. "I did not know that it was so late."

They did not separate quite as promptly and formally as both intended. Their hands lingered in each other's clasp an instant longer than was necessary for a polite good-evening.

"Miss Lyddell, I heartily wish that you were not the princess of this palatial home."

"What! not wish me with all these pretty things with which to entertain gentlemen! I thought you appreciated paintings and statuary."

"I care more for the jewel than its cumbrous setting. May I do myself the pleasure of calling upon you to-morrow evening?"

"Certainly; but I thought you were intending to start for New York in the morning."

"My heart will not let me. It is anchored here. Good-night!"



“Good-night!”

At ten o'clock the next morning Llewellyn was in the counting-room of Lyddell, Burrows & Co., Washington street, waiting anxiously for a private interview with the senior partner.

“And now if you please, young gentleman.”

“Here are my credentials, sir; one from the President of the Manhattan Theological Seminary, where I graduated last week, and” —

“Ah! that will do. Business, please?”

“I have been accepted as a missionary to India, as these papers will show you” —

“Good! Noble calling for those who can go. But some of us have to stay at home and support you. All one work, you know. Will fifty dollars from me be enough to help you in getting off now?”

“Mr. Lyddell, I am acquainted with your daughter.”

“Indeed! Then of course she takes a special interest in your going. For her sake I will make it a hundred, and will let you have the check immediately, for I am very busy.”

“Mr. Lyddell, I do not wish your money, but your permission to become more than acquainted with your daughter.”

“What, sir! Are you an idiot, sir? Do you not see that nothing could be more absurd?”

“I would give my life for her.”

“Leave, sir, instantly! and never dare to show yourself in my home, or in my presence again!”

## CHAPTER XIX.

### RESCUED AND BETROTHED.

UTTERLY bewildered by the refusal and dismissal he had received at the hands of Mr. Lyddell, Llewellyn walked back and forth, he hardly knew where, until he found himself strolling along the shady paths of Boston Common. The old Park Street Church clock struck noon, and one, and two, before the pedestrian became conscious of weariness, and looked for a seat to rest.

The only one unoccupied in sight had drawn the attention of another at the same time, and, as the two gentlemen seated themselves at the two ends of the bench, it was with a half-realized, mutual recognition.

"I almost recall your face, stranger," said Llewellyn to the tall, middle-aged, well-dressed gentleman by his side; "only I cannot associate with it your armless sleeve."

"O, I lost this late in the war, sir! You saw me before the misfortune. Yet, if I mistake not, I met you when you came near losing what is more valuable than an arm."

"Were you the Confederate captain who pre-



On Boston Common.



sided as my court-martial when I was tried as a spy, and condemned to be hung?"

"Yes, sir; I think I was, if your name is Litchfield. The other part of your name I remember I could not spell. It had several l's and w's all strung together in perfect confusion."

"Llewellyn, was it not?"

"That is it; and I never saw a man come nearer being hanged than you. Of course I am glad you escaped, and we were saved from executing an innocent man. But war is war, and the circumstantial evidence seemed very conclusive against you."

"I never understood how it was that I was so suddenly turned from what had been erected as my gallows, and hurried across the lines under a flag of truce."

"Well, sir, over on that hill yonder, in one of those grand houses, lives the young lady who saved your life."

"How was it? And what is her name? I cannot tell you how impatient I am to know all."

And then Captain Jackson, of Atlanta, Ga., gave the full account of how a Miss Cleora Lydell of Boston had been taken prisoner, temporarily, and by her own choice; how that she was seated in front of General and Mrs. Stone's tent when the supposed spy was being led past to execution; and how her fortunate recognition of him as one of the delegates of the Christian Commission, caused the general to countermand orders, and

to direct that he be sent over immediately to the Union side.

“You have no doubt, captain, that you have the name correctly? — that it was Miss Cleora Lyddell?”

“O, no, indeed! I passed several very pleasant hours with her at our headquarters before her return to her hospital work on your side. And then, since the war, being in the silk business at Atlanta, and having large dealings with Lyddell, Burrows & Co., of this city, I have become well acquainted with her father and mother, and have repeatedly met them all at their house. Indeed, my wife and I are to dine with them this afternoon at six o'clock.”

“Has Miss Lyddell ever referred to this incident?”

“Yes, every time. And she has told me about you, and your studying to become a missionary; and the enthusiastic way she has gone on talking of you and your proposed life work, when we have been alone, together with her blank silence on the subject in the presence of her parents, has led me to infer that she has a regard for you which she knows they would not countenance.”

“I believe you are right, captain, and I think I may venture to tell you a story of this morning, and then to beg you to take from me a verbal message this afternoon to Miss Cleora.”

Llewellyn explained all. Not only the circumstances prompted the confidence, but there was such

manliness, and sincerity, and intelligence in the face and bearing of Captain Jackson, that the sorrowful and bewildered young man felt that in the providence of God he had found a friend.

“At least then, captain, tell her I am compelled to forego the pleasure of meeting her this evening. Perhaps you better not give the reason. Do not explain all. I wish to do it sometime myself.”

“All right: at the Revere reading-room this evening at nine o’clock.”

To Llewellyn it seemed an age until the appointed evening-hour for his meeting with Captain Jackson.

“I assumed, Mr. Litchfield, that you would be prompt; and you see that I am also.”

“Did you meet Miss Lyddell?”

“O, yes! and her father also, who loves you so well.”

“Did she manifest any disappointment at my inability to meet the engagement with her this evening?”

“Yes, indeed. And when I had an opportunity to be alone with her, I told her the whole story; all about your manly request of her father to allow you to become more than acquainted with his daughter, and how he repelled you, and how that, to complete your preparation for your missionary work, you longed for her above all in the world; not for a dollar of her father’s money, but for herself.”

“All true; but I did not authorize you to fully explain the situation.”

“Yet it was justice to her, that she should know it, and for the present, at least, you are debarred from any opportunity. The fact is, you both need me to engineer a little for you.”

“How did Miss Cleora receive the news of my strong attachment for her, and of my venturesome request of her father?”

“News? It was no news to her that your affections were enlisted. She had seen it, and felt it, and I assure you that she reciprocates all. She did not say so in words—they are reserved for your ears sometime—but it was as plain to me as the sun at noonday.”

“Well, I know not what to do. The consent of her parents must be secured, and that seems impossible for the present.”

“I am not sure of that. I think I will speak to Lyddell about it myself to-morrow. At least, he will not order his best Southern customer out of his office. But what is this racket in the street? There must be a fire, and near by. Do you wish to take a walk? I enjoy seeing your Northern enterprise at fires.”

The crowd was surging toward Beacon street, and the lurid glare of the flames, turning the darkness around them almost into day, and the frequent falling of cinders at their feet, told our pedestrians that they would not have far to go.

“O, my God! captain, it is the Lyddell mansion!” and Llewellyn instantly darted into the middle of the street, running faster than his com-



panion could follow, and in a few moments was in front of the lordly dwelling, which seemed almost entirely wrapt in a sheet of flame.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyddell were on the opposite side of the street, wringing their hands in agony at the sight of their daughter at one of the upper windows, and of the ineffectual efforts of the firemen to rescue her.

Their ladders should easily have reached to the fourth story, but, by a strange fatality, one after another was broken in lifting, and others, which should have been on hand, were wanting, and the new fire-escape, which the papers had been praising, did not work.

The window must be reached, and from the outside, that was plain. It was out of the question to make any entrance through the lower stories, and attempt to ascend within, for even to the third story all seemed ablaze, and through doors and windows the angry smoke and flames poured forth, challenging all efforts to save the precious life.

There at the window, bending over the sill as far as possible to escape the suffocating smoke, Llewellyn saw Cleora, calmer than any in the street below, watching the vain efforts of her many would-be rescuers, and anon lifting her face toward heaven in prayer.

She saw her parents, and threw kisses to them; yes, and she saw Llewellyn also, and threw some to him, while the firemen held him back from dashing in at the door.

"Give me a rope and I will climb that lightning rod!" screamed the frantic man, while the police and firemen around hesitated, even at the new thought which seemed only the certain destruction of another life.

But Llewellyn felt the relaxing of the hands which held him, saw his opportunity, sprung forward, seizing a coil of rope from off the hook and ladder truck, and before any could detain him, was beyond their reach up the lightning rod.

It was hard work; the rope was heavy, and the rod so small to clasp. His hands were cut and bleeding before he reached the third story, but he cared not, if only he could keep on and up, and save her who now watched him with undiverted attention, throwing words of cheer which he could not understand for the noise of the flames and of the crowd below, but throwing also kisses which meant worlds of encouragement, and summoned him to almost superhuman effort.

From a window of the third story the smoke and flame were driven by the wind directly across Llewellyn's path.

"Come down!" ordered a captain of police.

"Never! Play into that window!" was the firm, heroic reply.

The latter command was obeyed, and in a moment Llewellyn was upon the roof, working his way along the eaves to a place directly over the window, where his love was awaiting his rescue.

A chimney seemed right in line, and to it with

great difficulty he fastened one end of his rope. But when he had swung clear over the eaves, and lowered himself to the window, alas! it was not the right one. The shouts of the crowd below, intended to warn him of his mistake, had been unintelligible; and, indeed, he had become lost to all but one in the world.

There she was but eight feet from him, at the next window.

“Darling, can you come around to this window?” was Llewellyn’s feeble, almost fainting cry.

She disappeared, but did not come. The moments were a terrible suspense. Llewellyn could endure it no longer. Pushing from the sill, he swung as far out as possible, and with the return dashed through the shattered window and was lost in the dense smoke and darkness.

“Lyddell, he will do it, or die!” exclaimed Captain Jackson to the agonized father as Llewellyn disappeared from view.

“No hope, sir; he, too, will be overcome in a moment by that suffocating smoke,” was the despairing reply of Mr. Lyddell, while at the same time he was supporting the half-unconscious form of his wife.

“Look, Lyddell, the rope keeps moving! Young Litchfield is feeling his way along on the floor. Is there a door between the rooms?”

“Yes, thank God! but at the rear.”

“Lyddell, if he saves your daughter, you must

take back what you said to him this morning. He will have the best right to her life."

"Well, if I cannot buy him off. Is the rope still moving?"

A cheer rent the air which could have been heard almost to the Highlands, as Llewellyn appeared at the window, lifted the unconscious Cleora over the sill with the rope fastened under her arms, and began lowering her to the ground.

Mr. Lyddell and Captain Jackson were there to receive with open arms, and to carry her into a neighboring house, whither friendly hands had already conducted the bewildered mother.

Llewellyn had no time to spare, and immediately threw himself upon the rope to descend. But his strength had become quite exhausted. SHE was safe, and the motive which had nerved him to dare and do more than all those veteran firemen, was gone. He could barely break the force of a fall, and though he struck the ground in safety, it was with terribly lacerated hands and with a jar sufficient to render him helpless for a few moments.

Meanwhile he was carried into the same neighboring house, whither Cleora had preceded him.

A few minutes' kindly attentions from many willing hands quite restored them, and while hearty congratulations were in progress, making all oblivious to the burning dwelling not forty rods away, Captain Jackson with great dexterity managed to divide the company, and to close the folding

doors upon Mr. and Mrs. Lyddell and Cleora and Llewellyn.

“Mr. Lyddell, may I NOW ask your daughter for her hand?” inquired Llewellyn as he saw his opportunity, and arose from his sofa in a deferential and yet almost commanding attitude.

“Say yes, Walter,” pleaded the mother; “for it must be so. We cannot have our way; we have tried long enough.”

“Young man, I will give you fifty thousand dollars to call this square and clear out.”

“I do not wish your money, sir; only her, if she will have me.”

Two loving arms were quickly around the neck of the obstinate, worldly old man. Two loving lips of fairest mould sought to smooth out upon his face the wrinkles of disappointment and displeasure.

“You shall neither of you, then, have any of my money!”

“We do not wish it, father. God will care for Llewellyn and me in the work to which he has called us.”

“Well, have it your own way, then; but you are poor, remember!”

But both Llewellyn and Cleora felt rich as they clasped each other to their hearts and spoke unutterable words.

## CHAPTER XX.

### PREPARATIONS AND WEDDING.

THE day following, Mr. Lyddell engaged board for his family in a neighboring house on the same fashionable avenue, securing for their exclusive use both parlors and the entire first floor above. Llewellyn arranged in much more humble style, with a missionary on vacation from India, who occupied a small tenement in Cambridge, near Harvard University. This Rev. Dr. Kingsley, of the prosperous Methodist Mission in Bareilly, did not forget that his knowledge of the language of many millions of heathen was too valuable and sacred a trust to be rolled up and laid aside for two years. Not only did he persevere with a reasonable amount of literary work in Hindi, but three times a week he met Llewellyn and Cleora together at her home, and gave them instruction in the rudiments of the language they needed so soon to use.

Under all the circumstances, and in deference to the wishes of Cleora, the question of preparation for marriage was very secondary to that of outfit for missionary life in India. Although it seemed impracticable to be ready for departure for several

months, their good judgment told them that their marriage should be one of their last preparatory measures.

Mr. Lyddell very promptly consented to his daughter's suggestion, that she should be credited with a generous sum, reckoned as saved from what would otherwise have been her marriage expenses, and that all this amount might be distributed as her parting gifts to the various local benevolent enterprises in which she had become personally interested. This relieved him of the embarrassment of seeming to be at all mean upon the occasion of his only child's graduation from parental guardianship. Moreover, he insisted that she should continue until departure, calling upon him for all her needed outfit funds.

Cleora determined, however, not to use this liberty to the extent of harming at all the mission-cause either at home or abroad. It was very evident to her that much of her wardrobe and nearly all her jewelry were unsuited to the new sphere of life to which God had called her. It was wise for her to dress and to live after the simple, humble style of missionaries generally. Even should her father reconsider his position, and again shower his money upon her in coming years, Cleora conscientiously felt that it should not be allowed to make any apparent difference with her among her co-laborers, and before the eyes of the native Christians and the heathen multitudes. She would have much preferred to turn over all such funds into the general mission-treasury.

How much to spend, as also what articles to purchase, were questions she could not answer for herself, and she was glad to receive advice not only from the returned missionary, Mrs. Kingsley, but also from a lady at the Rooms, who was in correspondence with many missionary women, and had valuable suggestions gathered from a wide range of experience. Both of these friends were wise enough to confine themselves to general advice, and to leave Cleora to arrange her own list of outfit as the result of her own reflections.

She learned that the Board was accustomed to appropriate, when necessary, for a missionary and his wife, five hundred dollars; for a single man two hundred and fifty dollars, and for a single woman two hundred dollars; also that at the end of a year after reaching their destination, the farther grants may be made of one hundred and fifty dollars, one hundred dollars, and fifty dollars respectively, on application to the treasurer of the Board.

Llewellyn agreed with her that there was much wisdom in their limiting their outfit expenses to five hundred dollars, but he would not consent to her suggestion that he should spend three hundred dollars, and she two hundred dollars.

Cleora arranged for the distribution of her elegant wardrobe, from which several ministers' wives secured their best party suits, and ear-rings and brooches and bracelets were scattered around as souvenirs of friendship. She retained one substantial, plainly-made black silk dress, and her watch,



which, though it cost five hundred dollars, and was out of place in missionary life, she could wear with a simple cord, and might so cover as not to attract attention.

Neither arranged to take any furniture, nor did they count upon any clothing to last beyond a second year, as they had learned from others, as also by their own experiences abroad, that now, owing to the progress of commerce, fresh supplies can either be obtained readily everywhere, or quickly sent from England or America.

They had all their clothing and bedding marked, full lists of articles carefully written out with their approximate values, to be furnished the forwarding agent for insurance, and everything carefully packed in well-made boxes of medium size, as being much preferable to trunks, save what they reserved for their small steamer trunk, thirteen inches high, to slide under their state-room berths.

They reduced their library by a very careful selection; for they had learned of the exceeding difficulty of preserving books from the ravages of insects and from the effects of the climate, in Southern Asia. Altogether, their freight on outfit, to be paid, as also their cost of passage, by the Board, was much within the specified six tons ship-measurement, forty cubic feet to a ton.

Meanwhile the duty on the part of both, of a special medical preparation, had not been neglected. There was not much, if any, delay of departure on this account, but great care was taken to allow no time to

run to waste, and earnest effort was made to gather up and mature and supplement the considerable, though desultory knowledge of health and of disease and cure acquired in past years, and particularly since each had felt called to missionary life. Llewellyn attended medical lectures regularly, and Cleora took private lessons and directions as to reading from her old family physician.

At last the day for the wedding arrived. It was in the first week of December, 1867. An early fall of snow had given the Bostonians two or three days of very fair sleighing, and as all preparations for both departure for India and the wedding were complete, Cleora arranged the evening before, that Llewellyn should call early in the morning and take with her a last drive behind her beautiful ponies, whose new owner was to send for them at noon.

"My darling," said Llewellyn, when they were well under way, out beyond the great blocks of stone and brick dwellings, "it must be very hard for you to sacrifice so much of wealth and its pleasures."

"O, no; it makes it the easier to have much to give to my Redeemer, to whom I would offer worlds if I had them. Would not you rather make me a present of one thousand dollars, than of one dollar, if you could?"

"I am glad it is so plain that you do not go for for my sake."

Beneath the sleigh robes her hands quickly found their way to his.

"Then, Llewellyn, you do not love me any the

less because I love my Saviour more, and because it is His love that leads me to the mission-field?"

"No, indeed, Cleora dear; not only is my load made lighter, but my heart goes out toward you in deeper and stronger affection as thus I see the image of Christ the more perfectly reflected in you."

"Good-by, ponies," most cheerfully said Cleora as they alighted on return. And she could not help it—the nigh one was her pet, her saddle horse—so she stopped a moment to pat him, and put her arm around his neck.

"Jacob," she added to the driver, "be sure, for my sake, to give them extra oats to-day before they go."

It was a very simple, unpretending service at the church at four o'clock. The bride was dressed in white Indian muslin, a garment she had selected more especially for its utility in Southern Asia, and which for this occasion was ornamented only with natural flowers. Margaret Kilburne, who had that noon arrived from Chicago on purpose to attend the wedding and the morrow's farewell, was Cleora's first bridesmaid. No ring was used, for the missionary bride did not wish at all to encourage the heathen superstitious regard for jewelry-charms of any kind. The father went through the form of giving his daughter away, but he could not entirely mask his feeling of bitter opposition to the whole transaction. Indeed, he had anticipated that the mere formalities of the church-service were all that he could anyway respectably endure, and so he had arranged confidentially with a New York business-house to summon him peremp-

torily by telegraph, to come immediately by the five-twenty train.

Thus Mr. Lyddell escaped from the two trying ordeals of the informal evening reception in his parlors, and of the public farewell-meeting under the auspices of the Mission Society the following evening.

“Now, Cleora, and Mr. Litchfield,” were his parting words, on leaving for the Providence depot, “I hope you will become thoroughly tired of this business in a year or two, and desire to come home. When you are ready, you may draw on me for all needed funds. And I will take you, sir, into partnership, and give you as good an opportunity as any young man in America.”

## CHAPTER XXI.

### HOME FAREWELLS AND INDIA GREETINGS.

**L** LEWELLYN and Cleora found it harder than they had expected to separate from kindred and friends. For the daughter to press the mother's lips for perhaps the last time, certainly for years, was agonizing. To have a father allow business to keep him from seeing his only child off for the mission-field was painful in the extreme. Llewellyn also had bitterness added to his cup of sorrow in leaving the home land, in that neither mother, brothers or sisters sympathized with him in his purpose to labor among the heathen. They thought that if he must be a clergyman, there was work enough for him to do at home. Notwithstanding their obligations to him, they had allowed envy of his exceptional opportunities of foreign travel to grow and bring forth fruit. And then for him to throw away upon the heathen such a brilliant alliance with one of the first families of Boston, was to disregard entirely their social ambitions. Though his mother and both sisters were Christians, they had never yet to the measure of either Llewellyn or his sainted father, been filled with the spirit of Him who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

To all this special hardness of the separation there was considerable offset in the thought that they were to be far away from so much inappreciation, ingratitude and want of sympathy. But those final days revealed to them the reality of the kinship of a much larger circle. They found Christ's promise verified to those who leave house or lands, or brethren or sisters, or father or mother, and around them truly clustered the "hundred-fold now in this time," a great company of fathers and mothers in Israel, and of spiritual brethren and sisters, blood relations, indeed, through the precious blood of Jesus, with all their homes, and lands, and possessions on Christ's altar for his cause. They had never so highly appreciated the inner circle of the family of faith as now, and it added keenness to their parting grief to leave behind so many whose companionship would be like that of heaven.

The public farewell service was held in Tremont Temple. The lower floor was full of representatives from scores of churches in the city and vicinity. Llewellyn and Cleora sat well forward in the centre of the house, until his time came to speak, after which he returned to her side and stood with her as the moderator of the meeting said the last formal good-by.

There were some ministers on that platform who seemed to be strangely out of place, or in place. They looked on with the most intense interest, and yet it was painfully evident that it was the interest of novelty. They had not probably preached a missionary sermon for years, nor carried as their own the responsibility of their churches to contribute to the

support of foreign evangelization, nor sought in all their thousands of pastoral calls to lead any of the youth in their flocks to consider the question of going in Christ's name to heathen lands; and yet there they were upon that platform, trying with eyes, and ears, and smiles, and nods, to present for the occasion a respectable mission appearance.

One of them, a very popular preacher, the secretary ventured in making arrangements for the meeting, to invite to lead in prayer. But it proved very unfortunate, for, though he could have prayed very beautifully about, and all around about America and Europe, he knew next to nothing of the religious condition in Asia. He spoke of the hundreds of millions of Buddhists in India, when he should have said Hindus, being fifteen hundred years behind the times. He prayed that the doors for the Gospel might be thrown open in China, oblivious of the Nan-King and Tientsin treaties, and of the vast deal of evangelizing work which had there already been performed. And he entreated the Lord to break in pieces the idols of Mahometanism, entirely ignorant of the fact that no other object is such an abomination to the believers in Islam as an idol.

Another thing disturbed the serenity of the occasion. Several laymen were present, who were well known in their churches to be entirely apathetic upon the subject of foreign missions, but who were ready to seize such an opportunity as this to propose a collection as a parting testimonial, and thus without acknowledging how small an amount they intended

themselves to drop unobserved into the boxes, to make an appearance of interest and generosity. In the immediate society with which they had mingled intimately for years, they had failed to manifest the qualities essential to leadership, but here at a public union-meeting, on an occasion of tearfulness and general sympathy, how difficult, indeed, to decline to follow their suggestions.

The collection was taken, and it amounted to three hundred dollars. Llewellyn felt that, while there might be difference of judgment as to the wisdom of gathering up all these expressions of interest upon that occasion, it was very plain what was his duty with regard to the disposal of the money. Therefore he arose and said :

“I thank you, friends, in behalf also of Mrs. Litchfield, for this generous testimonial of your regard for us, and the work we are hoping to perform in India. But we feel that we must ask you to allow us to remit this money to the treasury of our society. In the matter of our outfit, the executive officers have dealt with us generously, and the better we are informed, the more certain we are that the limits they assigned to our expenditures were wise. Provision has been made us for all necessary cost in reaching our field of labor; and there, taking all things into account, the pecuniary support which your committee has promised to allow us, is not only sufficient, but generous. While we have not, and shall not object to incidental tokens of personal interest, we feel that to accept this large amount, when the treasury is so



strained, would be inexpedient, and an irregularity for whose consequences we would not be held responsible."

A suppressed cheer from all parts of the house greeted this declaration of the young missionary-elect. Nothing which had been said during the whole evening did the cause of missions as much good. It was so thoroughly manly, and true to the ideal of a minister of the Gospel, and adapted to create general confidence in the administration of the society. By that exhibition of unselfishness, and of practical faith in God in the use of the instrumentalities which his people had deliberately and prayerfully chosen, the young missionaries, on the threshold of their life-work, did as much for the cause at home as do many by years of correspondence, or by months of vacation service.

In a moment arose from one of the central pews Hon. James DeWitt, a prominent merchant on Franklin street, and a leader in one of the West End churches, and with a clear, ringing voice, he declared :

"This incident makes me more a friend of missions than ever. If these are the kind of new missionaries being sent forth, I wish to increase my investment in the cause. Will the treasurer please take my name for a thousand dollars as a thank offering, to-night?"

"And mine also," added Lawyer Hobson of the Calvary Church, on Tremont street.

"Count me in too," said ex-Mayor Vaughn.

And briskly the pledges were made for various

sums all the way down, until the audience insisted upon the boxes being passed again, and the thank offering placed to the credit of the general treasury that evening, was ten thousand dollars.

“God help us,” whispered Llewellyn to Cleora as the result of this unexpected enthusiasm was announced; “God help us in our correspondence with home Christians, and in any intercourse, public and private, with them during future vacations, to remember the lessons of this evening, and keep the cause ever uppermost in our thoughts, with sincere loyalty for those who are the appointed representatives of the churches in their coöperation with us in our mission work.”

“Yes, indeed,” she replied; “I join you in that prayer.”

“Only Mrs. Lyddell and Margaret Kilburne were encouraged to accompany them to the steamer. From the street full of friends in front of the Temple, the four took their seats in the carriage for East Boston and the docks of the Cunard Line.

Upon the deck and in the state-room were many lingering minutes. It was hard for Cleora; it was much harder for Mrs. Lyddell, for she was still unreconciled to the sacrifice, and had not yet turned from her bitter disappointment and cherished grief to Him who had made the cup very sweet to her daughter’s lips.

Margaret assured them, that as soon as possible, she would follow and join them in the mission work in Agra.

“Have faith in God, dear sister,” exclaimed Llewellyn with strong emphasis; “have faith, and the mountains in the way will be removed; I know it!”

Margaret returned with the desolate mother, to keep her company that lonely night; and when the morning broke, the steamship with its precious lives had weighed anchor for the far-off Eastern world.

Liverpool, Egypt, Calcutta. Forty days, and they landed in India.

Rev. Dr. Duff, of the Free Church of Scotland, the great leader of Christian education in India, and Rev. Dr. Wenger, of the English Baptist mission, engaged in the important work of translating the Bible into Sanscrit, had taken a row-boat two miles down the Hooghly, and were ready to board the steamer as it dropped anchor, and to welcome the new missionaries.

There were many temptations to linger in Calcutta, but both Llewellyn and Cleora were very anxious to hasten on to their own field of labor. They would probably have some vacation opportunity in the course of a few years to become acquainted with this “city of palaces,” and they could be persuaded to remain only over Sunday, when Mr. Litchfield preached, to the great delight of the English-speaking audiences, in the morning at the Circular Road Chapel, and in the afternoon at that of the Lall Bazaar. The American Consul-General Whiting, who heard both sermons, observed to a friend, that the young man would have certainly

commanded a five-thousand-dollar salary at home as minister in some leading city church.

A large number of suggestions were made by several experienced missionaries as to the clothing, diet and habits of the new-comers, and both Llewellyn and his bride were wise enough to promptly adopt them, though it seemed a little hard to throw away those good straw hats they had so carefully preserved from the last summer; very difficult for Llewellyn to commence cultivating a taste for curry, and for both to consent to take the night-train for Allahabad and Agra. To whirl through several hundred miles of this strange, far-away country, mostly in the dark, was a real disappointment; but they were assured it was the only safe time for foreigners in the climate of India, even at that most favorable season of the year.

Thoughts of the Taj, of Shah-Jehan and Noor-Jehan and Mûmtaz-i-Mehal, and of Akbar, and his palace, filled the minds of all other foreigners on the train as it neared the famous city of Agra, but Llewellyn and Cleora were absorbed with the thought of being at last upon the threshold of their life-work. Here was the centre of the populous district, where they were to toil until death, seeking to rescue from heathenism, to gather converts, and to establish various Christian institutions.

Though there were already two missionary families in Agra, one of a British society and the other of an American, and either would have given the new-comers a hospitable welcome, the latter decided to

commence with as much self-reliance as possible, and at once to locate themselves temporarily in the government dak bungalow. They had brought an interpreter from Calcutta, and with the little knowledge of the language they had already acquired, they felt as if they ought to do a good measure of genuine pioneer work.

Toward evening of that first day they sought the humble home of two poor native Christians; one old woman and her crippled son. These had been converted at Delhi in connection with a station of Mr. Litchfield's own society. The greeting was cordial and demonstrative. But what a little beginning!

Surely alone this could not justify the expectations which had been awakened in the mission rooms in Boston. This thatch-covered mud hovel did not shelter sufficient encouragement to warrant the establishment of a new station at so much sacrifice, and the proclamation to the Christian world of grandly opening fields for evangelization in North India.

But there are other statistics than of mere numbers and rank of converts, upon which mission enterprises should be prosecuted. This the new missionaries appreciated, and before dark they were enabled to return to their room with glad, hopeful hearts.

Twice during their walk they were asked by very gentlemanly appearing natives, if they had any Christian books for sale. No gift was solicited by these heathen men, but only an opportunity to buy.

Several times in the crowded streets there seemed

to be no special effort on the part of evidently high caste natives to escape the contaminating touch of the foreigners, nor to preserve their food from falling under the shadow of the pedestrians.

They met a "sacred cow" being actually driven away from the front of a provision store, and by the proprietor, who did not hesitate in the presence of a score of natives to use a stout club upon the heathen deity.

In a temple they passed there were but few worshippers, and the building was very dilapidated. These and other evidences were unmistakable of important opening opportunity for missionary work. Beyond the tearful welcome of that humble native home, they could see a multitude being prepared to greet the Saviour they had come to introduce.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### AT THE DAK BUNGALOW.

THE temporary home of the new missionaries was one of the rude, economical lodging houses, built by the government for the use of travellers, at intervals along the highways and in all the principal cities and towns. They are in charge of native keepers, more trustworthy than the average of hotel proprietors in Europe, Great Britain and America, who become for the time being the travellers' servant if desired, procuring whatever the market affords at printed prices, regularly revised by government inspectors. The rooms are furnished only with chairs, tables, bedsteads and mattresses, so that the occupant must provide all table and bed linen, all dishes and blankets. Of the latter especially every traveller in the Orient finds it necessary to carry a generous supply, for the nights are often very cold and penetrating, notwithstanding the intense daily heat.

The first evening at the dak bungalow the missionaries of the other societies, and nearly all of the few native Christians in the city, gathered to add their greetings to the new messengers of Christ.

Among the nearly one hundred and fifty thousand heathen of Agra, there was only a single little room full of those who knew experimentally of God and of the way of everlasting life. But, though of different branches of the Church of Christ, they were all one in heart and hand. None felt, in the presence of such vast fields for evangelistic enterprise, that there was any encroachment upon their work. Indeed throughout all heathendom that is a difficulty seldom contemplated, except by those who are unduly restful in their work, over-anxious to guard their statistics, and reluctant to be stimulated by fraternal emulation.

Learning that the natives were quite familiar with the hymn in Hindi, and that they were accustomed to sing it in the same tune, Llewellyn requested that before the company separated, they should sing together, he and Cleora in English, they in the language of over a hundred millions of India's vast population: —

Blest be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in Christian love;  
 The fellowship of kindred minds  
 Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne  
 We pour our ardent prayers;  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
 Our comforts and our cares.

Never had these two verses sounded more sweetly since John Fawcett penned them nearly a century before.



One of the first callers was a lieutenant-colonel of the British army stationed at the Agra fort. He was not a professed Christian, but thoroughly in sympathy with the changed attitude of his government, since the mutiny, towards missionaries and native converts in India. In colonial politics he was an ardent disciple of the school of the late viceroy, Lord Lawrence, and a believer in the official statement made by the Indian government to Parliament, in which it acknowledges "the great obligation under which it is laid by the benevolent exertions made by six hundred missionaries, whose blameless example and self-denying labors are infusing new vigor into the stereotyped life of the great populations placed under English rule, and are preparing them to be in every way better men and better citizens of the great empire in which they dwell."

"Colonel Wright," inquired Llewellyn, "what do you anticipate will be the returns of the coming census?"

"No doubt, Mr. Litchfield, a large advance upon the figures of the last report. We shall not fall much short of two hundred and forty million population."

"And how are these immense numbers divided?" asked Cleora.

"Well, madam, almost seventy million will be found to live in Bengal and Assam; forty-five million in the Northwest Provinces and Oudh; twenty million in the Punjab; forty million in Central India, including the Nizam's Dominions, Berars and Rajpootana; forty million in the Madras Presidency,

including Mysore, Coorg and Travancore; and twenty-five million in the Bombay Presidency, including Sindh."

"But, Colonel, I had special reference to the divisions of this immense population according to religious faith."

"That, Mrs. Litchfield, is somewhat more uncertain. In the process of religious unsettlement that is going on among this people, it is not so easy often to locate the natives religiously as geographically. But there are probably over one hundred and seventy-five million of Hindus, fifty-five million of Mahometans, and ten million of others, including Sikhs, Buddhists, Jains, Catholics, Protestants and the believers in a variety of aboriginal faiths."

"How large a following do you estimate Roman Catholicism and Protestantism have respectively?" inquired Llewellyn.

"The Catholics claim, sir, the larger number; but I incline to the belief that the numbers are about equal; say three hundred thousand each."

"Were you here during the fearful mutiny?" interposed Cleora, amid these bewildering statistics.

"O, yes; and for ten years before, excepting my furlough. I participated in the assault of Delhi, through the Cashmere gate, and in the relief of Lucknow. I was at the slaughter pen of Cawnpore, alas, too late! and divided with the soldiers those bloody tresses of women's and children's hair. We swore upon them: we kept our oaths. Before the close of 1857, a dead sepoy stood for every hair."

Not long after, on an early morning walk to a native merchant, who had invited Llewellyn with his interpreter to a religious conversation, he met one of the most familiar scenes in India. Under a tree was a seat of common stone and mortar, carved with the obscene Linga and Yoni of Siva and Durga, occupied by a Brahman, before whom prostrate in the dust saying his prayers, was a devout Hindu, his offering in his hands, and the broad color marks of his caste on his forehead,

After the brief ceremony, and the god had pocketed the money, Llewellyn asked the privilege of making a few inquiries.

“Certainly,” was the gentlemanly reply, “if it is only for information.”

“Are Brahmans, then, thoroughly honest in encouraging the worship paid them by the other classes of society?”

“Not all. Many, influenced by foreign education and ideas, have lost faith in the divinity of the Brahminical priesthood, and still encourage what they believe is deception for the sake of gain. But the majority of us are confident we are the superior race, because the divinity resides in us.”

“Is it not a fact that in repeated texts of your ancient Vedas we may read, ‘There is, in truth, but one Deity, the Supreme Spirit, the Lord of the universe, whose work is the universe?’ Is it not also a fact, that even in your most sacred and venerable Rig-Veda no indication is given of your doctrine of the transmigration of souls?”

“ You may say so ; and yet for interpretation and full instruction we need to consult the Institutes of Menu, the Râmâyana and Mâha-bhârata, and the Purânas and Tontras.”

“ How many objects of worship does Hinduism allow ? ”

“ Three hundred and thirty million, of whom we Brahmans are the superior caste, ranked only by our holy triad, Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer.”

Probably Cleora came to realize the most speedily the strength and perplexity of the Hindu caste-system. She found the servant-question the most difficult part of their arranging for temporary housekeeping in the dak bungalow. It was very evident she must have help, or give up all missionary responsibility beyond domestic care ; and whether she would be equal to the latter while unacclimated was far from certain.

Few women could be hired, for, as a rule, they are all married off by their parents in childhood, and are the slaves of others. But hosts of men were clamoring for domestic employment. Yet each applicant would positively decline to do anything forbidden by his caste.

To an intelligent young man she said, “ I will hire you to do errands for me.”

“ O, no, mem sahib,” he replied ; “ I am a durwan, not a bharer. I keep gates.”

Another accepted the engagement, and would assist her in dusting, but refused to do any sweeping.

So she had also to hire a sweeping mehter, but he

would not consent to bring any water to the house ; that belonged to the beestie caste.

As none of these would wait on the table and wash the dishes, Cleora was obliged to hire a kitmutgar, and then a bowashi to do the cooking.

Yet, alas, the bowashi would break his caste if he should clean a pot or kettle, and the kitmutgar would touch nothing but dishes, so she was compelled to engage the services of a masalchi. Moreover she had to secure a dhobee to wash clothes, and a durgee to sew them after every washing, for the thrashing and stone-pounding of a dhobee are sure to demolish buttons and open seams every time, even with newest garments, in India.

Cleora thought she would dispense with a khansawa, or bazaar-man, but learned her mistake before long, and as the heat rapidly advanced, punka-wallahs were necessary to keep the great fans swinging.

When Llewellyn bought a horse, not one of all these lazy caste-servants would touch it, to feed, clean or harness it. So it was found in India that a syce is as needful as a horse.

All these twelve servants, or at least the ten, leaving out the punka-wallahs, did not accomplish as much work as one Irish girl or one Chinaman. Yet it was a satisfaction to find that the total expense of them all — they feeding themselves — did not exceed that of an ordinary house servant in America or England.

Half of the time of the new servants was taken up in keeping out of each other's way and thus avoiding the breaking of caste ; and notwithstanding the larger

proportion of the remaining half was spent in idleness, they were indispensable.

One afternoon, while the tedious negotiations were still pending for the purchase of suitable ground for the new mission buildings, Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield were invited to attend a wedding in a native Christian home. A converted Brahman of the Church Society mission was to officiate at the ceremony, and all the Agra missionaries were to be present. Little did they anticipate the touching glimpse of heaven, with which they were to be privileged.

The two were made one according to the beautiful ritual of the Anglican Establishment. But not many minutes after, the noble form of the native preacher sank suddenly to the floor. It proved a fatal attack of heart disease. For a few moments he spoke beautifully to those around, including several prominent Hindu neighbors, urging Jesus Christ as the best of all friends in death and in life.

Then it occurred to one of the missionaries, that according to Indian law, no marriage is legal without the signature of the officiating clergyman. So as promptly as possible the certificate was filled, and a pen placed in the dying hand.

"My name you wish?" whispered the converted Brahman. "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

"Yes, dear brother, Jesus only," replied the tearful but enraptured missionary, whose labors had been blessed to leading this soul from darkness into light; "yet now we want your name on this paper."

“My name? I have no name but the Lamb’s name upon my forehead.”

His pen began to move on the paper. At least it would answer for his mark, which they could witness. The hand dropped. The eyes closed. They looked at the signature.

It was only — “Jesus.”

As they separated, a heathen Brahman was heard to pray, “O, thou, the Christian’s God, turn thou my heart.”

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### VISITS TO DELHI AND CAWNPORE.

WHILE it was a pleasure for Cleora to listen to the songs of the natives and to join with them in singing English tunes, particularly those which had been her favorites for years at religious meetings and in her private devotions, the suggestion came to her one day as she overheard casually some purely native melodies, "Why not use their own music to Christian hymns?"

The more she studied the question, the more convinced she was that the new principle would be a correct one, and that in this direction it was possible to contribute very largely to both the emotional and the devotional character of the native service of song.

This new task was by no means an easy one. Cleora had to spend much time and exercised great patience in listening to the humorous, bacchanalian, patriotic and war songs of the natives, and to their anthems, carols, lays, ballads, dirges and requiems, and then in selecting what was suitable for her purpose and recording it on paper. But when her adaptations of tune and hymn were completed, and



she had drilled a few of the young girls to the task they accomplished with surprising eagerness and rapidity, the result was very gratifying.

But this labor, added to her domestic and other missionary cares, proved too much for Cleora's strength, and it became evident that she must have rest.

Every day for a few weeks she broke off from her severe routine of work, and spent an hour or two in the beautiful grounds of the Taj. But evidently this was no real rest to her. As well call it rest to listen for an hour to the most eloquent orator of the world, or to the most celebrated songstress, or to study for the same length of time in any of the famous art-galleries of the Old World. Never were words more eloquent than the story and the costliness and the tracery of this vast marble mausoleum. Never was music more entrancing than this Mogul song in architecture to the memory of Shah-Jehan's love for the favorite of his harem. And never had Cleora been so moved in the presence of any work of human art, as when for the first time she entered the vast gateway to the grounds, and the peerless structure, which had required the labor of thousands of men for over a score of years, burst full upon her vision. Neither she nor Llewellyn were the first to shed tears at that introductory moment, overborne by a pathos no language can describe and no imagination can realize.

It was evident she must go somewhere for rest, where not only she could feel free from personal

responsibility, but the Taj was out of sight and sound, and its other nameless influences could create no delightful weariness.

Neither Delhi nor Cawnpore, filled as are both with so many thrilling memories, and containing as does the former vast piles of fascinating Mogul architecture, were exactly the places to be chosen, but to these neighboring cities were the only invitations she had yet received, and she decided first to visit a week among the missionaries in the former, as being the less exciting.

Meanwhile Llewellyn had secured ground and was arranging for building. Why he should have bought with mission money two full acres of land in the suburbs of Agra, would no longer be a mystery to one who had travelled in hot, dusty and malarious Oriental countries. Mission premises require the isolation and the breathing room, not for comfort simply, but for health, for quiet, and for opportunity of enlargement.

Yet this limit had been placed by the Rooms upon his expenditure of the society's money. But the block of land contained three acres, and the Hindu real estate agent of one of the old rajahs would not consent to any division. There seemed no other way, as plenty of time was allowed, than for Llewellyn to buy the extra acre himself, promising to pay in five years at two hundred rupees, or nearly one hundred dollars per year.

Little did he dream of the world of trouble this was to bring him during all his missionary life. It became

noised about at home that Mr. Litchfield had gone into real estate speculation. Some believed he was making a large fortune; others that he was squandering mission funds. It would perhaps have been wiser for him to have given the land immediately to the Society, but he did not anticipate the unreasonableness of many of the home Christians. Again and again the appropriations for the Agra mission were cut down, because of the supposed wealth represented by one acre of suburban land, which could be divided into city lots, and crowded with spacious stores and elegant private residences.

In vain Llewellyn protested that the land was not worth much over five hundred dollars. One of the secretaries of the American Foreign Mission Society, who owned but fifty feet front on Columbus Avenue, Boston, never could reconcile himself to a missionary having ten times as much ground in the outskirts of a great city. Whenever a returned missionary from India visited Boston, or a round-the-world tourist was interviewed at the Rooms, the anxious inquiry of several was sure to be regarding the speculative tendencies and luxurious habits of the Agra missionaries.

Not all this gossip, indeed, reached the ears of Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield, and yet enough of it to make them considerably indignant.

“Whatever they say, that purchase shall stand,” declared Llewellyn, as he brought his foot down with an emphasis, of course very unministerial and unmissionary.

“I say so too,” added Cleora; “and I would like to give them a piece of my mind.”

The fact was that the climate had begun to tell upon their temper. They had lost no measure of their piety, but only a very appreciable amount of nerve power of self-control. At home they had not conceived it possible for them ever to write severe and sarcastic letters to the mission leaders of their church, nor did they dream that love so pure and strong as theirs toward each other could ever allow the faintest trace of a domestic quarrel; but, ah, missionaries as well as ministers are after all very much like other good Christian people. Their nerves also can become unstrung, their best judgment be carried away, their tempers roiled.

The Delhi missionaries conducted Cleora to the celebrated citadel with its gorgeous pavilion where stood “the peacock throne” worth thirty millions of dollars, to the Jumna Musjid, the largest mosque in India, to the often described Kutab Minar, the loftiest column in the world, to the Cashmere gate where Anglo-Saxon heroism was so strikingly illustrated, and then up and down Chandni Chowk, the Broadway of Delhi and the most curious avenue furnished by any city in any land.

Cleora was entertained very hospitably by the missionary family which she visited, but evidently a very different spirit was entertained toward any who might represent the home administration or the home churches.

“We want no more delegates to interfere with our

work," remarked Mr. Twining one evening. "They better all stay at home and leave us alone."

"Then, do I understand," observed Cleora, "that you would reduce the executive officers and the leaders of our ministry and laity in Great Britain and America to mere financial agents to collect and forward to us mission funds?"

"Precisely. They cannot know the field as we know it; and their intermeddling is certain to be a blundering and a hindrance."

"I am sure, Mr. Twining," continued Cleora, "I never heard any other missionary express such views. It seems to me altogether best that this should be a mutual responsibility. It is too great for us alone, and the home Christians need the constant obligation so thoroughly to inform themselves that they may be able to counsel with us, and often to guide us as well as to be guided by us. Indeed, one of the most hopeful signs of the times appears to me to be the prospect of more numerous delegations from the churches, both official and unofficial, personally examining and reporting our work, its needs and its methods."

"They should save their travelling money, and relieve the pressure upon such as my colleague in the other house," still persisted the obstinate Englishman, specially loath to be refuted by a woman.

"I think I have discovered," replied Cleora, "the foundation of your colleague's embarrassment. He does not sufficiently exercise the grace of self-denial in the matter of his own benevolences. Surrounded all the while by a vast cloud of heathen, we have no

greater pleasure than that for their sake of sacrifice. We would go without food, to reach with the Gospel the larger number, increase the attendance upon our schools, and hasten the qualification of those who may be prominent lights in the dense darkness. But this is a gratification we should not indulge to the extent of rendering our salaries insufficient for our living. Mr. Sage is supporting three students out of his own funds, has adopted a pretty little waif, subscribed fifty pounds toward your chapel, and cannot say no to the next call upon his charity."

On the through train to Cawnpore Cleora was accompanied by a missionary residing in Lahore, and was delighted to learn directly of the evangelizing situation throughout the Punjab, as also in the southern border of Cashmere. It seemed to her that, even in the suppression of the mutiny, the British main reliance was upon the natives of the Punjab, so in the conquest of Christianity over Hindooism and the Mahometanism of India, one of the chief elements at least in the struggle will be the native strength recruited for Emanuel in that great Northwestern region between the Sutlej and the Upper Indus.

At Cawnpore the scenes of saddest possible memories were all visited; the place of Wheeler's entrenchment; the old well; the river bank; the graves of the martyr-missionaries; the memorial church; and especially the well where hundreds of women and children, "the dying with the dead," were cast, surmounted now by a beautiful marble angel, whispering — Peace!

In the mission work Cleora could not help noticing that the Americans seemed to take hold more naturally and efficiently than their English associates. It appeared easier for them to be at one with the people. Their labor manifested special enterprise, and evidently the more intelligent of the natives realized that the Americans were not their conquerors. At Delhi, her English hosts always had wine on the table; but her Cawnpore American mission-friends were believers in total abstinence, and Cleora felt that herein was the secret of somewhat of the difference of success.

She observed, also, that preaching to heathen is very much like preaching to Christians, in that it largely depends upon the preacher's ability to preach. Her host had a large audience on Sunday, and held its attention perfectly, while his colleague spoke to a handful, and half of them did not seem to listen.

"I really pity you," thought Cleora; "for you do not dream of the secret of your failure."

One of the Cawnpore missionary women was on the point of returning home, dragging her husband with her, though they had not been upon the field quite five years. But she had a physician's certificate, declaring that it was necessary for her to leave that climate for two years, at least, and that had settled it.

Cleora could not help feeling that the certificate was an imposition, granted by an unbeliever in missions, to further a supposed desire for vacation. So she asked him to examine her case. He looked at her tongue, felt her pulse, and then declared that her life depended upon her immediate return to America.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### RETRENCHMENT ORDERED.

THE first year was chiefly occupied in the study of the language, and in the erection of the mission buildings. It was very difficult for Llewellyn and Cleora to find a competent teacher. Indeed, after several discouraging experiments, they concluded the only way was to be their own teachers, using their native pundits merely as a pump would use a cistern.

Many temptations were thrown in their path to divert attention in part from the all-important commencement of a successful missionary career—the thorough acquisition of the language. Mr. Litchfield was invited to hold a regular preaching service with the English officers and soldiers in the fort; and the surgeon of the hospital, appreciating that the ministry of woman is often better than the medicine and skill of the physician, and learning of Mrs. Litchfield's experience in the American army, cordially invited her to come frequently to his wards.

A wealthy Scotch merchant of Agra wished Llewellyn to become the tutor of his son; and a prominent Brahman of the advanced school—a member of



the Brahma Somaj—desired to engage Cleora's services two hours a day in the instruction of his wife and daughters in English and music. But fortunately all such temptations were resisted, and it was a surprise to the other missionaries to see these new-comers able in a few months to carry on a very satisfactory conversation with the natives, and Mr. Litchfield qualified to lead in prayer in Hindi, and even to venture on simple public address.

In part, indeed, the secret was the start of several months' instruction by that returned missionary, in the home land; but chiefly their success was due to the singleness of purpose with which they pursued the object of language-acquisition, and the settled firmness of their resolution to resist all temptations to be diverted by other work.

It was found very much more difficult than they had supposed to decide upon a plan for building. Four thousand dollars had been appropriated by the Society, and with this amount Llewellyn and Cleora would have preferred to build a single house with chapel, dwelling and school, all under one large, high roof.

But, then, the English and American travellers were daily passing through Agra, and the new mission premises would be under constant inspection, that is, upon the outside, by those who would largely mould the mission sentiment at home. If all the departments of the station should be in one building, nine out of every ten foreigners would report that the Agra missionaries lived in grand style, had as large a house

as any of the government officials or English merchants, and that it was all nonsense to claim that they had made great personal sacrifices in order to go to India and help christianize the natives.

“We must guard against this, Cleora,” remarked Llewellyn seriously and thoughtfully.

“Yes,” was the reply; “we must not forget that we are dealing also with the home world left behind, and a world as it is, not as we could wish it to be.”

“If travellers would only come inside and see for themselves! but they will not, if even you with all your winning ways, Cleora, stand at the gate entreating.”

“And yet,” she added with sarcastic expression, “they are all sure to investigate the monkey temple in Benares, and the alligator pond near Kurrachee, and to know all about the obscene worship of Kali-Ghat!”

“Yes,” continued Llewellyn; “travelling makes many people act very strangely. I hear that a company of two New York clergymen and three prominent Boston laymen were lounging around the Taj and the fort all day yesterday; and their guide tells me they did not make any inquiries about missionaries and mission work, much less ask to be conducted to any of our premises.”

The decision was to have three small buildings; the chapel the largest, the dwelling, and then the school.

The chapel question was not simply, How many will be likely to need accommodation? It was to be an honest, earnest invitation to the masses, and also an

assurance to foreign travellers that the missionaries' object was truly Christ-like.

The school building was to be a very small and humble affair. As soon as the Government Commissioner of Schools learned that it was not designed to accommodate more than a score of pupils, he called to enter his protest.

“Are you so straitened in your mission funds, Mr. Litchfield, that you cannot erect a larger school building?”

“We have thought, Captain Selbey, that it would be adapted to our purpose.”

“O, no; you should arrange to accommodate a hundred scholars. We will make an appropriation of a hundred and fifty pounds to help you. Then there will be the regular annual ‘grants-in-aid;’ I dare say quite as much as your Missionary Society will appropriate.”

“No, Captain Selbey. We have thought of this matter very carefully. Important as is a government system of general education, absolutely necessary as it is to British rule in India that you cover the land with a vast network of common schools, we have not come to take part in it. I will not question the motives of government, although it is evidently a very economical plan to propose to Mission Societies that they go to the expense of sending hither hundreds of thoroughly educated missionaries, supporting them, and then paying half or two thirds of the cost of building your schoolhouses, and of their running expenses.”

“But, Mr. Litchfield, we pass the money over entirely into your hands. It shows the natives our confidence in you, and increases vastly your opportunities for usefulness.”

“This does not appear to me so plain, Captain Selbey. You bring us under very strict regulations and supervision. You insist that a very large proportion of our time shall be given to teaching English and various scientific branches, which have no immediate and vital connection with our special evangelizing mission. Besides, Americans at least have learned that the best government patronage of religious enterprise is to let entirely alone.”

“Will you, then, refuse any government ‘grants-in-aid’ for building or running school expenses?”

“No. But we cannot compromise at all the missionary character of our work in India. We believe in Christian schools, as supplementary to the great common-school system of government support and supervision. These we shall endeavor to foster, hoping to create among the natives themselves a demand for the supply. The school upon our compound is to be a visible expression of our idea, not an enterprise beyond the possible realization of every considerable Christian community in all this great land. If in such work you are disposed to aid us, we shall be thankful. But it must be our work, for which our services are already entirely engaged.”

The chapel was the first building completed. Impatient to leave the dak bungalow and save its expense, they had a temporary partition made in one

end of the chapel, where they commenced house-keeping again. A curtain gave them two rooms.

A native preacher was secured from Bombay, and very encouraging public services were commenced. Beginning to dispense largely with the help of their interpreter, they hired him to open a little school in the public part of the chapel.

Meanwhile, work continued upon the dwelling and school building, until they were enclosed and roofed.

Ah! little did they think that a very dark day of their missionary life had come! It was a letter from the Rooms. Some word of encouragement amid their labors and sacrifices so abundant? Some unexpected appropriation to enable them to indulge in a little more domestic comfort, or to afford a Bible woman or extra native preacher?

No. It was an order to retrench immediately one third in all directions, together with a notification that the Committee had decided not to make good to the missionaries in India the depreciation of the silver rupee.

Cleora cried, and Llewellyn had tears he could not shed. Here they were in the thickest of the fight, with their guns at close range aimed at the enemy, and their supporters were holding back the ammunition! Here they were manning the life-boat to rescue perishing Hindu souls, and Christian multitudes crowding the safe shore behind, refusing to give them oars! Here they were down, down, down in Carey's dark, damp, dismal India-mine, and none to hold the ropes!

The groaning, tearful silence which followed that retrenchment letter, was broken by a kiss from Cleora's lips upon Llewellyn's wrinkled brow.

"God knows all about it, my love," she said.

"I suppose he does."

"No supposing at all, dear. Do you SUPPOSE I love you?" and her arms were quickly around his neck, and her head upon his shoulder.

"Angel of heaven," responded Llewellyn with long embrace, "I do not deserve such a helper."

"Ah, dear! we appreciate each other, but we must not depreciate the watch-care, and wisdom, and love, of the all-leading One. You know how the song goes, Llewellyn. I cannot sing it now, for the tears keep coming so fast; but you remember" —

Sometimes, mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea,  
 Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me !

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,  
 Nor ever murmur nor repine,  
 Content, whatever lot I see,  
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

They agreed that it was not to be thought of for a moment, to ask help of her father. He would certainly refuse, and only be glad that a sore extremity had come to them, that might send them home the sooner.

To sell off that extra acre of land was tried in vain.

Over the depreciated rupee question they did not allow themselves much trouble. In the same mail a

paper came from the missionaries of their Society in Bombay, protesting in severe and indignant language against the action of the Committee, but Llewellyn and Cleora refused to sign it, feeling that there was a better way to secure enough to tide them over the silver crisis. They believed it preferable to refrain from censure and insinuation, and simply to send full information, and to remain upon the heart of the executive officers and of the churches.

For similar reasons they agreed it was not wise to solicit help in their emergency from leading home churches and laymen. It was taking unfair advantage of the mission treasury in its evident embarrassment. The benefit their own station would receive might be doing a great wrong to the general cause. They had been working hard and successfully, but now had come a time for patiently waiting on the Lord.

To the providential necessities of the situation they received grace enough to promptly and uncomplainingly yield. All work upon the dwelling and school-house was stopped immediately, except the boarding up of windows and doors to preserve the buildings. The native preacher and the teacher were both dismissed, Llewellyn determining, though, with his imperfect knowledge of the language, to do the preaching himself, and Cleora deciding to add to her cares the keeping of the little school. The cabinet organ they had lately ordered to save her voice in teaching the natives to sing, was countermanded. And to pay off the workmen and contractors, Cleora's beautiful watch, the last keepsake of home, was sold.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### A LITTLE HINDERING HELPER.

**I**T was a baby girl ; eight pounds, three and a half ounces.

“ Just like her mother ! ” or, “ The very picture of her father ! ” they all said. Probably the former judgment was the nearest right, as the little stranger’s hair was of golden hue.

The subject of naming the child had been discussed by the parents for many hours, and it was decided that it should be either Llewellyn or Cleora ; and so it was Cleora.

The father’s awkwardness in handling the infant, and his unmistakable bashfulness in her presence were suitably rebuked by the elderly and maternal missionaries of the other Societies.

It was very amusing to observe how much absence of mind he manifested for several days. Once he started for the bazaar without his hat. Twice he was found studying his Bible upside down. Shocking to relate, although a missionary, he forgot to say his prayers one morning, until reminded of his neglect by Cleora. And frequently he found himself strolling into her room, for what he could not possibly tell.



Of course there was much interference, not only with her missionary work, but with his also. He could not be engaged in phrenological examinations, and at the same time be visiting the out-stations of his district. It was out of the question that he should be enforcing the truth upon calling friends that it was the most remarkable baby that had ever been born, and at the same time be discussing in the bazaar the relative merits of Christianity and Hinduism.

There was a deal of unavoidable extra expense, although no third plate was immediately set upon the table. The second day in his absent-mindedness, Llewellyn hastened to purchase a tiny knife and fork, but it was of no service. He protested that he meant them only for playthings, but Cleora told him that was equally silly.

An ayah, or child's nurse, was secured, but then this one required an assistant to do the more menial nursery-work. And there were other extras, which compelled Llewellyn to borrow a hundred rupees for six months, at three per cent per month interest. This was an exorbitant charge for the accommodation, but the hardest part of it was that a brother-missionary consented to receive it from him. The excuse was, that thirty-six per cent was the ruling rate of interest among the natives, which was true, though there was nothing like the usual native risk in lending so small an amount for so short a time to a brother-missionary.

"A cutcha transaction for a pucka baby!" exclaimed Llewellyn to himself, in the new Anglo-Indian dialect, as he turned away with the money in hand.

Cleora's school had to be dismissed for a long three months' vacation, and her husband was compelled to abandon some of his prospected mission tours among the surrounding villages.

"What has all that pounding meant to-day?" inquired Cleora; "I thought all the carpenter-work had been stopped."

"Wait another hour," replied Llewellyn, "and I will show you when I come in again."

"Why, my dear husband, what is it? It looks like a coffin."

"No; it is a cradle; see the rockers!"

"O, yes! Where did you get them?"

"Off of my study rocking-chair."

"But it is twice too long."

"Nonsense. It is only five feet."

"And where did you find that cover for your box? It is exactly like your study gown."

"I do not care about it any more."

"You foolish boy! Now tack on your slippers for handles, and you will have it all right."

It was a very delicate child. The mother had had to work too hard, and of late under too great a burden of disappointment and anxiety. Half of the time, the first year of the little life, the baby was ill, and when she became old enough to notice objects and to show preferences, it was very evident that no one could relieve the mother so much of the infant's care as the father. Then Cleora had a long run of fever, and many, many times Llewellyn found it necessary to sit up with her all night.

When to this subsequent and tedious sickness the English practising physician of Agra was called, Cleora had a few plain words with him.

“I think I understand, Doctor Hazard, the situation as between missionaries and the medical profession in these heathen lands. We are the poorest part of your practice; generally so poor as to be worthless. You know that usually we are not able to pay a quarter of what you charge others, and, as a rule, you would prefer to have us go home. So whenever you have an opportunity to prescribe a return to England or to America, you are sure to improve it. Now in this sickness I want no such direction from you unless it is absolutely necessary. In this, please treat me as if I were the wife of an English official or merchant, and able to give the regular gold mohur for every call.”

However, it would be a very hasty and one-sided assumption to conclude that the little stranger had been so great a hindrance as to prove a real calamity to the Agra mission. God who had dropped the angel-infant from heaven into those two toiling, weary, lonely hearts, had not overlooked the evangelizing interests of that important station. It had been a vine of his own planting, and the baby-advent was only the extending of the roots out a little farther in the unseen ground.

The neighboring Roman Catholic missionaries noticed a large increase in the number of natives daily congregating upon the Protestant compound. They doubled their efforts at family-visitation, and offered still larger inducements in the way of bribes

and indulgences, but the new baby proved the more powerful attraction.

One day Mr. Litchfield's teacher overheard in the bazaar this bit of conversation among several Hindu men :

“Wonderful — such a commotion over a baby-girl !”

“Yes ; those Americans make quite as much ado as we would over a boy.”

“A very absurd and ridiculous custom !”

“I am not so sure of that. It may be right.”

“It must be that such women as Mrs. Litchfield have souls. She has as much knowledge, and more goodness, than any of us.”

“She can read, and write, and talks common sense, and will doubtless bring up to be like herself, this little thing of a girl, which we would as like as not throw to the crocodiles in the Ganges, if the English soldiers were not in the way.”

“I do not wonder that the American is proud of his wife, and of the little thing that may be like her. I wonder if it is Christianity that makes all the difference ?”

“There is not so much to interest me in their invisible God and unseen heaven, but there is argument in a Christian mother, who has had all the advantages of a Christian ancestry and a Christian training.”

“And in making something of a baby-girl.”

“Yes. It just knocks our Hinduism, no mistake. Of course their Bible is not equal to our Rig-Veda, and they have no literature to compare with our Râmâyana and Mâha-bhârata ; but look at their

women, their mothers, their girls, and then look at ours ! ”

“ No comparison ! ”

“ Queens and slaves ! ”

“ Gods and worms ! ”

Cleora was largely reconciled to lying there helplessly so many weeks, by the evident impressions for good being made upon scores of native women, mostly Hindus, though a few Moslems also called to see the foreign baby and its mother. It was quite touching to hear many of their exclamations of wonderment.

“ Think of it. They are happy over A GIRL ! ”

“ Perhaps we do have souls as well as men ! ”

“ I wish I had not thrown my baby into — oh ! ”

“ The Christian’s God must have a heart ! ”

“ My girl-baby shall have no more poison ! ”

“ And they shall not have mine to bring up for a prostitute, if I can redeem her with the work of my hands ! ”

“ See ! Her papa is kissing her ! My baboo would no more kiss a baby-girl than he would kiss a snake ! ”

“ Why ! the mother is smiling ! All sunshine on her face ! Perhaps it comes from her religion. ”

“ The missionary says : Their Jesus took little girls as well as little boys up into his arms and blessed them. Perhaps He makes the difference. ”

“ Look at him, placing the pillow for his wife, and giving her the medicine with his own hands. We never dreamed of the like before ; there must be purer love than ours, and from whence can it come ? ”

“My wrists and ankles are loaded with gold and silver rings, and I would give them all to know really if I have a soul, and whether there is love for me, if not in this world, in another!”

Sometimes while Llewellyn sat with his daily Bible-class, it became necessary, in order to pacify the poor little girl, to take her to him. It was a strange sight, that spoke volumes to the Hindu men.

Nor was it all the excitement of mere novelty. Deep impressions were made in the minds and hearts of many heathen men and women. Mahometans as well as Hindus felt the attractive power of the womanhood and the manhood and the childhood of that Christian home. Many of the former acknowledged frankly—at least to their own thoughts—The Koran breathes no such benediction upon human life. And a still larger number of the latter felt that the true light came not from the Avatars of Vishnu, nor the Lingam of Siva.

The light of a Christian home had been fully kindled in that great, dense, heathen darkness. Cleora's father relented to the extent of allowing his wife to send a five hundred dollar present for the baby, which enabled them to complete the dwelling. Besides, the executive officers of their Mission Society had been specially roused by their unimbittered spirit of resignation and heroism, and by their own sacrifices made up the deficiency, telegraphing to Agra—“All estimates restored.” And when at the end of the year Llewellyn and Cleora thanked God for his blessing upon their mission, they specially thanked him for the little hindering helper.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### TRANSLATION AND OUT-STATIONS.

**A**FTER the young missionaries had begun to feel at home in the Hindi language, they resolved on doing something toward supplying the pressing need of a native Christian literature. Probably they had never experienced a greater surprise in their lives, than in discovering what an extensive heathen literature exists in India, as also how enterprising have been the foes of evangelical Christianity, heart and hand with Hindu, Moslem and Buddhist leaders, in translating infidel books and periodicals and in circulating them among the then two hundred and forty million of the great empire.

The entire Bible had already been translated by other missionaries, so Llewellyn commenced work upon Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Cleora upon a much needed elementary catechism. As they pursued these tasks, they encountered unexpected difficulty. It was found that a book-knowledge and formal acquaintance with the language was one thing, and quite another to be able to select words that should clearly express the new religious ideas and prove at home among native thought. In conversa-

tion and in public address their features and manners were a help, which could not accompany the printed page. Many a paragraph in manuscript had to be revised and rewritten after it had been submitted to natives, and they had been asked to tell what it meant to them.

One room of their dwelling was turned into a printing-office. Type and a hand-press, as also a compositor, were secured from Calcutta, and fortunately one of their own servants found nothing in his caste-rules inconsistent with his acting as press-man. Forms had to be sent to the capital for stereotyping, and there also, at first, it was necessary to arrange for all their better binding.

Very carefully was computed the cost beyond their own personal labor of every book, and even of every tract that was issued from their humble beginning of a publishing establishment. They saw abundant evidence that the time had come when the natives would purchase all that they could supply of Christian literature, and, having purchased, would esteem the more highly, and allow to accomplish among them the more good.

A little store was opened in the bazaar for the sale of Bibles, books and tracts, and placed in charge of one of their most trusted young men converts. The success of this, as well as of the publishing enterprise was so apparent that a leading Hindu capitalist of Agra offered to invest a thousand pounds in erecting a suitable building upon a leased corner of the mission-ground, supplying it with more type, and in perfect-



ing arrangements for stereotyping and binding. He was willing that the establishment should be entirely under Mission direction, print only the material which the missionaries furnished, and derive its profits from the expense saved through the larger facilities and the stopping of the express charges to and from Calcutta. Though with some hesitancy, Mr. Litchfield accepted the proposition, and the future proved that the arrangement was wise and providential.

When thus it became possible, Cleora felt that she must commence a child's paper in Hindi. There were many thousand boys, at least, in Agra and vicinity who could read, but for whom there was only heathen literature, ponderous as the Râmâyana and Mâha-bhârata, or frivolous and sensuous as the Purânas and Tontras. This also was a success, and soon a thousand copies monthly were sold at a price to cover all expense. The Tract Society in London, and other publishing houses in England and America gladly loaned her many illustrative plates, which added largely to the popularity of her paper, named "The Helping Hand."

Too soon Llewellyn was tempted to undertake a commentary upon the Gospel according to Luke, in the Urdu language, the widely spoken "language of the camp," generally known as Hindustani, and prevailing among the Mahometan populations of India. He had been a diligent student of Urdu as well as of Hindi; but not being called upon to use it as much in conversation with the people, he had far from mastered it; and when he had finished his task, he

learned what many other missionaries, or at least their successors have learned, that the results were comparatively worthless.

The theological class was a very encouraging department of his work. There were two, subsequently increased to six young men, giving bright evidences of conversion and call to the ministry, and laboring faithfully under his instruction to become qualified to preach the Gospel. The missionary did not feel that it was wise to support them entirely with mission funds, but furnished them with various regular tasks, especially in the publishing house and in colportage work, whereby they were enabled largely to provide their own food and clothing. For their accommodation a little dormitory extension was built to the schoolhouse, where also their services enabled the station to dispense with the hired teacher.

Ah, indeed, how the work was accumulating upon these two earnest, conscientious missionaries! Almost every month seemed to bring another mountain upon their shoulders. At times they felt as if God was requiring them to carry the Himalayas. Why, WHY were reinforcements so long delayed! Why, at least, did not Providence remove the difficulties in the way of the coming of Margaret Kilburne to their assistance! They had been only two years upon the field, and yet they both looked ten years older than when they landed at Calcutta.

The weekly union prayer-meeting, which the Agra missionaries of the various Societies sustained, was a help, yet it added to the load. It took valuable time,

which is a consideration with very busy, conscientious people, however those who are forever scolding the absentees from their unprepared and tiresome "taking-part," may regard it. At times Llewellyn and Cleora felt fed, but generally they had to feed the others. The other missionary women were very reluctant to say anything, that is, until the meeting was over; and one of the English brethren was always harping upon his "sanctification" that time when a woman put her hand on his head; a recital that never edified any but himself.

If the calls had not been so frequent and persistent for native family visitation throughout the city, and for village touring in the districts around Agra, Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield might have yielded almost entirely, as have many, to the temptation of limiting their labors to the comparatively comfortable sphere of their own compound. Indeed, there was enough there for them to do, even with double their capacity for work. But they could not so read the great commission — "Go ye."

"I cannot preach, and I cannot teach and write as I should, unless I visit among the people," was Llewellyn's frequent remark, as he drove himself away out of sight of his chapel and theological class and book-making table.

"And I must know these children and their mothers in their own homes, or I shall not understand them and how to deal with them," was Cleora's wise response; yet a determination more difficult to be realized.

During the travelling season of the year Mr. Litchfield accomplished several village-tours, ranging from one to three weeks in length. He was accustomed to do most of his journeying on horseback, carrying his small tent, bed and accoutrements in a bandy, which was drawn by a yoke of trotting oxen, and driven by his Christian servant, who had learned the follies of caste and had become really useful at all kinds of camp work.

Llewellyn could find no dak bungalow accommodations except in the larger towns and along the main roads. And as all the houses in the native villages are mere straw-thatched mud hovels, often besmeared within and without with sacred cow-dung, and generally inhabited in large numbers by the pestiferous insects which the Hindus consider a sin to kill, there could be no question of the wisdom of the expense and trouble necessary in order to be provided always with a tent.

Three times a day he would preach in as many successive villages, generally in the presence of a large, orderly and respectful congregation. Then he would spend an hour conversing with those who lingered, and these "inquiry meetings," as he called them, were often the most exacting upon his strength, as well as most richly blessed to the hearts and consciences of the natives.

It was not enough for him to be able to tell over and over again the "old, old story of Jesus and his love." All his resources of information, and tact, and logic, and illustration were in constant requisition.

One day a Brahman threw into his face —

“You Christians do not agree among yourselves. You should first harmonize your own beliefs, before you ask us to believe as you do.”

“You are all Hindus, I see by your caste marks,” replied Llewellyn.

“Yes, yes.”

“And how many Hindus are there in your country?”

“More than one hundred and seventy millions.”

“Do all believe in Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, and in the authority of the Purânas?”

“Yes, indeed.”

“Yet I know that some of you believe that the soul of man and God are the same; others that they are not the same at all; and still others that there is a resemblance. And I know that these three sects among you are subdivided ninety-six times. I do not think that you should say anything about denominations among Christian people.”

At the close of a discourse upon idol-worship, a very intelligent Sudra remarked:

“How do you know? Your religion is not as old as ours.”

“But your religion was very different in its earlier history. Your Purânas and Tontras, indeed, teach idol-worship, and you will find germs of your system of idolatry in your two great national epics, the Râmâyana and the Mâha-bhârata, and even as far back as your Institutes of Menu; but not in your Vedas. I challenge any Brahman to show me in the Rig-Veda anything like idolatry, except the inculcation of a

general worship of the powers of nature. Your ancient religion was a spiritual pantheism, close to the Christian doctrine of the unity and omnipresence of God. But your modern Hinduism, which is popularized Brahmanism, has drifted far off into practical polytheism. Besides, your venerated Vedic religion knew nothing of your present universal belief in the transmigration of souls."

Occasionally a goodly number of high-caste people would first assemble in front of his tent, but always retire at least a hundred feet upon the missionary's giving any special attention to those below them in the social scale. Llewellyn remembered seeing something like this in America.

Two or three times on his village touring he passed the pompous processions of the high priests of Vishnu and Siva. It was a great contrast, the humble missionary on his horse, followed by an ox-cart, and the proud, high Brahman, with his train of gold and silver-covered elephants, accompanied by thousands of retainers. But bright angels innumerable rejoiced in the services of the one, while they veiled their faces in sorrow over the blasphemy and pestilence of the other.

There was one village, Midnapatam, thirty-six miles southwest from Agra, which Llewellyn specially loved to visit. It was a small hamlet, but had had its temple, its Brahman priest, and its two dancing-girls. The latter were the sisters of the priest, and together they pursued their loathsome calling in the worship of the Lingam of Siva. But the love of Jesus puri-

fied even these lives. The temple became a Christian chapel. The sisters and the brother learned to serve the Divine Master, even better than they had served Satan. And whenever afterward Llewellyn visited them, he felt that he knew somewhat of how Jesus felt when he visited Bethany.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### HINDERED TO BE MOST HELPFUL.

**T**HE long waiting was very hard for Margaret Kilburne. Sometimes she had to pray very earnestly and strive very heroically for a sufficiency of the grace of Christian patience. There were those who told her she should not strive at all, but in a very placid, lullaby fashion go to sleep upon the promises of God, and wake up with all the needed resignation and fortitude, as well as every other element of perfect character. But Margaret was better informed, and indeed was not constituted for any such self-deception. At the beginning she had had to "strive to enter in at the strait gate," and all her subsequent experience had been like Paul's, 'a running a race,' a 'pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'

Even though resigned to the disappointment, it was still a disappointment over which she shed many tears. The spirit became perfectly willing to obey God, though the flesh was weak. She came and laid her sorrow at the feet of Jesus, but it was by herself also remaining there. Often she besought the Lord that the thorn might depart from her, but his only



reply was, "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

The chief difficulty was that the mission-interest in "woman's work for woman" had not yet practically matured. A few in the different branches of the Church were quite zealous, and at several stations in the heathen world single women-missionaries were laboring very efficiently. But the majority of the leaders of the Societies were looking upon the movement with very conservative eyes, and the future will probably demonstrate that they were not altogether wrong. All the funds that could be collected for this auxiliary department of work were required to support those already sent, and it continued impossible for the Woman's Union Society in New York even to release the "Cleora-Margaret Fund" from previous obligations, though it was so eminently desirable that Miss Kilburne's work should draw from it, in the Agra station to which she had been assigned.

Why so few of her sisters in the churches felt as she felt in regard to the obligation of Christian women to enter upon a special labor of love for their own degraded and enslaved sex throughout the heathen world, Margaret often pondered. Probably the time was not ripe for the movement; and in the wise providence of God, that which was necessarily to be auxiliary, was permitted a painfully slow growth; painful to Margaret and Cleora, and Llewellyn and Mrs. Doremus, and others, that the general cause which was to be aided, might become better deserving of the assistance; the helped more worthy of the helper.

Formally accepted as a missionary of the Society, and appointed to Agra, and yet compelled to linger over two years in America! Ah! it is one thing for the executive officers of the mission societies of the churches to do their part faithfully and well, and another for their constituency to make effective the formal acts of their representatives at the Rooms, to support with sympathy, and prayer, and money. It proved best that Margaret should wait, but it was none the less shameful that the hands of her Society should be tied so long by the lack of mission interest among Christian women, after a laborer so well qualified had been secured, and a field so important was calling for her services.

In after years Margaret considered this long waiting-time the golden period of her life. Her Christian character developed and matured beautifully, and much valuable fruit was gathered from her work among others. She continued as a teacher in the same school with increased salary, and almost every week her contributions appeared in one or two of the Chicago papers.

By diligent correspondence, much visiting and many addresses at women's meetings, Miss Kilburne was enabled to establish over a score of efficient mission circles in as many different churches, to secure the circulation of mission periodicals in more than three hundred families, and to persuade four clergymen to the appointment and support of missionary concerts and to the stated preaching of mission sermons.

Two others, pastors of leading churches in the western part of Chicago, met all her efforts in a very cold, repelling manner. One of them told her he did not believe in raising money for foreign missionaries; and that those who went to labor in heathen lands, should support themselves in their work as he did. The other said they had a church debt to raise, and it would not be wise to divert attention. Moreover, he intimated that she was making herself very conspicuous by assuming to advise ministers and churches as to their duty. In her trial with these two selfish clergymen, Margaret finally arranged with two other mission women to join her in praying daily for them and their churches, that their union might become enlisted in the great cause of world evangelization, or be broken. God answered their prayers by unsettling the pastorates.

One of the most trying features of Miss Kilburne's home work in the cause of foreign missions was an inexcusable jealousy on the part of the Illinois State secretary of one of the societies, in whose field she had accomplished her largest results. This man had long held the situation, and though his years of efficiency had passed, he felt as if he owned the position, and that it would be base ingratitude and injustice for the denomination to deprive him of his salary. The only special energy he seemed to manifest was in securing opportunities for supplying pastorless churches, and thus somewhat questionably increasing his income. In his quarterly and annual reports, the leading anxiety manifested was to convince the Board

of Control that no human agency in his district could accomplish more than he was accomplishing. Hence when afire with a larger measure of the Master's spirit, Margaret stirred herself to the accomplishment of far more in Chicago and vicinity than resulted from the well-paid services of the State secretary, there was a little reign of terror in that office on State street; several more than the usual number of pulpit supplies were neglected for the legitimate work of canvassing the churches; and though the official reports were very hilarious over the direct results of Miss Kilburne's work, all reference to her was carefully avoided. Pains, however, were taken to make special mention of a "noble woman" in Cairo, at the other extreme end of the State, who had secured a score of subscribers for the *Missionary Monthly*, and had organized two mission-circles. An added reason for the slight and partiality was probably that the Cairo woman was reported wealthy, while Margaret was only a schoolteacher.

And yet all the time this Illinois secretary professed to be Miss Kilburne's best friend. He did not really mean to act the part of a hypocrite, but his self-interests were so strong as to quite compel him to say and write to her very differently from the general character of his conversation and correspondence regarding her and her work.

It was an added lesson Margaret needed to learn; that the more thoroughly one becomes acquainted with any great and good cause intrusted to human hands, the more surely will be found shadows as

well as sunshine ; bitter dregs as well as sweetened draughts ; thorns as well as roses on the vines. It was best she should know that among ministers and mission-agents, and even among missionaries themselves, there is a lamentable amount of self-seeking ; of mere professional enterprise, and of fraternal regard that is no better, and often far worse, than the social feelings of the world. Christ only is perfect. Human efforts under him, in proportion to their worthiness, are certain to be the more frequently counterfeited. Margaret had learned not to be surprised nor discouraged by such revelations, but only to be made the more careful and conscientious, and the more steadfast in her "looking unto Jesus."

Her favorite hymn was :

Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee ;  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me.

"Not crosses, my sister, but faith," urged one of a band of "Higher Life Christians," who had made persistent and obtrusive efforts to win her over to their denomination. "You may be as near Christ, and as like him this instant as you want to be, if you will only believe that it is so."

Not long after, this same excellent and comfortably situated woman invited Margaret to a tea and "faith meeting" at her residence.

"We have all been sanctified but you, Miss Kil-

burne," whispered the hostess to Margaret upon her right.

"Brother Jilson," she continued aloud, "please tell my young friend how it was that you stepped into the marvellous light."

He told, but Margaret did not care to hear; for she recognized him as having plagiarized in a sermon from one of her own newspaper contributions.

"I was one of those fifty sanctified at Ocean Grove on that Sunday of wonderful power," remarked a young lady whose cheeks were painted, eyebrows pencilled, fingers loaded with rings, and waist compressed to half its natural size.

"Did you ever meet a Mrs. Yonkin there?" inquired Margaret.

"O, yes," replied the young lady, after she had made two or three corset-gasps; "what a queer name! We all heard of her, and that her character is not considered very good."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Margaret.

"It is said that she takes morphine, and has not really any husband; and there are very unpleasant stories about her house in Detroit."

"Have any of these 'hear-says' been proved?" inquired Margaret.

"Not that I know of; but then" —

"I beg pardon, sisters," interrupted another; "but I heard a lady say, that she heard a Detroit lady say, that she feared there was ground for these rumors."

"I always endeavor not to entertain suspicions upon such grounds," quietly observed Margaret.

“By the by, Sister Yonkin—I mean our dear Sister Hawley, our hostess,” observed a man whom Margaret knew as having given more trouble to his pastor than all the rest of the church together, “have you heard that we were to begin the next season’s tent-campaign close under the shadow of St. John’s Church?”

“No; indeed! I hope you will give it a shaking.”

“We do not forget that they would not allow us their vestry for a weekly prayer meeting.”

“If we tear their church all into pieces, it is no more than they deserve.”

“As for me,” loudly remarked another, “I would rather any day save a person from these churches, than to save one from the world.”

Thoughtful and sorrowful, Margaret a few minutes later was standing alone in the bay-window of the parlor, when a man’s arm was familiarly thrown around her, and, as she indignantly removed it, and shrunk back, she recognized to her unspeakable surprise, the Lake Shore University professor—the special friend of Mrs. Hawley.

One of the most gratifying effects of Margaret’s Christian influence was the conversion of her parents. Without egotism and censoriousness, she lived Christ before them so beautifully, so consistently, that they felt and yielded to the divine power.

Immediately they took a special interest in her mission plans; and, as they had come to be in easier circumstances, to coöperate, at much expense of time and money, in enlisting the interest of the churches. In a few months Mr. Kilburne received the appoint-

ment of Illinois State secretary in place of Rev. Dr. Hynes, removed. And when at last the time came for Margaret to start Eastward, toward heathen shores, it was beautiful to see the joy of those parents in their sacrifice upon Christ's altar of their only beloved daughter.

"We would not have it otherwise if we could," said the happy mother through her tears.

"No, Margaret," added Mr. Kilburne, "if I could have all the wealth of former years, it would not give me as great satisfaction as to feel that a light from our family is to shine in the darkness of heathenism."

"Margie," said the mother, as she came to the last kiss, "we would never have known Jesus but for you. We never saw him, 'the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely,' until we saw him reflected in your character and labors the last two years."

"Mamma, it almost seems to me I am in Heaven, instead of Chicago."

"It is, daughter, the beautiful gate of the temple," observed the father. "None of us ever made so great a sacrifice; but sacrifice is the entrance to the bright world above. Come, the cars will not wait for you."

"Mamma, we must think a great deal of 'the sweet by and by,' where there is no separation."

"Only a little while till then, my daughter," replied the father as he moved nervously about, seeking to furnish an example of self-possession.

"We will pray for each other every day, father, mother dear; will we not?"



“Yes, daughter, our lives shall henceforth be one grateful prayer for you. There now, mother, let her go. Unclasp your arms, and trust her with our Almighty Friend.”

Though Margaret was to embark at New York, she went first to Boston, to spend a few days with the Lyddells, by Cleora's special request. Besides, a large wholesale druggist there was to provide her with a medical outfit, for the use of which she had been specially preparing by over a year of systematic private reading, and a six months' course of lectures at the Chicago Woman's Medical College.

Her visit to the rebuilt Lyddell mansion was like a breath of summer on a wintry day. Ever since Cleora left, the hearts of her parents remained closed and cold and silent. But Margaret was a burst of sunlight. Her story of her father's and mother's conversion, accompanied with her own glowing interest, made more impression than all the sermons Mr. and Mrs. Lyddell had ever heard.

“Miss Kilburne, I am a great sinner! Pray for me!” exclaimed Mr. Lyddell one evening at the close of her third story of how it had all been with her parents.

“And for me too, Margaret,” added Mrs. Lyddell; “my religion also has been a cold, formal profession.”

“I will, and oh! so gladly, too, if you will both follow me,” she answered.

And there upon their knees together it was all settled with God. Forgiveness was asked for having used this world so selfishly, for having made the self-

giving of their daughter to the missionary life so painful, and for waiting almost to the edge of the grave for this consecration.

The next day Mr. Lyddell in a codicil to his will mentioned a large amount for missions, arranged to release the "Cleora-Margaret Fund" for the use of Miss Kilburne, gave her a sum sufficient to pay for a little tour by the way in Europe, and authorized her to tell Cleora that she must consider herself and work a part again of the family.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### ZENANAS AND BIBLE-WOMEN.

**T**WO or three afternoons of every week Cleora Litchfield visited the apartments specially reserved for the women in the houses of the wealthier Hindu classes. Mungama Ramjeeawun or Seetama Koodrukee, two widows who had been led from darkness into light and been taught to read by Cleora, generally accompanied her, and though they could not excite as much curiosity nor command as many courtesies as the missionary, they yet had the advantage of perfect familiarity with the language and with the habits and customs of the people. These and other Bible-women, whom she had in process of training, were a feature to the Agra mission of very great promise. That her friend Margaret Kilburne was soon to come, to take a leading responsibility in this department of the varied and enormously increasing work of the station, was hopefully and gratefully anticipated.

Cleora's introduction to zenana-life was upon the cordial invitation of a well-to-do Baboo, a very thoroughly educated gentleman, who was anxious that his wife should learn to read. He dared not teach her himself even the Hindi alphabet, for it would be considered a flagrant crime in native society.

The Baboo conducted Cleora through his own elegant suite of rooms, filled with English furniture, arranged with Indian taste, ornamented chiefly with French clocks and glass vases, into the woman's apartment which was cheerless in the extreme. The walls were entirely bare, and on the floors there were only a few, thin, ragged mats. As the lord of the mansion left his guest in this dungeon with his wife, he had the thoughtfulness to send a chair for the use of the former.

"Have you any children?" inquired Cleora.

"Two sons," replied the Baboo's wife.

"Have you ever lost any children?"

"None but girls."

"I am sorry for you, that you lost your daughters."

"It was best to kill them. My first was a girl. If the Baboo had been as rich as now, he would not have thrown her into the river, for I wanted to keep her. But the others I killed myself with opium, though one of them he had to choke a little."

"But British law in India has now for many years regarded this the same as any other murder, and punishable with death, and I thought the terrible crime was being driven out of the land."

"Ah, missionary, a mother's love is stronger than British law. We know what it is to be a Hindu woman. The wretchedness, the slavery at the best, and the possibility of widowhood make it cruel for us to rear our daughters."

"Then infanticide is very common still?"

"O, yes. Almost all my friends have killed one

or more of their baby-girls, though many people, they tell me, are becoming so hard-hearted as to let them live. The Baboo's brother in Umritsur reports three hundred 'stolen by the wolves' — you know that is what they say to the police — all girls from that city, last year. My father lives in Cawnpore, in government employ, and he says that in two hundred and sixty-one villages of that district there are no girls living; and he has lately visited two Thakoor towns of the Bustee district, where the census-returns gave, in the one, only two girls to one hundred and thirty boys; and in the other no girls to two hundred boys."

"To me this is terrible — infernal!"

"You do not know. You are not one of us. We Hindu women are good for nothing but marriage. Our husbands, however wicked, are really our only gods; our priests, our religion. So say our Shasters, which I cannot read, but I have heard them read, though never the holy Vedas; they are too holy for women."

"Were your babies born in these rooms, or in one of those more comfortable apartments through which the Baboo brought me here?"

"Look! I will show you." And the Hindu mother arose from the floor and led Cleora to the door.

"Do you see that cowshed in the back-yard? There all my children were born. There is a floor to the part of it which I had, but it is cement and very cold, so they gave me a mat also, and hung up one between me and the cows."

"Did your husband and friends visit you there?"

“O, never! If they looked in, they could not touch me until the child — the boy — was twenty-eight days old. Meanwhile a coolie-woman kept the shed full of dung-smoke, and handed me my food on a plantain leaf that was always then thrown away as defiled.”

“Are you the Baboo’s only wife?”

“Yes; but I am always in fear that he will bring another one here. If he should, I could not always speak kindly of her, and then the code of Menu would allow him to divorce me, and throw me out where I would be worse off than a dog.”

“Have you any sisters?”

“Yes; one. You see my father was away when both of us were born, or he surely would have killed one at least, and mother had not courage enough to deal the most kindly with us.”

“Is your sister married?”

“She is one of fifty married to a Kulin Brahman. She never saw him but once. He does not support her, for he is a poor vagabond; but he very greatly honored my sister and our family, for he is of the very highest rank among the Brahmans. My father paid him a large sum for the honor.”

Cleora’s zenana-work revealed to her a vast, sad world of Indian life. The majority, indeed, of the Hindu and Mahometan women around her were not secluded, yet even among them she was specially privileged, and could, with her Bible-women, do a work impossible for men, on account of the prevailing timidity and shrinking and degrading caste-cus-

toms. Not, however, because those imprisoned in the zenanas and harems of India were of the wealthy and aristocratic native families, was Cleora's interest in them warmly enlisted, but because they were so inaccessible to Christian influences, and by that sovereignty which even in her degradation woman must wield over man, and by that other which the social customs and prejudices of the higher classes ever sustain over the masses beneath them, these zenana and harem women appeared to be the sustaining pillars of Hinduism and of Moslemism; their very life.

Occasionally the "purdah-women," or "curtain-women," named from the curtains which partly cover the doors to the zenana-rooms, were permitted by the Baboos to return Cleora's calls, and thus to show special appreciation of her labors and of those of her Bible-women. Generally, however, these labors would have been more cordially esteemed could the evangelizing part have been omitted. The calls were made in close carriages, palanquins or bullock-carts, with guards and out-runners. If Mr. Litchfield or any other man was in the house, it was necessary for him to leave or be hidden from view.

One woman told Cleora that her mother was killed by her father to wipe out the family disgrace of her having once been seen by a passing man. She had lowered the slide to her window a little for ventilation, and thought she was perfectly safe from observation, but the man suddenly came into view on a very high elephant, and her face was unveiled.

Entering a zenana late one afternoon, Cleora found both the wives cooking food for their husband, and she was compelled to wait. As they had no servant of the same high caste of the Baboo, it was impossible for his food to be prepared by other than their hands. She was not surprised to overhear these two women quarrelling at their task.

A few minutes after they were at liberty, the family-barbaress entered to stain the women's hands with henna, and to rehearse the low, extravagant stories of the gods and the licentious gossip of the neighborhood.

Cleora listened as this woman, whose conversation doubtless represented the prevailing zenana thought and social life, told of Hanuman, the monkey-god, gathering flowers with which to make love to the goddess Sita; of the amours of Krishna; of how the Brahman sage Bhriga cursed even Vishnu, so that he has had to be born into this world nine times, and must once more; of how the Brahman Agastya drank the oceans fresh in three swallows and spit them out salt; of how this same Brahman turned the king Nahusha into a snake; of how that the monkey-god's hairs were so strong as that each of them could carry a mountain on its end; of the marriage the day before of two idols, and in the evening of their neighbor Thombo Chettoar to a plantain-tree; of how the little fourteen-year-old Appia in the next house had a second child" —

"Stop, please," exclaimed Cleora to this interminable story-teller and gossip, "and tell me how



young are the youngest girls who are ever married among you."

"Ten is the common age, though frequently they are mothers before that time. Indeed some are married as young as four or five, but they are never expected to be mothers until they are ten, or at least nine years old."

"Do you really know of any mothers so very young?" inquired Cleora.

"I was not quite ten when my first baby was born," replied the first wife of the two, who had thus far been listening.

"And I had lost three before I was fourteen years old," added the other wife.

"Why have you so terribly cruel a custom?"

"O," replied the barbaress, "the Baboos say it is to keep us from being spoiled; and then our holy books teach us 'if a daughter is married before six years of age, the father ascends after death to the highest heaven; if not before seven, to the second heaven; and if not until the age of ten, he goes to the lowest place assigned to the blest.' And 'if a girl is not married by the time she is eleven years old, all her progenitors for many generations will suffer pains and penalties in the other world in consequence of the neglect of the child's parents.'"

Into the darkness of this home Cleora then, and at other times, sought faithfully to bring the light. Often her Bible-women called to read and explain God's word. But the difficulties seemed almost insurmountable. The Baboo was willing that his wives

should receive some education for the sake of his little sons, but he wanted them to remain Hindus.

“In my secret heart, I do believe in your religion,” at last acknowledged the second and favorite wife to the waiting, watching missionary.

And the other at least became more tidy in her dress and person, and the boys were encouraged more and more to be very attentive to the missionary. All this was something, and ground to hope for more.

Never but once were Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield intentionally present at a nautch-party, and then it was during the first year of their missionary life. Although a nautch, or dancing, is considered by Indian native society an essential part of every entertainment, secular or religious, it was evident upon this introduction to the custom, that it is as inconsistent for Christians to witness such exhibitions as for them to patronize the ballet upon the American or English stage.

But the little son, eight years old, in a zenana among the first where Cleora began her work, was to be married, and the father had arranged to celebrate the event with a great nautch. Nothing would do but that the missionary teacher should be present, and she was unwilling to come without her husband.

The court of the house was covered with canvas and bunting, ornamented with rich drapery and a profusion of flowers, and brilliantly lighted with lamps and candles. The zenana women were hidden behind screens, and with the exception of a broad, open space through the centre, the entire floor was crowded with Baboos, generally clad in elegant Cashmere shawls.

The nautch-girls, who, accompanied by their musicians with viols and tom-toms, performed two by two along through this open space, absorbed most of the attention of the evening, quite eclipsing even the interest centred in the little boy-bridegroom, who went to sleep long before the party dispersed.

Of course these dancers were all professional and licensed courtesans. No respectable Hindu woman would dance in the presence of men. It is difficult for them to understand how Christian women can assume so many virtuous airs, and yet dance in the presence of men, and with them, often in the most familiar and voluptuous attitudes and embraces.

These nautch-girls were very beautiful, intelligent, accomplished, and modestly dressed. While their evident object throughout the entire performance was to excite passion, they discarded such gross accessories as "Christian" nudity and gymnastics, and simply moved back and forth to the music, jingling the bells on their wrists and ankles, assuming various graceful attitudes to express different emotions, and with a continual play of the features. The half-closed eyes, the quivering forms, the faltering voice, all indicated the consummate art of these sirens.

Into the ears of one of them Cleora had an opportunity to whisper an invitation:

"If you will come to my home, perhaps I can be your friend, and help you to a better life."

"I will, mem sahib. I never heard before a word of real kindness."

The next day she came, boldly walking unaccom-

panied through the crowded streets of Agra, not even a veil over her face. Coldly she looked at the men, contemptuously at the women. It had been only a perfectly dark night thus far in her life, but a beautiful bright star had just dawned.

Cleora greeted her as a sister.

“Please tell me your story, Huchi.”

“I was of the Devangada, or weaver-caste, and my parents were persuaded when I was five years old, to let a horrid Brahman take me away to his temple and marry me to an idol. When a little older I was dressed in silks and jewels, and helped the other dancing girls to increase the revenues of the temple. It was a higher caste-life than I am now leading, but I could not endure that dreadful Brahman who owned us, and ran away.”

“Why did your parents send you to that temple?”

“I was a widow. They had betrothed me when I was three years old, but the little boy died soon after, and of course I was the same as a widow, and quite likely to go to the bad anyhow, in trying vainly to escape the wretchedness.”

Cleora found that Huchi could read and write in Hindi, and could speak English a great deal better than the young missionaries the native language. Her parents and the Brahmans had thus specially educated her for a life of shame.

It was a true reformation at first opportunity. Huchi became a Christian and a useful assistant, and one day said to Cleora :

“I love you so, I wish I could die for you!”

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### GIRLS' SCHOOL AND HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

THE first two years of the Agra mission had been remarkably successful. Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield had hardly had a taste of Dr. Thomas' seventeen years' waiting for the first Bengalese convert, or Dr. Judson's six for the first Burmese, or of that long twenty years' delay in Tahiti before the first dropping of the plentiful shower of which all the Christian world has heard. Fifty, in about an equal proportion of men and women, had joined the station-church; scores of adults in other families also were regular, or at least frequent attendants at the religious services, and there was an average of one hundred and twenty in the Sunday-school. Besides, at the several out-stations there were little companies of those who seemed truly interested.

The third year opened, and yet no missionary reinforcement for their station. But the work was accumulating upon them, and though it was perilous, there seemed no other way. It is much easier for Christians at home to prescribe rules for missionary self-restraint, face to face with a world of responsibility in the evangelization of the heathen, than it is for the

laborers to carry out those rules when only one life is endangered for the sake of thousands.

"Cleora," observed Llewellyn one evening, as they were strolling together in the direction of the Taj, "we cannot afford to change our plan of fostering the educational enterprise among our native converts and adherents, which Christian truth is so sure to awaken."

"Yet without help from home it almost means a grave for us."

"O, I hope not, darling! You are very weary and worn, and must have a rest up in the mountains. But I am strong and equal to extra work, and the crisis in our mission is so important."

"Can we not delay the new enterprise a few months till Margaret comes?"

"I fear not, Cleora, without extinguishing much of the native enthusiasm. As God's truth and grace have been clustering around us a large company, we have maintained a little school of boys and girls as a kind of educational beacon-light — an incentive, a pattern; and now, just what we have been working and praying for, appears. Our native Christian community is quite thoroughly aroused to assume responsibility for an educational advance under our counsel and superintendency. You know that though these Hindus and ourselves were originally of the same family of the human race, they have lost much of our Anglo-Saxon patience in waiting for opportunity."

"I could not help thinking to-day of this kinship-tie when in one of the zenanas. The second wife had actually a striking resemblance to your old acquaint-

ance, Laura Hamilton of Washington. The complexion was a little darker, but all the outline of the features was there."

"But we must allow them to go ahead with the school. They say they want their girls to have as good an education as the boys receive in the government-schools, and that they will erect the building and pay the salaries of two teachers. I see that they miscalculate, and that we shall be compelled to help them financially as well as by our counsel and superintendence; but they will deserve it, and the mission-money will be most wisely invested."

"I am really glad, Llewellyn, that there is not much of that clamoring which we had expected for instruction in English. Huchi is doubtless right in saying that English in the mouths of native girls is one of the most dangerous fiends in India. She well knows the access it gives to immoral foreigners."

"Positively, no government 'grants-in-aid' shall tempt us to thus help the enormous prostitute business in this land."

"Are we to have a doll manufactory, or a school for efficient, self-reliant women?"

"The latter, I hope, surely, Cleora. And I have been inquiring to-day as to what will be practicable in an industrial department."

"Anything in that line will keep many away."

"It is best that it should. We cannot afford any compromise with caste while laying the foundations for Christianity among these teeming millions."

"But, Llewellyn, Christ did not directly attack

slavery, which he found as a prevailing custom. The rather he quietly set influences at work which were sure ultimately to overthrow it."

"Yet he never appeared to countenance it in the least. Really, Cleora, your zenana-work has a little prejudiced you in favor of caste-instruction, I fear."

They had reached the marble terrace of the vast mausoleum. Cleora was out of breath, and stumbled once in ascending the long flight of steps. Llewellyn caught her in his arms and prevented her from falling, but he saw more than the physical weakness of his worn and weary missionary wife. There were tears in her eyes which she had been trying to hide from him.

He kissed them away, but then many more came.

"Tell me, darling wife, what do these tears mean?"

"I was thinking, perhaps I am hindering you more than helping you in your work."

"O, nonsense! What put that into your dear little head?"

"I was reading an article last evening from the corresponding secretary of the American Propagation Society, and in the use of very severe and almost heartless language, he condemns the encumbering of young men missionaries with wives."

"He is a dyspeptic old fogey! You are very foolish to mind what he says upon this subject at all, Cleora."

"But he has a number of arguments which are intelligible, even if he does occasionally murder the King's English.

"Pshaw! Every one of them has been worn



threadbare by the priests and monks of the Roman Catholic Church. You an encumbrance upon me in the beginning of my missionary work! Did Ann H. Judson obstruct the introductory work of her husband in Burmah?"

"But I am not Mrs. Ann H. Judson."

"Yes, you are; her equal, her superior. You have done more than I have in this station thus far. I mean it soberly, in earnest. Our little daughter, completing our Christian home, has proved a great blessing among the natives. But for you I would have been a constant object for immoral suspicions, and neither native men nor native women would have trusted me with anything like the present measure of cordiality. Who was it cheered me last fall when I was so awfully blue, and really thought seriously of accepting a government appointment in the Allahabad University?"

"Hey, Cleora! perhaps you know that woman. If you do, you ought to be proud of her. I am; and I think I will just now squeeze out the rest of those tears, so they will not be troubling us any more.

"And have you not been to ever so many zenanas, where I have no possible access? And one of us has been the very life of our school — not me. You must stop shaking your head. It goes the wrong way.

"There! if I hold it tightly against my shoulder — thus — it will not be so contrary.

"And as I was about to observe, more than half of the converts in our station trace their religious impressions to your teaching and example."

When they returned to the mission-compound, they found a package of American letters. The postman was there to collect upon six of them, which were over-weight, the stamps upon them therefore not counting.

"It must cost us some twenty-five dollars a year," remarked Llewellyn, "to pay the expense of home neglects in properly stamping letters and papers."

"Let us open them," replied Cleora, "and see if we get our money's worth."

"That is for you; and as it is evidently a woman's handwriting, I will be so indulgent a husband as to allow you to open it."

"A girl sixteen years old wants me to encourage her coming out here as a missionary."

"Bosh! She may be ever so intelligent and pious, but she cannot know her own mind sufficiently for this work."

"Yes, Llewellyn; I should say to all young women under twenty-five — I had almost said thirty — do not come. For the sake of the cause, do not come!"

"Well! well! It appears from this letter that we are all wrong in regard to the support of this mission. A rich Boston layman says if we will only cut loose from the regular society, and cast ourselves wholly on the Lord, he will promise to send us monthly the same amount we are now receiving for salary and incidental expenses."

Cleora did not say a word, but ran for the tongs, picked the letter as if it were a snake out of her husband's hands, and dropped it into the kitchen fire.

Returning to the table, she tore open the next envelope, and soon exclaimed :

“Of course here is another of the continually coming hasty-pudding letters, as I call them. A woman who is probably too economical to supply herself with a sufficient number of the mission-periodicals, as also too indolent to go to work effectively to cultivate the missionary spirit in her community, writes me a little single-page letter, asking that I write something that will stir up the interest in the cause among them.”

“Well, Cleora, here is another hobby which a good brother in Pennsylvania is riding. He wants to know if I do not think the great difficulty in the way of evangelizing the teeming millions of heathenism is the amount of salary given to the secretaries and treasurers of our mission-societies.”

“Does he think that they are too small?”

“O! you know better. He writes as if the executive officers at the Rooms absorbed ninety-nine per cent. of the annual incomes.”

“Remember the story, Llewellyn, of the five hundred black cats.”

“He says he would be willing to take the secretaryship for one thousand dollars. But I happen to know that his wife has three thousand dollars interest-money every year. So, after all, he does not reckon so closely as those whom he criticizes.”

“But why in the world does he write to you about it?”

“The Lord knows, I do not, even as about much

else of this home correspondence. What is that you have?"

"Ten three-cent United States postage-stamps with which to buy some Indian curiosities, and send to St. Paul, Minnesota."

"Whew! We must take so large a remittance at once to the fort, and have it placed in Colonel Osgood's safe. Wonder if it will be quoted to-morrow in the Calcutta exchange!"

"O, you are too hard on this good sister. She did not think of these stamps being worthless here, and does not know that thirty cents will go but little ways toward buying things in India."

"Yes, does not think, does not know. But the time has come when thoughtlessness and ignorance among Christians upon the most common information contained in missionary literature, is inexcusable."

"Ah, Mr. Litchfield, here is a lady's handwriting, and addressed to you. I must examine it first before allowing you possibly to see it."

"Ha, ha! A woman in Portland, Maine, sends her deceased grandfather's library to you. He was a minister. She says you will probably be willing to pay the freight at this end."

"Probably? Doubtless! What rapture it will give me to pay half a month's salary for his old collection of encyclopædias, sermons, and patent-office-reports!"

"Do not worry. I will inquire the price of old paper. Perhaps we can raise half the freight that way."

“Well, this is pious shrewdness, truly.”

“Something official, Llewellyn? I see a printed heading.”

“Yes, it is from the secretary of the Great Western Bible and Tract Society. People have very little interest in it. A small concern; barely able to pay his salary. But he wants me to make application to him for ten thousand Hindi Testaments, accompanied with a vivid statement of the great need; and then he can quote me as alienated from the old mother-society, and as indorsing his half-pint enterprise.”

“Here is a little box; what can it be?”

“I hope it is something, for I had to pay half a rupee extra postage on that. Ugh! a bottle. That is why the small package was so heavy.”

“Brown's Colic Assuager.”

“Let me have it. I see a lizard on the fence, and will try and hit it. Doubtless one of those other letters asks for a testimonial.”

“There! you did not even hit the fence. Sit down again and listen to this:”

*Toledo, Ohio.*

DEAR SISTER :—I want to support a girl in your school, and name her after me, and have her write to me often; and I will send her nice things every little while, and—

“Do not read me any more of that, Cleora. We are not going to spoil any of our girls for her sake. Such pronounced foreign favoritism would do a world of harm, not only to the unfortunate girl herself, but to the whole school.”

“I agree with you, but perhaps I can persuade her to trust her gift to the Society and to us under God.”

“All right. But the letter appears to me as if she was trying to place an extra feather on her bonnet.”

“Only two more ; that for you, and this for me. What is yours, Llewellyn?”

“A long letter. Our churches in Iowa want to support us, and have our station all to themselves.”

“And ask us to give up the inspiration of feeling that our many dear friends in Massachusetts and New York are coöperating with us!”

“Yes, Cleora, and in a measure rob the churches in all the other States of the encouragement of our work ; and leave some field, where little or no apparent success attends, as a Hobson’s choice. With all the kindly feeling manifested, it is yet very trying to receive such selfish proposals.”

“O, there is a box coming, Llewellyn !”

“No more old useless libraries, C. O. D., I hope. But sure enough, old clothes ; just as bad ! And old boots and shoes too. It says we can give them to the natives ; of course it is meant that we wear them.”

“Grateful tears, Cleora, should course down our cheeks. Read on, and see if they have also sent any of those indispensable last year almanacs.”

“No ; but a good woman encloses her old winter’s bonnet which had only been done over twice. She says I can send to Paris for some new strings. Whew ! rice also.”

“How perfectly happy we would be if they had added also some of our ubiquitous Indian curry !”

## CHAPTER XXX.

### FRUITS BITTER AND SWEET.

ENTIRELY unexpected to the inmates of one of the leading native Christian homes in Agra, Cleora Litchfield one afternoon called for a few moments' rest, before visiting another heathen zenana. Never since the mother, sister, and daughter had made a public profession of Christian faith, six months previously, had the missionaries observed in them or in the husband, a still earlier convert, any lingering traces of the old idolatry and superstition.

But as she entered, a Brahman hurriedly passed out, leaving the group before the new visitor evidently in great confusion and shame.

“What does this mean, Kenaidah? Have you been praying to this Brahman?”

“Only because Zalenu stepped on a worm and killed it, and perhaps it may have been her grandfather or uncle.”

“I am too sick at heart to stop and talk with you now,” replied Cleora. “You have been taught many times the wickedness of worshipping any other than God, and the folly of believing that human spirits pass into the bodies of insects and animals. I am not

angry with you, but I feel so sadly, I cannot do anything more to-day."

The same evening Llewellyn had an experience which brought him at once into fresh sympathy with his wife.

There were three Hindu men of unusually intelligent and capable appearance, who had been regularly at all the public services in the chapel for three months. Many times the missionary had prepared and spoken specially for their benefit.

Most gladly Mr. Litchfield welcomed them this evening at his home to a personal interview. It must be they are genuine inquirers. Perhaps they are quite ready to profess Christianity.

"We have called, Sahib," said the leader, "to offer to join your followers for two rupees each a month. The Roman Catholics paid us one rupee every month for three years, but we thought it worth more, and will leave them entirely, and put ourselves at your service."

One morning two of the young men of the theological class were missing. They had not reported themselves ill, or as called away temporarily by any family affairs. And yet day after day nothing was heard from them. It was very extraordinary and inexplicable.

These young men had been among the six under Mr. Litchfield's instruction, almost from the beginning of his effort to train up a native ministry. He had had no cause to doubt their piety, and they seemed to be thoroughly persuaded of their duty to prepare to preach the Gospel to their fellow countrymen.



But it proved that government positions had been offered them, and that they were unable to resist the temptation. Their salaries were to be three times what they could ever expect in the ministry. And that which added probably to their shame, as it certainly did to the grief of the missionaries, was that their clerkships were in the opium department of the internal revenue service.

The following incident led Mr. Litchfield ever after, to make it a point to question as many as possible of his hearers as to what they had understood him to mean by his sermon or exhortation.

He had been discoursing upon Christ's coming from heaven, sending his disciples throughout the world to preach his Gospel, and giving them the Scriptures as an all-sufficient record of revealed truth.

On reaching the vestibule of the chapel at the close of the service two Hindus from his congregation fell upon their knees before the missionary and worshipped him. Upon his rebuking them, they declared:

"You have taught us that you are a Christian Brahman, that your Christ is the last incarnation of Vishnu, and your Scriptures the new Purânas."

Another constant trial was the lapsing of the converts into Sabbath desecration. The Roman Catholics allowed the continuance of daily employment as among the heathen, except during the hour of the celebration of the mass. The missionaries of one of the other Protestant societies, though not so indulgent, were unwilling to make Sabbath breaking itself a ground for church-discipline.

But Llewellyn and Cleora felt unshaken in the conviction that they could not afford to compromise the sanctity of the Lord's day. They could by no means see the way out of all the embarrassments involved in poor converts from heathenism breaking off at once for one seventh of their time from all secular employment, but they believed God did. They were confident that the all-overruling Providence would make the willing obedience of every true disciple in this respect also practicable; and they were right.

Considerable difficulty was experienced among the native Christian community in the matter of breaking up the dreadful social customs of childhood-betrothal and marriage. Long after the adherents of the mission had lost all respect for the authority of the Hindu Shasters and the code of Menu, the custom of their ancestors and of the teeming millions around them exerted in many respects a powerful influence over their feeling and conduct. They were slow to realize that true love is at all necessary to marriage, or that the inclinations of the parties themselves ought in the least be taken into account in the parental adjustment of the new relation. They were not entirely ignorant of genuine matrimonial affection, but usually their highest conception of domestic happiness was in the satisfaction of a merely selfish fancy, which, however, was purely incidental to the business-arrangements of the heads of their respective families.

In the home of one of their deacons, Mrs. Litchfield was astonished, during an afternoon's call, to see a red paint mark, an inch long, in the parting of the

hair of the little four-year-old daughter of their Sunday-school superintendent.

“O, my sister Limenah, can it be possible,” exclaimed the missionary, “that you have married your eight-year-old son to this little girl who is scarcely more than a baby?”

“We know it is wrong. But the pressure of our relatives and others was so great! We hoped you would not learn of it so soon.”

“When were they betrothed?”

“A year ago. But, indeed, they shall only be like children together, until she is eight years old and my son is twelve.”

“Ah, Limenah, you cannot make this right at all. For one, yes, two lives, you have destroyed God’s beautiful gift of childhood. It is dreadful to think that, notwithstanding all the new light we have brought you from our Saviour, you have made it possible for this girl to be a widow with dependent children before she has reached her teens.”

Deacon and superintendent and their wives were called together. They seemed truly penitent, and promised to support each child separately at home until they had grown to manhood and womanhood. But heathenism had scored a great victory over the Agra Christian community; a weakness of principle had been illustrated, and a heavy burden added to the hearts of the missionaries, which they must continue to carry.

The most bitter fruit they were called upon to taste was the complete apostasy of one of the two

young men before mentioned as having left Mr. Litchfield's theological class for a position in the government civil service. A spirit of forbearance had apparently won him back to the discharge of the ordinary duties of a native Christian.

A party of American travellers from Baltimore and Cincinnati were spending three days in Agra. After they had seen the Taj, both in the daytime and at night, they happened upon an introduction to Mr. Litchfield, who was calling at the hotel on a matter of business with the proprietor.

He invited them cordially to visit the mission premises; but fearing that it would not prove very interesting to them, he added a promise to conduct them to one of the Hindu temples.

A great festival was in progress, and they found the temple crowded with devotees. No descriptions of the numerous objects of worship scattered around on several platforms and in many niches, were necessary. Modesty forbade leader or company to more than move about through the shocking exhibition of obscenity and human depravity, with silent compressed lips.

At one of the loathsome shrines stood a noble-appearing young man, officiating as priest and busy receiving the offerings which multitudes were making to Siva.

Llewellyn needed but a single glance to recognize one for whose conversion he had labored, one whom he had baptized and instructed daily for more than a year, that he might be qualified to preach the Gospel.

Either he had lost his government situation, or the temple priests had tempted him with a larger salary. The heart-sick missionary could not linger, and at once begged his companions to allow him to conduct them to their hotel.

But it is, indeed, always darkest just before day. And of the sunshine that was awaiting him upon return home, he had some anticipatory, twilight glimpses by the way.

He passed the little bazaar-stalls of the three consistent converts, Manohar Lal, Hari Ram, and Thakur Dass. They all seemed to have their hands unusually full with customers, and Llewellyn congratulated the latter on this fact.

“O, yes,” Thakur Dass replied most cheerfully; “my customers know that I close shop to-morrow, the Lord’s day, and they crowd me unusually Saturdays.”

“Has your observance of the Sabbath hurt your business at all?”

“Not in the long run. At first it did; but it has since proved the best advertisement I could possibly have.”

In front of the mission-grounds Llewellyn met Khairat Masih and his wife and two daughters, all walking along together, a lovely Christian family. The girls were seven and nine years old respectively, and not disfigured with any hideous signs of betrothal or marriage.

In a moment across the road came running gleefully the little ten-year-old son of the senior deacon,

Rahim Buksh, and the two years younger daughter of the native preacher, Imam Chuttree. And it was delightful to watch these four children, fully enjoying childhood in the freedom of Christian truth and influence. Directly over the little silken heads of that frolicking group, the grateful missionary could see, as it were, a rift in the dark, dense cloud of Hindu heathenism.

“Two native brethren in your study wish to meet you — Sudin Karan and Prem Chand,” announced Cleora as Llewellyn reached the veranda.

Both were operators in the telegraph office, and were receiving the large native wages of thirty rupees a month.

“We believe it our duty,” said the former, “to prepare to preach the Gospel to our Hindu fellow-countrymen. We have much leisure for study.”

“But,” replied Mr. Litchfield, “neither the Mission nor the native Christians can afford you half your present salaries when you are ready to resign your government positions and give yourselves wholly to the ministry.”

“We have thought of all that,” responded Prem Chand. “We shall be very glad to make the sacrifice for Christ, who gave up all for us.”

“Yes, indeed,” continued Sudin Karan; “or rather there will be no sacrifice at all, to economize a little more in food and clothing, in order to have opportunity to work all the while for the establishment of Christ’s kingdom in India.”

It was nearly time for the daily preaching-service,

established by the native pastor for the hour after the close of business in the bazaar. The happy missionary and the two applicants for noblest work on earth repaired to the chapel.

And such a sermon! Llewellyn knew he could not have preached a better one himself. It was thoroughly Scriptural, full of thought, and deeply earnest.

The missionary recognized an unusual tremulousness at times in the voice of his assistant, and waiting till the congregation had dispersed, he inquired:

“Saroop Singh, is your heart very heavy to-day?”

“Come to my house and dine with me, and I will tell you.”

“May I send for Mrs. Litchfield also?”

“Certainly, and my wife will be very happy. It will be simple food, you know.”

The four sat around the humble table until very late, listening to many incidents of Saroop Singh's Christian experience, entirely new to the missionaries.

“As I was born a Brahman,” he continued, “every effort has been made by my parents and the Hindu priesthood, to thwart my Christian purposes. Especially during the last six months, since I have taken a prominent position in the mission-work.

“Mother has performed long pilgrimages to famous shrines to accomplish my restoration to Hinduism. Repeatedly the Brahmans have imparted to her for extravagant fees, the secret of my salvation from Christianity, and full reinstatement in caste-privileges.

“Generally when she visits us (she has not been here this week), there will be some peculiar taste to the tea or coffee, or it will be the food, which is often made very offensive and unwholesome by the efficacious materials prescribed by the villainous and filthy Brahmans.”

“Please give me an idea of the probable remedies proposed and with which your mother has been experimenting. Your long, previous experience among the Brahmans must have made you quite familiar with their Satanic arts.”

“I cannot tell you all at this time, but the most frequent prescription is to mix with the drink or food the excrements of a cow.”

“What special effort has your father been making to reclaim you?” inquired Llewellyn, anxious to continue the subject, yet so to change it as to save his wife’s appetite.

“The dear old man! He is over eighty. Many times he has walked two miles from his home to ours to reason with me, and to beg me to leave the ‘foreign deviltry,’ as he calls our religion.

“Yesterday he was here for the last time, and he got down on this floor and entreated me with tears in his eyes. And by that door he threw his arms around my neck, and put his head on my shoulder and pleaded with me, for the sake of my ancestors, for the happiness of my parents, and as I would escape millions of years to come of life in snakes, and rats, and all most loathsome creatures, to come back, pledging he would give all his property, and his own



life if necessary, to the Brahman priesthood in order to reinstate me in the exalted rank of my caste."

"Why do you say this was his last meeting with you, Saroop Singh?" inquired Cleora.

"Ah! that was why my heart was so soft at service-time this afternoon. They were having my funeral, just as if I was dead. My parents, and all my relatives, and many Brahmans no doubt, went through the whole ceremony, and my funeral pile was kindled the same as if this body had been there to be burned. They will never speak to me again, or give me a look of recognition when passing me in the street, or mention my name in the family-circle. 'But I am persuaded that nothing shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, my Lord.'"

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### TWO MONTHS IN EUROPE.

**A**LTHOUGH Margaret Kilburne was now very impatient to reach India, it was as wise for her to delay a few weeks before entering the climate of Southern Asia, as for the steamship in which she crossed the Atlantic to wait off Sandy Hook for twenty-four hours until the terrible storm had abated.

In Queenstown harbor, while the mails were being landed, some calling passengers from a neighboring steamship, to sail that evening for America, made mention of a returning invalid missionary woman among their number. Margaret immediately hailed a row boat and hastened to greet the fallen soldier. She was Mrs. Appleton of Rangoon, Burmah.

"Ah, Miss Kilburne," said she, "you are very wise not to think of commencing your work in India until late in the fall."

"But I do think of it a great deal, and am quite unreconciled to spending so much time on the way, even among so many scenes of artistic and historic interest."

"Then Providence is very kindly detaining you.

For years I have been a great sufferer, able to do but little work, and am now going home all broken down in health, because my husband and self were so headstrong and impudent as to commence in our field of labor at an inopportune time of the year."

At the hotel in Liverpool, Margaret met Mrs. Kellogg, of one of the American missions to Siam, and was very much pleased with her as an intelligent and companionable Christian missionary. She had left her husband in Bangkok, and was simply waiting three days in port a transfer of steamers.

"Have you ever been to London, and upon the continent, Mrs. Kellogg?"

"No; though I would like to very much. Indeed I had planned it all and had saved funds to meet with great economy the necessary expense."

"O, then, do let us join company. It will be so delightful to go together."

"I would most gladly, Miss Kilbourne, but I am getting well too fast. I had to be carried to my steamer at Bangkok upon my bed, which I had not been able to leave for seven months. But the voyage has done wonders for me. Appetite and vigor are being rapidly restored. I had hoped so to improve in the course of two or three months in England, as to visit at least Paris and Switzerland."

"Why, then, it is just right for you to go now with me!"

"No, no! It would spoil my welcome home. The officers at the Rooms, and everywhere the members of

the churches would express surprise at seeing me home so soon on the sick-list. They might not say it in so many words, but all their looks and actions would mean — ‘ You had no business to leave your husband and work and come home, you strong, healthy woman. You were homesick, that was all.’

In a second class car, by the Midland route, as the most picturesque, through the celebrated towns of Leicester, Derby and Bedford, Margaret rode to London. Much as she had read about English rural scenery, she felt indeed the half had not been told her. Of an intelligent Manchester merchant, who with his wife sat next to her, she inquired :

“ Why are so many emigrating to America from this charmingly beautiful country ? ”

“ It does not belong to them. They belong to the land, and it is quite natural for men to try to escape from bondage.”

No sooner was Margaret comfortably located in a small, economical family hotel in London, situated near the Museum, a boarding-place to which she had been recommended by mission friends in New York, than she was beset by an agent of Baker’s Continental Excursions, to join a six weeks’ company of tourists through France, Switzerland, Bavaria and Italy.

But the young American had had her eyes and ears open, and had very wisely concluded that crutches are of no use to those who can walk without them. that forethought, prudence and tact are as reliable as any tourist-agency, and that half the

pleasure of travelling is thrown away by yielding to the opportunity of self-reliance.

With her speaking-knowledge of French and German, and her large bundle of introductory letters to residents in Paris, Geneva, Lucerne, Munich, Venice, Rome and Naples, she decided upon her own "personally conducted tour." And she never had occasion to regret this independent arrangement.

When in Geneva for two days, she crossed the track of the very party she would otherwise have joined. Those to whom she was here introduced had gone up the lake to Lausanne, and Margaret was thrown upon her own resources entirely. Going to one of the best hotels, she registered, and was assigned a very dismal and uncomfortable room.

Calling the proprietor, she protested against such wretched accommodations for the price she was expecting to pay.

"Upon your coupons, mademoiselle, we cannot afford to do better. We have to return so large a percentage to your tourist agency."

"I have no coupons, sir, and do not belong to any one but myself. I wish to pay in cash five francs a day for my room, including service."

"Ah, beg your pardon a thousand times, mademoiselle. The porter will at once show you more desirable accommodations. And it would be much more agreeable for you everywhere, to notify that you do not settle your bills with paper, which hotel proprietors must discount for from ten to thirty per cent."

In London Margaret worked diligently, so as to

escape the fog as soon as possible. It was much worse than the coal smoke of Pittsburg and Cincinnati. Three of her five days in this vast metropolis of the world were so dark that the restaurants where she lunched at noon required the use of gaslight.

She visited the richly stored Museum, the venerable Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Bank of England, the National Gallery on Trafalgar Square, the Zoölogical Gardens in Regent's Park, the Tower, and, in company with her new mission friends, she was enabled also to make a hurried excursion to Windsor Castle.

From the great park upon the south side of the castle, Margaret was delighted to see Queen Victoria seated at one of the windows. Her friends, who had often met their Sovereign driving in Hyde Park, were sure there was no mistake.

Neither in London nor Paris did Miss Kilburne allow the achievements of human art to monopolize all her attention. In each city she spent one Sunday, going in the former to Spurgeon's, Parker's, and an orphan asylum service, and in the latter to the Rue de Berri chapel, a meeting of Christians since worshipping in their own beautiful sanctuary upon the Rue de Lille, and to a prayer and conference meeting of missionaries in the Belleville district.

In the gay French capital a few hours each were spent in the galleries of the Louvre and the Luxembourg, upon the Champs Elysées and in the Bois de Boulogne, in the Catacombs and along the brilliant business boulevards. One day Margaret was able to

give to Versailles, and part of another to St. Denis.

Every evening she was excessively weary ; too weary to go to operas or theatres or other places of worldly amusement, even if she had had any taste for such dissipation, and had entertained the judgment that it was proper for a professed Christian.

Yet the thought I may never reach India to do mission work there, sent her forth several times in the evening, both in London and Paris, in company with some elderly lady, to strive, as she had often striven upon the streets of Chicago, to persuade young women to abandon a life of shame. One jewel thus she thought she gathered for her heavenly crown upon Oxford street, and another upon the Boulevard des Italiens. At least she tried, as many more of her sex should try during the early hours of night, and God and angels blessed her.

It did not require much effort and time for Margaret to learn, what few American travellers learn upon their merely secular tours through Great Britain and Europe, that there are multitudes of beautiful and efficient charities in operation, far more of them in England than in the United States, and that the evangelizing enterprise which reaches forth from the British Isles and from Germany and Holland into all parts of the globe, is far more extensive yet than that which characterizes the Christian life in the great Republic of the New World.

The Tuilleries were still in their glory, and the Emperor Louis Napoleon with his Empress Eugénie, yet shone as the central lights in the political and

social firmament. Once Margaret saw them accompanied by the Prince Imperial, driving in a gorgeous carriage across the Place de la Concorde. They did not look happy to her, and all their power and wealth and glory would not have tempted her to give up her commission as a simple missionary to the Hindu heathen of Northern India.

Margaret saw that over everything in France rested the shadow of coming events. Every paper she read and every conversation she had, indicated that great restlessness and uncertainty which filled the interval between Sadowa and Sedan.

“Ah! glad am I,” she wrote, one evening, to her anxiously waiting friend Cleora, “thrice glad that I work for a kingdom which hath foundations; that I am hastening to the front of a battle about whose issue there can be no uncertainty, and that we know the glories which surround the brow of our Emmanuel are real, tarnished by no wrong, and only brightened by advancing time.”

The pension where Margaret boarded, in Lucerne, was upon the high ground near the Three Lindens. The view, both for beauty and for grandeur, surpassed any of the kind she had even seen or conceived, and she felt that she received an inspiration that would last for many years, amid the dreary monotony of her life in India. Under those venerable trees she sat for hours, tracing the borders of the winding lake, feasting on the charms of hill and vale, contrasting the various growths from the feet to the summits of the nearer mountains, as luxurious Rigi upon the



left and rugged Pilatus upon the right, and beyond the glories of Fensterarrhorn and of other giants of the Alps crowned with perpetual snow.

Three days in Munich quite reconciled her to the sacrifice of Dresden. She had heard more of the art-galleries in the Saxony capital, than of the old and the new Pinacothek and the Glyptothek and the National Museum of the beautiful Bavarian metropolis. In after years, amid the terrible ruins and despair of heathenism, the cruelties of the Brahmins, and the degradation and shame of Indian womanhood, it was frequently an inspiration to recall that part of the angel rescuing the Christians upon that great and terrible canvas of Kaulbach's Destruction of Jerusalem, which is the chief glory of the new Pinacothek in Munich.

Not until the following year was to occur the celebrated Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, but preparations were in progress, and daily the chief singers and actors were practising for the discharge of their religious vow. Margaret spent a night at this quaint little village of the neighboring Tyrol Alps, and found a great deal that was interesting in the habits and customs of the people, though she said nothing about it in her letters home, lest some pious people should feel that the missionary had become too worldly, and seize the occasion to decline coöperation in the great work of world-evangelization.

It was better than all the photographs, though there are so many, and than all the descriptions in both prose and poetry, to stay only those two days

which Margaret could give to Venice. As noiselessly in her gondola she glided up and down the grand canal between the Rialto and San Marco, or gazed forth from the summit of the Campanile, or strolled through the Doge's Palace and St. Mark's, or studied Venetian life upon the great Piazza, the humble missionary could not help the honest thought, that the universal law of compensation comes to the cheer even of the missionary whose sacrifices are so many and so great for Christ. Few, she reflected, in the common ranks of the home ministry and laity ever enjoy the foreign missionaries' opportunity of extensive travel.

"I have been to England," she wrote to her father, "and to France, and Switzerland, and Germany, and now I am in beautiful Italy, simply because I am a missionary. And when in far-off India sometimes I think of my sacrifices and self-denials, I hope I may have wisdom and grace enough to give due credit to these and other compensations which a kindly Providence has arranged."

Rome crowded her almost beyond her strength. She could not see everything of interest; only the principal objects. Most of her time was spent among the art-treasures of the Vatican. After St. Peter's and the Lateran she did not really care much to see more than two or three other churches. To several of the palaces and villas she drove, staying long enough only to go directly to the rooms containing the chief art-treasures, glancing earnestly, studiously, and then hastening on to other famous æsthetic shrines. And

it is probable that she realized more benefit from many of these brief visits, than if she had had leisure to devote a whole day to each gallery of painting or of statuary, identifying with guide-book every object, and becoming quite thoroughly bewildered amid a chaos of innumerable impressions.

Margaret often said that "Five days in Rome could be made more profitable by discrimination and persistent singleness of purpose, than the three to eight weeks as usually spent by omnivorous tourists."

Both in entering and in leaving the "Eternal City" Miss Kilburne had difficulties which were soon to pass away. It was a few months before Victor Emmanuel overthrew the temporal power of the Pope. Pius the Ninth, whom Margaret once saw taking his snuff in a corridor of the Vatican, had lately uttered the blasphemy of his infallibility, and the indignation of God was almost ready to descend upon his guilty head. Only for a few months more could the Pontiff, within even the limited circle of the States of the Church, play however harmlessly at his old and formerly terrible game of the Inquisition. At the custom house Margaret's baggage was searched for any Protestant literature, and her Bible was confiscated. From a chapel of St. Peter's she was roughly thrust forth because she would not kneel at the elevation of the host. And her farewell from the principality of the Vice-gerent of Christ was an insult from a sensual and intoxicated priest, which compelled her to change at the next station to another compartment of the car.

From Naples Margaret was to sail for Alexandria. There was but a day for a drive through the large and beautifully situated city, a run out to Pompeii, and a climb of Mount Vesuvius at sunset. As she lingered on the edge of the burning crater, she thought her own situation in life well symbolized, but yet never even in America had yonder sunlight bathed the prospect more beautifully and gloriously.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### THE MEETING IN CALCUTTA.

**I**MMEDIATELY upon telegraphic notice that the "British India steamship" *Elderado* had passed Madras *en route* from Liverpool to Calcutta, Cleora Litchfield took the train for the capital, that she might be the first to greet Margaret Kilburne when she landed. The hearts of both these school-girl friends were full of joyful expectations of the long looked-for meeting, and they felt quite as young again as in those gleeful, buoyant years, when, hand in hand, they strolled along the Newport cliffs, or roomed together at Yonker's College.

When the cannon of Fort William announced the arrival below in the Hooghly, Cleora heard the signal at the American Mission Home where she was entertained, and quickly she arrayed herself in her best to drive to the dock. She tried to make a presentable appearance for Margaret's sake, but the old bonnet and dress were out of fashion, her gloves had all been spoiled by the damp weather, and as to laces and collars, time and the dhobies had quite exhausted her outfit supply.

In the distance, Margaret saw a woman in front of

the "go-down," alongside which the *Elderado* was endeavoring to make a landing; but she did not recognize in her the missionary sister for whose warm embrace she was impatiently longing. Cleora she had never seen but in the height of fashion; and then that slightly stooping form and those drawn features were totally unfamiliar. The complexion had been darkened by the climate, and but little remained to tell of those luxurious tresses of golden hair which had been the object of so much admiration and envy.

Cleora was the first to recognize. The handkerchiefs of both then immediately did service, partly in waving greetings and partly with the eyes. In the strong current of the Hooghly it took a full half hour for the steamship to work up within speaking distance.

Meanwhile the attention of the two missionaries was somewhat diverted by an interesting and touching scene between an English merchant, upon the dock, whom Cleora had met, and his daughter, upon the steamer's deck. It was now five years since he had sent her home to Derbyshire, a young girl, to complete her education. She was his only child, and could hardly remember her mother, who was at rest in the Cawnpore cemetery. Prospered in business, and fairly idolizing his daughter, he had indulged her with every luxury, and now he saw her for the first time, a beautiful, accomplished and attractive woman.

He had bowed to Mrs. Litchfield, but evidently could not trust himself to speak or even stand still. Back and forth he paced, puffing away vigorously

with his cigar, and glancing now and then at that slender, richly-dressed form upon the quarter-deck, that stood waving her handkerchief and throwing kisses at him.

“He is my papa; my own dear papa!” she exclaimed to Margaret by her side. “He is the best man in all the world! What makes him keep turning around and looking the other way? O, dear, I wish I could fly!”

And evidently to Cleora he wished he could too, and he was not quite successful in keeping his eyes their natural color, and he must have stopped to read the sign on that “go-down” a score of times.

The mother missionary could not help thinking of the separations which must come in her own home-circle, when especially her own darling would have to be sent to America for her education. And the other missionary reflected, that, if the bliss of motherhood was the sacrifice she had laid at the Master’s feet, she was to be saved such agony as the long good-by, the intrusting to others’ far-off hands, and the turfing of little graves.

At last the gang-plank was cast, and Cleora and Margaret were locked in each other’s arms.

“O, Margaret dear, I want to thank you with my very first words, for having led my father and mother from the darkness into the light. Such blessed letters they have been writing me the last two months! They have told me all about it, but I am anxious to hear it again directly from your lips.”

“You are mistaken, Cleora. I did not do anything.

It was only my privilege to witness the result of your many prayers and efforts."

"But they both say, that if you had not visited Boston they might never have become experimentally acquainted with Christ, and thoroughly enlisted in his great mission-work throughout the world."

"Well, we must not commence quarrelling about the counting of sheaves the first hour of our meeting upon the missionary field."

"No, indeed, Margaret; nor ever. But you can hardly believe how much of it there is among missionaries?"

"As among home ministers?"

"Almost as much. The fact is, we also are only weak, broken vessels for the Master's use. Our piety and consecration are fully equalled at home."

"Yes; but I have met some returned missionaries who seemed to feel that their coming to any community was the approach of the millennium."

Meanwhile, in Cleora's gharry, they had reached the American Mission Home, having driven through the Maidan and the Eden Garden, past the Viceroy's palace, and a little distance out the Chowringee Road. Turning to the left up Dhurruntollah street, Margaret found a greeting only second for cordiality to that which had already met her at the river bank.

In the able management of this mission, both the visitors were specially impressed with the use made of Eurasian assistants. Here were several intelligent, earnest, Christian women, toiling early and late every day among the surrounding zenanas, in many



respects preëminently qualified for their evangelizing work, with features quite like those of the American ladies, only a few shades darker, and including every thing supported at less than half the cost to the mission-treasury. So pleased were Cleora and Margaret with the admirable working of this feature, that they determined to introduce it as soon as practicable at Agra.

When they were alone in their room for the night, Cleora hastened to say :

“I know, Margaret, you must be very tired. But I am so anxious to hear you tell all about that blessed day, when my parents really became the children of our Heavenly Father. They write me that they both prayed with you. What did they say, and how did they act, and which room was it? And was it very plain that they finally came as little children to Jesus? Oh! tell me everything you can remember. I cannot sleep until you do.”

And she did. Cleora seemed as radiant as if she were really sitting in the Beautiful Gate of the Heavenly Temple. Through alternate smiles and tears she listened to the precious story.

“And you heard their first prayer for me as a missionary. Thank God! No more unreconciled and bitter feelings. No more angry wrestling with Providence. I am so glad you were there when the Voice spoke peace to their troubled hearts. It must have been a wonderful calm, for the billows had been so boisterous. Ah, me, of little faith, wherefore did I doubt?”

The next day they paid a visit to the Cathedral, partly to see the statue of Bishop Heber, and partly to be alone with each other, and without interruption talk over the way the Lord of infinite wisdom and goodness had led them thus far upon life's journey.

“Sometimes, when I think of it,” said Cleora, “I want to say nothing else than Wonderful! Wonderful! Wonderful!”

Sweetly in song, with only God and the angels in hearing, Margaret responded :

When all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

“If I had had my way, how different it would have been,” remarked Cleora. “I would doubtless have been a fashionable butterfly in the aristocratic society of Boston, and finally thrown myself away upon some man more anxious for my father's money than for me, and therefore quite certain to make my life wretched and useless to the end.”

“And I,” said Margaret, “would probably have gone upon the stage, or married an infidel politician. You know I wrote you about having these opportunities. But how good God has been to thwart such purposes, to keep me out of the sensual society of the theatrical profession, and the life-long companionship of an entirely irreligious, worldly man! Truly I am a brand plucked from the burning. A glorious salvation, indeed, it is to be saved from ourselves, from our own plans and purposes in life!”

“Yes,” continued Cleora; “and equally so after we have consecrated ourselves entirely to the Lord’s service. Many times I have been impatient for opportunities which have never come, rebellious against tasks which have been assigned me, and disappointed over the immediate results of most prayerful, painstaking and earnest efforts. But now the over-ruling hand of God appears, and I see that all things have been working together for my good.”

“Indeed,” responded Margaret, “I am very much ashamed now to think how rebellious I have been at times against Providence, especially since you left America. Hope deferred has again and again made me almost ill. I have prayed, and striven to remove obstacles to my coming here and working with you, but my faith has sometimes seemed to be tried to the very breaking point. Does God hear me? I would question; and is there any use of struggling longer? But now I would rather have my right arm cut off, than have had any other plan of my life marked out for me during the last two years, than this one which so evidently God’s finger has traced, his eyes have watched, his breath has hallowed.”

“Let us sing together,” said Cleora, “those words of the blind poetess, Fanny Crosby, which were among our favorites at school. They mean a great deal more to us now. O, so much more!

Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe from corroding care,  
Safe from the world’s temptations,  
Sin cannot harm me there.

Free from the blight of sorrow,  
 Free from my doubts and fears ;  
 Only a few more trials,  
 Only a few more tears.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe on his gentle breast,  
 There by his love o'er-shaded  
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.

“God grant,” added Margaret as they turned to leave the Cathedral, “that we may be ready to meet the coming trials of such professed faith in Jesus! We cannot be allowed to walk by sight as to-day very long; it would not be best.”

Cleora thought of her husband and of her child, and, reaching her hand into that of Margaret, responded —

Only thus with Jesus!

The following morning, the day before starting for Agra, the American Consul-General Whiting, a faithful Christian gentleman and warm friend of missions, took Mrs Litchfield and Miss Kilburne upon an excursion to Serampore. As they were his guests, he insisted upon a first-class railway carriage, the only time these missionaries ever used one in India.

A moment before the train started, a telegram was handed in through the window to the General by the messenger of the Consulate.

He read it, and immediately placed it in his pocket, remarking —

“The office is so full of business, that it is quite likely to follow me.”

They were soon fifteen miles up the river, at the well known place, where, protected from the East India Company by the Danish flag, Carey, Marshman and Ward toiled so gloriously at the foundations of mission-work in Asia, and where Henry Martyn kindled for a brief period the bright flame of his consecration.

After a brief visit to the College, the pagoda, and the car of Juggernaut, they drove to the cemetery, where rest those three wearied forms which long and successfully carried mountains of evangelizing responsibility, and proved to the Christian world how nearly men can follow in the footsteps of Him who came “not to be ministered unto but to minister.”

They lingered beside the grave of William Carey. The closing line of his epitaph held their attention :

On thy kind arms I fall.

“May those kind arms sustain you, Mrs. Litchfield,” said the General, “while I read to you the telegram I received as we were leaving Calcutta. It was better for you to enjoy this day at Serampore, before the breaking of sad news.”

“Quickly Margaret’s hand reached over across Carey’s grave and tightly clasped the hand of Cleora, while she added :

“Remember — ‘Only thus with Jesus!’”

“Is it my husband — my child?”

“No ; but your father has gone to heaven. Mr. Litchfield telegraphs that it had been cabled to him, and that he wanted me to inform you.”

There was a few moments' silence, and then Cleora looked upward through her tears again at the epitaph, and said :

“The arms of Redeeming Love do not let me fall. His hand leads safely on through clouds as well as sunshine.”

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### SELF-SUPPORT AND HINDU CASTE.

**I**N a few weeks, full explanations were forwarded to Agra by the executors of the Lyddell estate. It appeared, as is usually the case, that the amount of the property was largely overestimated. Mr. Lyddell was really a very rich man, but not a millionaire.

One hundred thousand dollars were to be equally divided between home and foreign missions, and the remainder, estimated at three hundred thousand dollars, was left half to the widowed mother and half to the missionary daughter.

There was a flaw, however, in the benevolent codicil to the will, which the executors informed Mrs. Litchfield invalidated that portion. In designating the societies to receive the bequests, sufficient care had not been taken to give their legal names. The one was called Mission Society, when it should have been Missionary Society; and the other was entitled Foreign instead of American Foreign.

But Cleora was prompt to comply with the suggestion of her mother, and sign a joint paper, directing that the executors carry out the evident purpose of the will. What to do, however, with her own for-

tune was a more difficult problem. Upon this subject Llewellyn was quite reticent, preferring that his wife should work out the solution by herself.

She did not think that it would be wise to furnish her house any better, or to build at their mission-station a more expensive dwelling, or to take a vacation in America sooner than allowed by their society. A few articles of dress were very much needed by herself and children, but then they could be provided out of the salary. She might erect and equip large school-buildings, but that would not be consistent with the plan upon which they had been endeavoring to found their educational work.

However, there was the education of her children, for which, at least, no generous provision was made by the mission-treasury. And then health was liable at any time to break, and after a year or two at home, if they could not return to their work, they would be expected to shift for themselves.

Thus Cleora thought, and she prayed that she might be enabled to act in the light of eternity. Finally she expressed her desires to her husband.

“I feel, Llewellyn, that the most important interest is our mission-work. It has been moving forward according to our best judgment, and we have believed that we were guided by a wisdom from above. We could now act quite independently of the executive authorities, but it would be neither right nor best. This station does not really belong to us, only as we are two of thousands of Christians in America. And it is necessary that its missionaries should continue



to live lives of great personal sacrifice. A year of pride, and luxury, and display would threaten the ruin of our work."

Llewellyn could not longer resist the impulse of his heart, but sprung to her side and folded her in his arms.

"Thank God for such a wife; for such a co-laborer on this mission-field! Glorious will be your crown of rejoicing in heaven!"

"Not for that, not for these heathen, not for you, but above all, for Jesus. What will please him? And I think he will be the best satisfied if I place my legacy as a trust-fund in the hands of our mission-society, the interest to be on call by ourselves and children if needed, all not drawn at the end of each year to revert to the general mission treasury."

A kiss upon her forehead, and Llewellyn knelt by her side in prayer.

It was a prayer of thanksgiving. Both were in blissful consciousness of the personal presence and approving smile of Emmanuel. Earth seemed very little; heaven very near.

"Ah, how sweet it will be!" exclaimed Cleora upon rising, "when all selfishness has been taken out of our hearts, and Christ only is there!"

And she added in song:

O Love of love, flow in!  
This hateful root of sin  
Pluck up, destroy within;  
O Love of love, flow in!

While great care was taken not to divert Margaret's

attention from the most rapid possible acquisition of the language, she could relieve the pressure so much in many little ways, that it was decided the time had come to adopt more thoroughly their plans of self-support in regard to their mission-school enterprises.

The theological students were employed three hours a day in the printing establishment, and several also of the other pupils. But for the increasing numbers of both the boys and girls' schools, another industrial department was required. Especially when the new building for the girls' boarding-school should be completed, there must be more opportunity for work.

After much inquiry and consideration it was decided, notwithstanding the protests and ridicule of several other missionaries, that it was practicable to establish, or rather to allow the establishment by native capitalists upon a leased corner of the mission grounds of an Indian shawl manufactory. Seetul Das, Moulvie and Company, the great shawl merchants of Delhi, offered to erect the building, to furnish it with overseers and instructors and material, and to give preference in all employment to the members of the mission-schools. The shrewd Hindu firm reckoned that there were more than enough offsets to the inexperience and broken time of their employes, in their greater intelligence, their higher ambition, their association with foreigners, and in the extensive advertising which this new feature to the business would bring.

There is no answer to all criticism like success. The majority of the girls learned very readily to work

each her own little piece, which eventually took its place in a completed Indian shawl. Others assorted, carded and spun the Cashmere wool, and still others dyed it in the various brilliant colors. The results were not the most expensive shawls, but such as the native aristocracy buy in large numbers for a hundred dollars each, or which retail at three times that price in Paris, London or New York.

Thus through the exercise of a great deal of business enterprise and tact in the establishment of the two industrial departments of the mission, all the schools were made entirely self-supporting. The parents and friends of a third of the day students and boarders met their expenses, but all the others were enabled to earn their own way. Not counting the salaries of the missionaries, all other cost of the schools was covered, and at the end of the fifth year of the mission Mr. Litchfield was enabled to notify the society that farther appropriations to the school department of the Agra mission were not required.

The same mail which took this welcome message, carried piteous appeals from one of the other missions for more funds to support its schools. The cause of the difference was that which makes the contrasts over the whole business-world between success and failure. The one party could; the other could not. The former had ability to have made a business success in New York City; the latter had not, or at least they thought they had not, which is practically the same.

All this was far from being a labor-saving arrange-

ment for the missionaries. They might have economized many anxious hours of thought and toil, by simply using all the appropriations they could secure from the home society for mission schools, and making their most polite bows to the commissioner in charge of the government "grants-in-aid."

But they were justified in more ways than by the immediate results. The native church soon caught the spirit of the school enterprise, and voluntarily assumed the entire support of its pastor. And at several of the out-stations, Secundra, Chitaura, Toondla, Sitálá, Dholepore, Govardhan, and Bateshwar, the native Christians and their associates began to contribute liberally toward the building of chapels and the maintenance of preaching services.

Better still, there was an evident improvement in the character of the converts. The people came to understand that this mission was not a benevolent institution for the distribution of charities. They saw that to become a Christian did not mean to accept alms or even wages of the missionaries. Those who could be actuated only by mercenary motives were more frequently kept away, and the examination of applicants for baptism became increasingly satisfactory. Then, too, as the months went by, the converts made perceptible growth. They left their childhood behind with its dependence and improvidence, and became men and women in Christ Jesus.

On a morning there were two little ones in the mission home. Twins; and they were named Judson and Margaret. Llewellyn insisted that he would not

inflict a Jr. on his son, but that with girls it was different, and so nothing could please him more than, as Cleora had had her namesake, Margaret should now have hers. Toward evening of that same day, the promised cabinet organ for the chapel arrived, a gift from a church in Vermont. It was brought from the railway-station to the dwelling.

“Now,” said the happy father, “we will have some music over the new arrivals. I will play and Miss Kilburne will sing.”

But after he had unscrewed the great box, he found the instrument all fallen apart wherever the pieces had been joined by glue, or otherwise than by screws and clamps. The donors had not been prudent enough to secure an organ adapted to ocean transportation, and to the moisture and heat of India.

The great difficulty with the mission-schools, as also with the church organizations, was that hydra-monster, which is at all points the chief hindrance to Christianity in India — caste. There is caste in other lands, but not such caste as rules in India. Everywhere in human society there are different ranks, yet it is generally felt that before the Deity and the grave, all men are equal, and Christianity teaches the universal brotherhood of man. But the popularized Brahmanism, called Hinduism, esteems this the height of absurdity. No idea could be more abhorrent.

Said the father of a boy who was anxious to join the mission-school :

“Would Litchfield Sahib place birds and fish together? No ; they are different in kind. And my

son is a Vaisya, not to be confounded with the Brahmans, or with any of the Sudra-castes.

“But do you believe that your caste sprung from the thigh of Brahma, the Brahmans from his mouth, the Kshatriyas from his arm and the Sudras from his feet?”

“No; though there must be some ground, some reality to this universal belief among us Hindus. I think I have come to believe in creation as you do, but I cannot give up our caste-feeling.”

“Which is the most important with you, caste or religious belief?”

“O, caste indeed. We do not care what people think and feel, if they will only observe the rules of society, and all remain in their own places through life.”

“Is not caste then really your religion, your god?”

“Yes. It would be right to say so. You are very clear-sighted. The natural distinctions among men and their preservation fill all our thoughts for this life and the beyond. You missionaries may have all our idols, if you will not interfere with our caste-system.”

But Llewellyn, Cleora and Margaret were firm in allowing no compromise in church or school. By this stand they lost much, but they gained more; and the progress they made was intelligent, intelligible and solid.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### MISS KILBURNE'S MISSION WORK.

**I**T was not to enter upon any new evangelistic enterprise that Margaret came to Agra. She had no idea that her grand mission was to show how limited the sphere of men's labors in heathen lands, and what useless impediments are the married women missionaries. While in America, of late years, she had had much to do with the home department of the great work, yet her constant aim and endeavor had been to preserve a true womanly attitude, to press forward in her own legitimate sphere, and thus in an auxiliary and supplementary way to accomplish the best results. So when Margaret entered upon her life in India, it was with no unseemly violence to the beautiful and inestimable instinct of womanhood; no disposition to undervalue the services of those whose hearts had become one in life's toil, and no intention to do otherwise than to help on and fill out the work of those who had gone before her.

"There, you see, Llewellyn, it is just as I told you," observed Cleora one evening after Miss Kilburne had retired to her room; "our Margaret is to be a help and no hindrance."

“It does seem so, Cleora. But I have been afraid all along that you over-estimated your friend’s good sense and womanly grace.”

“You thought she might be another Belle Harold of Delhi.”

“O, no; for I knew she had outgrown ‘sweet sixteen,’ and would not be likely to indulge in any smirking and whimpering around our station. I expected a mature woman, but dreaded lest she prove masculine and opinionative and headstrong, as Miss Griffis of Benares.”

“She is making wonderful progress in the language, and, though beginning to be able to communicate freely with the natives, preserves the same humble, deferential ambition to help us both right on in the work begun.”

“Surely it is very beautiful, Cleora. Coming under the auspices of another society, she has special temptation to ignore the various foundations we have been trying to lay, and to strike out very independently and pompously. In her reports home she cannot make it sound very grandly, that she is doing auxiliary and supplementary service in connection with our station. Yet this is evidently her purpose.”

“Beautiful, indeed; but have not we a duty to see that she does not carry this too far?”

“Yes, darling; as also to avoid the temptation of glorifying our work with her labors. I think we should arrange to transfer the girls’ school to her charge, so that Margaret’s supporters may feel that this at least belongs specially to them.”



And so it was arranged. With a pleasant little speech, Cleora before the assembled school resigned the superintendency to Margaret, promising to be a frequent visitor, and holding out the hope of now seeing the day students more often in their own homes.

When this transfer, so amicable, so pleasant, became known to the other two mission stations in Agra, a controversy immediately closed, which had been going on for more than a year, as to which society a certain prominent out-station belonged.

As most of the teaching in the girls' school continued to be done by the natives, it was thought wise for Margaret to relieve Cleora of the care of the Bible women's class. Already ten Christian women, unencumbered with domestic cares, had become qualified to go with Mrs. Litchfield or by themselves, two by two, among the native homes of Agra and vicinity, reading and explaining God's word. To superintend this little force with daily directions and counsel, and to follow up personally special cases as brought by them to her attention, seemed to Cleora all the responsibility in that department which she could continue safely to carry. So the other ten, who needed from six months to a year's farther preparation to become useful Bible women, were transferred to Margaret's instruction.

The need of a medical department and of a hospital had become more and more apparent, as the converts and adherents of the mission increased in numbers. Mr and Mrs. Litchfield had been compelled to

give much attention to the sick, and through such ministrations had reached many homes and hearts with the gospel message. But calls were becoming so numerous, and so scattered over inaccessible distances, and the facilities for caring for any upon the mission-premises were so poor, that it became very evident to the missionaries that their station should have a well furnished medical department.

But previous to Margaret's coming, and for more than a year after, the difficulties seemed insurmountable. Particularly Mr. Litchfield's Society, though supporting a few medical missionaries, was not yet hearty in establishing and sustaining dispensaries and hospitals. It unduly magnified their cost, and underestimated their value. They could not furnish statistics of evangelizing results so well in hand, as other departments of mission work.

On the contrary, the Society which supported Miss Kilburne was specially interested in medical missions. It was felt to be so Christ-like to heal bodies, in order to secure opportunities for the healing of souls. But the resources were not yet equal to more than providing her with a few hundred dollars outfit of medicines and surgical instruments, in addition to those which had been given her in Boston.

Although Cleora was able now from her own property to erect and equip a hospital, and even to engage the services of a male physician, she hesitated long, even in the presence of the rapidly increasing demand, to step forward in advance of the judgment of the Society's executive officers. With her husband and

Margaret she held frequent and anxious conferences upon the subject, and between the necessity daily before them and "the stupidity"—they could not help but call it sometimes—of the Rooms, Cleora was almost on the point of sacrificing a cherished principle, and of having her own way despite the executive officers, when the providence of God signally interposed to solve the difficulty of the situation.

Immediately adjoining the mission-compound was an estate belonging to the Maharajah of Vizianagram. There were five acres of land within the high stone wall enclosure, well covered with trees and choice garden foliage. In the centre was one of his score of palaces, a two-story building, seventy feet square, of brick and stone, and surrounded on all sides by a broad veranda. Along the rear of the grounds was a row of eight well constructed, ordinary native dwellings, for the use of the servants of his Highness, when he might visit Agra, as he did once or twice a year.

On this Maharajah's third visit after Margaret began her missionary life, she was surprised one morning to see him, accompanied by Mr. Litchfield, walking into her school-room. He had observed the enterprise of those "foreign religion people," had heard of the printing and shawl industries, and had met some of the intelligent students passing his grounds to and from the city, and so his curiosity had led him to saunter into the compound that morning all alone, and to ask the missionary to show him around.

Cleora did not see his Highness except through a crack in the door, and he did not care particularly to

meet Margaret, for she was only a woman. But he expressed a wish to see the latter's school, and there was no other way than for him to extend to her a little civility, which he did at first very awkwardly and reluctantly.

But for the cause it was probably the opportunity of a life time, and with a silent prayer in her heart for wisdom and tact, Margaret immediately put forth every effort to enlist the Maharajah's interest in her work.

The history of his family had been gone over in connection with his visit to Agra, and it delighted him to hear the class examined on that subject.

Several of the more popular native tunes, to which Cleora had adapted Christian hymns, were sung, and the weird, plaintive melodies charmed him as no foreign music could have done.

He was asked himself to examine them in geography and arithmetic, and all his questions were correctly and promptly answered, and by *girls*.

"This is really wonderful!" — exclaimed the Maharajah. "We would think more of our women if their heads were not so empty. But you seem to be able to fill them. I feel very grateful for such service. May I have the pleasure of meeting all you missionaries at my table this evening?"

The invitation was of course equal to a command, and at a feast prepared in the best French style, with all the accessories the Agra English hotel could furnish, the three were seated with their princely host.

It required all the tact possible on the part of the

missionaries to keep the conversation going outside of religious and other prohibited subjects.

Toward the close of the evening, with a boldness that almost made Margaret faint, as in an instant she realized what she was saying, she remarked :

“O, your Highness, I wish I was rich enough to buy from you this building and its grounds for hospital and school purposes !”

“It is not necessary for you to have money,” he replied instantly, “I give them to you.”

And as the three missionaries sat there for a moment in speechless astonishment, the Maharajah continued with a hearty laugh —

“O, yes ; I mean it. I will have my treasurer make out the papers for you to-morrow. I am not a Christian. But you are doing much good, and I am glad to help you.”

In a few days Margaret was in possession, with the property deeded to her Society, in trust for hospital and school purposes, with several sick people on her hands, her class of Bible women meeting her two hours every morning in that same dining-room, and the rear dwellings filling up with native Christian families which she encouraged to come from the wretched out-lying villages for terms of from one to three months, that she might give them lessons in domestic life, teaching them how to be more cleanly in their habits and to secure with their meagre resources far more comfort and pleasure.

While Miss Kilburne and Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield, who frequently assisted her, soon realized that the

medical department had outgrown them, and urged the appointment of a thoroughly educated male physician, they kept on doing as well as they could, occasionally calling in an army surgeon, but being compelled at times to decide themselves in very critical cases, and even to use the knife in amputations and other surgical operations.

For the girls' school Margaret found a second Eurasian assistant, and under circumstances, though very distressing, by no means uncommon among this large and rapidly increasing class of India's population. Her mother had been a nautch-girl, and her father a captain in the British army. Abandoned by him, mother and daughter struggled on, the former to save her child from a life of shame, and the latter to cultivate her gifts, which were more than Indian and less than English. As the young Eurasian grew up to womanhood, she felt herself above native society and was repelled from all familiar intercourse with the foreign community. To live and work with the Hindus was utterly distasteful to her, and every social door was shut against her wherever she sought honorable treatment at the hands of those whose complexion was only a little lighter than her own.

As early one evening Margaret and her first assistant teacher were strolling along the bank of the Jumna a little above the Taj, an empty boat came floating past them, and grounded a few feet below. At the same moment, a few rods up the river and nearly in the centre, they saw a woman struggling in the water. Neither Margaret nor her companion,

Almorah, were strangers to the oar, and in a few moments they reached with the boat the drowning one, or rather where but a moment before she had disappeared.

Again, however, not far off, the body rose to the surface, and with great difficulty and danger they drew the unconscious form into the boat, and hastened to the shore, if possible to revive her.

Margaret knew exactly what to do in the emergency, and had soon the gratification of seeing this young Eurasian woman gasp for breath, and presently open her eyes and move her lips.

“O, why did you save me !” she exclaimed.

“Did you want to die ?” replied Margaret.

“Yes. But the sand-bag slipped from my neck. I will tie it tighter the next time.”

“Dear friend, we will take you with us, and try and make life sweeter to you.”

“Impossible. I know it. There is no place for me in this world among the pure and good.”

But Margaret and Almorah did find a place for poor, discouraged Goolab, or Miriam, as she asked afterwards to be called. And her services as second assistant in the girls' school, not only relieved her of all suicidal intent, but also saved the missionary ladies much time and effort, which elsewhere could be used to greater advantage.

Among the many homes which Margaret's hospital work opened to her Christian influence, was that of Baboo Khyali. His wife was lying very low, and he came himself for the “lady-doctor.”

Margaret returned with him, taking along a Bible-woman as escort. She found the sufferer within her power to help, but it was necessary to remain all night.

"I will make everything comfortable for you," said the anxious husband. And an hour later Margaret found he had provided in the adjoining room all that he thought was necessary for the happiness of a foreigner.

There were several kinds of the choicest wines, a bottle of brandy, and meat and milk which he would no more have tasted than poison. All had been ordered from the hotel to feast the "foreign devil" whose famous "witchcraft" was to save the life of his wife.

Her declining to taste even any of his intoxicating drink was the first of a long series of surprises in the missionary's intercourse with that family, which continued very intimate for several weeks.

One afternoon, Margaret found her fully recovered patient in a state of great excitement.

"O, mem-sahib!" she exclaimed, "what shall I do to-day? It is the great festival day of all the year to Vishnu, when every Hindu must make offerings. But I believe as you do. It is all wrong. Yet my husband will compel me, or divorce me if I refuse."

The Baboo was at that moment passing through the court, and it flashed through Margaret's mind to ask him, after all she had done for his wife, to allow her to neglect that day the heathen rites.



“Certainly,” said he, “and I am glad she is so sensible. I am not going to observe the day myself, but I was afraid to tell her so lest she should make a great deal of trouble about it.”

“Perhaps,” added Margaret, “there is more you should tell each other.”

“Well; I would like to know if my wife is going to be a Christian.”

There was a moment's silence, while Margaret prayed to Him who alone could hear, that strength be given to the new convert.

“Yes, Baboo Khiyali; yes, though you kill me!”

“Kill you? I was afraid you would poison me, or I would have told you weeks ago that I no longer worship idols, but only the Christian's God. I have been reading the Christian Bible, and it is true.”

The women could only answer him for some moments with tears of joy, while he, nervously pacing the room, added:

“It will go hard with us, Amroha. But we must be brave. The Christian's God says he will be with us to the end.”

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### NATIVE PREACHERS AND ERRATIC MISSIONARIES.

**P**RACTICE for those in study, and study for those in practice, was Mr. Litchfield's motto for all his native preachers. Those in his theological school, who had been under instruction for at least six months, were sent out every Saturday evening or Sunday morning to the village-stations, and expected at the latest by Monday afternoon, to report upon the various religious services they had held. It was always an exceedingly profitable occasion, when, assembled with the missionary, they each related for his approbation or kindly criticism what they had said and done, and explained for his counsel the difficulties and perplexities that had arisen.

Then, when pastors were settled over the native churches, Mr. Litchfield adopted the plan of having them all spend two weeks at the close of each quarter of the year at the central station, analyzing those portions of Scripture that had been assigned for their three months' study, reporting and receiving advice as to difficult questions that had arisen in their different fields of labor, and listening to introductory addresses and commentary upon such parts of the

Bible as should be their special study for the ensuing quarter.

For several years, however, the latter part of this delightful plan would not probably have been enjoyed, but for the fortunate visit of the senior secretary for a week on his tour around the world of Christian missions. Doctor Hartwell was pleased with Mr. Litchfield's caution and conservatism, but felt that he was unduly withholding pastoral responsibility from his more advanced native preachers. Under this opportune counsel the missionary acted, without ever having any occasion for regret. God honored the added trust in his ability to use the imperfect instrumentalities he had chosen.

At one time Mr. Litchfield was tempted to travel outside the legitimate sphere of his instruction in training native preachers. Two of his theological class had visited a government-college, and they were restless for less of the Bible and more of science. The missionary was anxious not to lose them, and he gave several months' instruction in algebra and geometry, chemistry and mechanics, history and English.

On examination-day, several of the British army-officers came over from the fort at the missionary's request, as he was quite confident that he could make as fine a display of scientific attainments with his class as they had witnessed in any other school in India.

But when Colonel Cunningham in a few enthusiastic words announced at the close that he would give a commission to every one of these scholars if they would

join the army, Mr. Litchfield saw his mistake, and returned to a course of almost exclusive Bible-instruction for his theological class. The demand for native preachers of very moderate attainments outside of thorough Sunday-school training, as it might be described, was so great, the missionary came to realize that he must resist the temptation of the secular sciences, as also avoid the risk of losing his pupils among the ranks of the army and civil service.

He had but little difficulty with the salaries of his natives preachers, at least in fixing their amounts, until, upon the occasion of the conversion of a very prominent and learned Brahman, the committee at home learning that he desired to be a preacher, voted him the same salary as the missionary. The native was wise enough to see that he should not receive all of it, but even what he was willing to take embarrassed Mr. Litchfield's arrangements with several of the other preachers. It was very plainly a mistake not to leave this to the missionary.

"I am glad he has gone at last!" exclaimed Llewellyn, as he returned one evening from seeing Rev. Mr. Bond and wife off at the railway-station for Bareilly.

"I only wish their work henceforth was to be as far off from ours as Peshawur or Cape Comorin," replied Cleora.

"If it could be right," added Margaret, who had lingered since the parting with the missionaries, "I would have Mrs. Bond left here to join me in my work, for she is a most amiable and capable woman, and him recalled to America."

These whose assignment to the new station to the North, with sub-station at Nainee Tal, had finally been arranged after a year's correspondence with the Rooms, had been sent to India on account of the earnest solicitations of the junior secretary, who was a personal friend, and prejudiced in favor of Mr. Bond. The executive committee had not taken sufficient pains to examine his antecedents. He had been a pastor of several churches in Kansas, skipping from one to another with remarkable celerity, and evidencing an unusual deficiency in good judgment, tact and amiability.

It is one of the mysteries of Providence that such a crooked stick, "too crooked to lie still," should ever be permitted to locate in the foreign field. It was very ludicrous to hear him finding so much fault with the language, scolding his teacher, denying the accuracy of his dictionary, and insisting upon the idiocy of the grammar. He did not treat the natives with any suavity, or even with ordinary politeness, and the missionaries he had been sent to help he was constantly hindering with his obtuseness and obstinacy.

But now he was gone. O, how glad they were; for though they were overwhelmed with work, and painfully anxious for assistance, they could do far better without that kind. And when a few weeks after the native preacher, who accompanied the burdensome reinforcement to his new station to Agra discouraged and thoroughly out of patience, they were not surprised.

Help must be had, however, at Agra, and a Rev. Mr. Fowler and wife, accompanied by a Miss Tulip, were sent on from Boston. But in six months the latter was married to an English merchant of Allahabad. Both the others seemed perfectly mated in indolence, sensitiveness, extravagance, and in disposition to do anything else than their own legitimate work.

Mr. Fowler made very slow progress in learning Hindi, partly from having unfortunately adopted the theory that the language would come to him in due time from intercourse with the natives, and partly from spending half his working-time in writing letters to very much too large a list of home correspondents. Two or three of his first contributions to the Society's magazine were cut down, and one was rejected, and a number of his immature plans for "bringing up the Agra mission into real efficiency" failed of approval, and therefore he seemed to feel it necessary to keep parading his grievances before the scores of prominent ministers and laymen at home.

At about this time an agent of one of the Bible societies located in Agra, and began indiscriminately giving to the natives cheap copies of various portions of Scripture. In vain the other missionaries urged discrimination and the need of accompanying God's word with the living voice. In vain they promised to arrange the work for their native preachers so that the utmost possible of wise, evangelistic colportage might be done under his supervision in Agra, and in many scores of the surrounding villages.

“There, Cleora, I have made my first purchase of tobacco to-day in the bazaar,” announced Llewellyn, as returning from a street-preaching service one afternoon he laid a little bundle upon the centre table.

“What, you going to learn to smoke !”

“No, indeed ; but see what is wrapped around that cheroot, and what is the outside of those cigarettts.”

“Why ! They are leaves from the Bible. What a shame !”

“Yes ; and it comes from Mr. Harvey’s indiscriminate Bible-work. He gives to anybody who will take, no matter for what purpose. I do not believe his Society would justify him in such recklessness. He has probably had some special donation, which he is throwing heedlessly and worse than uselessly away. I am going to take my purchase to him this evening, for perhaps this is an argument he will consider.”

On a summer evening of 1873, an hour after the three children had retired, Cleora and Margaret were interrupted in their preparation of the next month’s Sunday-school paper by a call. An English lady, a total stranger, had driven directly from the station to the mission home, and meeting Mr. Litchfield upon the veranda, requested the opportunity of immediately seeing his wife.

“My name is Mrs. Sampson, of Bristol, England,” the new-comer announced to the surprised ladies, and to Mr. Litchfield, who half suspected that they were greeting an escaped lunatic.

“I have come here to work with you as a mission-

ary," she continued. "I have property and will pay more than my own expenses. I am sure that God has sent me here, and that he will bless my stay in Agra."

"Have you any credentials?" asked Mr. Litchfield.

"None whatever. I do not wish any. I simply have faith in God. He prepares the way before me, and I stay or go. It is all the same. O, friends, I hope you may know what is this perfect rest of faith!"

"We know that it is not such a stupid lullaby at least," thought Llewellyn to himself; and he added aloud:

"I would not unnecessarily hurt the feelings of this stranger lady. But we have important interests here to guard, interests which rise above all personal considerations; and I cannot advise coöperating with any missionary who comes without a certificate of church membership and without a commission from some recognized evangelical society."

But his wife and Margaret were otherwise inclined. Though they acknowledged him right upon general principles, they felt that this was an exceptional case. The necessity could hardly be greater for the help of some woman-missionary, and of one who would not probably marry off upon the first call of any lonely gentleman. Then here was a lady who asked for nothing but opportunity to work; no salary, and even pay her own board. She was also ready to hand them fifty pounds sterling, earnest money in advance. Then, notwithstanding the informality of the intro-



duction, Mrs. Sampson had such a sweet face, and was so fluent in pious words, and could quote Scripture so readily, Mr Litchfield's advice was unheeded, and Margaret invited the new-comer to a room in the hospital.

But it proved a calamity. The missionary weekly prayer meeting was spoiled by Mrs. Sampson's perfectionist egotism. As the Eurasian converts could speak English, she first poisoned their minds with doubt as to the true piety of the other missionaries' lives. Then, as she began to communicate in Hindi, she was free to declare that all the converts were little better than heathen, and that Christ was not being taught in all his fulness and power.

When at last Margaret and Cleora were undeceived, and kindly but decidedly told Mrs. Sampson that she must go, she did not go alone. With ready funds, she hired a bungalow across the road, and drew after her the principal of the girls' school, several of the convalescents of the hospital, six families of the church, and even two of Mr. Litchfield's theological class.

Her farewell assurance to the missionaries was — "I know the blessed Lord has enabled me to do more good in Agra than you all. I feel it; and there can be no question about it."

Thrown out among the heathen, and almost excluded henceforth from power of mischief-making among the adherents of all the Agra mission-stations, the new "faith-mission" dwindled into almost nothing in the course of a year, when suddenly Mrs. Sampson

“felt” called to assist the missionaries in the old city of Pegu, Burmah; and she went. No question again of her duty.

Not long after this came another pestilence to the mission work in Agra, though fortunately it spent itself chiefly among the adherents of one of the other stations. The wife of the missionary in charge went crazy over the second coming of Christ. She had figured it up carefully, and was sure that the advent was to be at a certain midnight. “Figures will not lie.”

Over twenty converts, mostly women, three of them from Mr. Litchfield’s flock, were thoroughly carried away with the delusion. They dropped all practical religious duties, neglected their families, became angry with every one who did not fall in with their monomania, and spent their time practising songs they were soon to use among the angels, and preparing their white robes in which they were to be caught up into the air to meet their Lord.

It was one of the strangest sights that had ever been witnessed in Agra—at that midnight hour. All the missionaries were at their homes save the deluded leader, glad that the crisis of the imposition had come, yet sorrowful over so much diversion of attention and so much inevitable disrepute brought upon the Christian religion.

Solemnly the white-robed procession, with palms in their hands, surrounded by thousands of amused and hooting natives, marched along the streets in the direction of the Taj. On reaching the marble terrace

of the vast mausoleum, the expectant company separated into four sections, one for each of the lofty corner minarets. There, many feet above the laughing crowd, which was being assured by scores of accompanying Brahmans that this was Christianity, the waiting spectres stood silently gazing up into the sky. But twelve o'clock came and passed. The whistle of the one o'clock train from Delhi, to which hundreds below called their attention, discouraged even the missionary leader, and she gave the signal for retreat.

Her explanation was, that she had been permitted by the Lord to make a mistake of one year, because she had not anticipated the high honor in store for her as the bride of Emmanuel, and consequently had not prepared herself by separation from her earthly husband. At once she left him, and was found a few days after a raving maniac, nearly starved to death, in a neighboring jungle.

Little had Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield and Miss Kilburne anticipated that as their station became more prosperous and conspicuous, so many erratic missionaries would afflict them. But still they came. The next was a merely passing meteor, who could stop only a few days to let the Christians in Agra know how to convert the world in ten years. Then followed two young men from England, extreme ritualists, who fitted up a small chapel and sought to dispel the vast heathen darkness of India by burning daily several pounds of candles.

Afterward came a good brother and sister, who were sure that the heathen millions could be much

more quickly evangelized if only the missionaries would dress and live as the natives. So they wrapped scanty bits of cloth around their hips and shoulders, ate with their fingers, dwelt in huts besmeared within and without with cow-dung, and prayed for the millennium.

One cadaverous bachelor-missionary rode around in Agra a few months the hobby of no betelnut-chewing or tobacco-smoking for Christians. His principle was right, yet urged so imprudently and blindly and to such extremity as to be wrong and harmful.

Then there was a missionary from Scotland who nearly starved his family upon the theory that it is wrong to accept any support except what God furnishes on the field. And a London lay-brother tried to carry his light among the natives by working with them at their wages in the fields, but he had soon to be taken to the hospital.

Sometimes under these added embarrassments, Llewellyn, Cleora and Margaret suffered almost a paralysis of faith.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### IN CONFLICT WITH "THE ROOMS."

**E**VEN among the best of people, controlled by the best intentions, difficulties will sometimes arise. The points of view are different, and in this world the clearest vision is liable to a great variety of disturbing influences. Missionaries and the executive officers of mission-societies are no exception. Indeed, separated by thousands of miles of sea and land, amid the greatest contrasts of society and climate, it would be expected that their clashings of judgment will be the more frequent. At least it is very absurdly unreasonable for any to withhold sympathy and coöperation from the cause of missions because of information that some executive officer or missionary has made a mistake or even committed a grievous wrong.

During the larger part of 1874, the senior secretary of Mr. Litchfield's society was absent upon a prospecting tour in Africa. On the junior secretary, therefore, devolved, in this interval, the entire responsibility of foreign correspondence. Already burdened, he was unable to fully discharge the added duties. Many of the more lengthy letters from the missionaries could

receive only a hasty glance, and often his replies had to be very brief, even to the appearance of harshness and want of sympathy. The usual tact in the management of this department was not shown, and serious embarrassments multiplied in every direction.

Upon the other hand, in India, the seasons were unusually trying. Particularly in the vicinity of Agra there had been a great lack of rain, and an excess of heat, and dust, and malaria. The cares of the missionaries continued to multiply. Mrs. Litchfield's children were requiring more of the mother's time. The eldest was very frail, and the fond parents felt that she was not to be long with them. The help they had received in the new missionary family had not been helpful. And there had lately been an unusual number from among the converts who had fallen back either into their old heathen practices or into comparative indifference.

Thus both the situations, in Boston and in Agra, furnished favorable conditions for clashings of judgment and unpleasant feelings. As between Margaret and her Society, though in part for other reasons, the relations were equally strained.

Mr. Litchfield finally took the ground that Mr. Fowler must go. He could not longer endure coöperation with one who gave so little of his time to his legitimate work, and by his excessive and desultory correspondence created so much trouble at home. Secretary King simply replied that it was not considered wise at the Rooms to make the change requested. The point-blank refusal, without a word

of explanation, was very exasperating, or at least was allowed to be; and it actually required all Mrs. Litchfield's soothing and persuasive powers to keep her husband from forwarding his resignation.

For nearly two years now Mr. Litchfield had had every Sunday an extra preaching-service in Hindustani. The number of Moslems in regular attendance had increased from five to over fifty. Ten had given evidence of conversion, and two were receiving private instruction with view to the Gospel ministry. Surely, he thought, the time had come for his Society to enter vigorously upon the prosecution of evangelization among the fifty millions of Mahometans in India. And he urged the Rooms to send at once a missionary to commence the study of Hindustani. But there was no answer at all to his application, and finally he threatened to communicate with another Society upon the subject. The threat also failed to receive any notice.

Cleora wrote at length upon the situation, hoping, with the special influence she commanded with the executive officers as the trustees of her property, to secure favorable consideration for her husband's proposals. Months passed without any reply, and then she was surprised to receive a letter from one of the members of the committee, a personal friend, chiding her a little for having suspended correspondence so long.

"It is an outrage for the secretary to suppress my letters! Probably he has served yours the same way, Llewellyn!"

"I presume he is all engrossed with wire-pulling for his reëlection at the next anniversary," was her husband's hasty and uncharitable reply.

"Yes," was Cleora's equally peevish rejoinder; "he knows that as a matter of principle, we are not stirring up any trouble among the ministry and churches against him, so he thinks he need not give himself any worry in our direction."

In November a young lady missionary from their Society called at Agra on her way to Bareilly, to which station she was appointed. All were very favorably impressed with her intelligence, piety, amiability, and general capacity for effective work, and wanted her to remain with them.

"Unquestionably her duty is here," wrote Cleora to the Rooms. "We must take the responsibility of detaining her from a place where her services are not one quarter as necessary, and where appeals for help, judged upon their own merits, cannot possibly have been as deserving as ours."

"That is very sharp, wife," observed Llewellyn upon the letter. "But you are right: applications are not always judged upon their merits, but to please some prominent minister or church, or to feather the nest of some high-salaried official. Fowler, with his blunderbus of hateful correspondence, can bag a great deal more game than you or I in the tangled jungles of secretaryship favor."

"What insolence!" observed the secretary to his clerk, as he filed this letter among a hundred others received that day, and simply dictated a note to Miss



Rivington, reminding her that her salary did not begin until she had reached her own appointed field of labor in Bareilly.

The following Monday morning there was no quorum of the executive committee until fifteen minutes before the usual time for adjournment. The secretary had more than a score of important matters to present, but there was no time, not even to correct any hasty judgments and plans he may have formed amid his pressing and bewildering details of business.

"Brethren, cannot you give me an hour, or even half an hour extra to-day? I do need your advice as to matters in India, and in France, and in South America."

"Sorry; but I have to attend a wedding this hour," replied a reverend doctor as he reached for his silk hat and began to brush it for departure.

"Very unfortunate, but my wife has invited some friends to dine with us this noon," observed another as he glided out the door.

"It seems to me hardly necessary," added another guardian of a great denomination's world-wide mission interests. "Our secretary understands the situation at every station much better than we can, and we have every confidence in him."

"I fully endorse the last remark," joined in a prominent layman, "and it is quite time that we arrange the nominating committee for the next anniversary."

No more left the committee-room, and the moments slipped rapidly away until the clock struck one.

But it was all arranged who should write to whom, that everything should be understood, and especially that no such calamity might befall the cause as the failure of the junior secretary to secure a reëlection.

It is surely to be hoped that such trifling on the part of the executive officers of mission societies, with their vast responsibilities before God, is exceptional. Certain it is that upon inquiry the following day, the secretary of the American Foreign Mission Society learned that the committee meetings of that week for the other two great Societies, whose headquarters are in Boston, had been fully, promptly and faithfully attended. All the members of the Prudential Committee of the American Board, and of the Executive Committee of the Missionary Union, were in their places, profoundly conscious of their obligations, and determined that nothing should interfere with all necessary deliberations.

Margaret's conflict with her Society's Rooms in New York was as to the salaries to be paid her assistant Eurasian teachers and Bible-women, and as to whether she should credit the home treasury with the fees she received from time to time for doctoring wealthy natives. The women's Board felt that if the Eurasians did the same work as a missionary, they should receive the same pay, while Margaret contended that this was unnecessary and unwise generosity with mission-money, and that the salaries should be nearer what the same persons could earn in any other honest employment in India. And as to the incidental earnings of her own medical practice, which was

always subservient to the interests of the mission, she claimed she should no more be asked to render account than the gentlemen-secretaries for the moneys they received from time to time for supplying churches.

The unhappy year had closed. The Agra New Year's greetings had been more of a mere formality than real sunshine. The conflict with the Rooms had seemed to cast a shadow over everything. The children noticed that their parents were different, and they played more by themselves. The native converts felt that they were not quite so free of access to the missionaries. There was a perceptible falling-off in the attendance at the chapel. At the schools the numbers did not increase. Never before had Mr. Litchfield appeared so haggard, nor Cleora so discouraged; and Margaret seemed to have grown five years older in this one year of discord and estrangement.

But one afternoon in February, the following letter arrived from the senior secretary, Doctor Hartwell:

MY VERY DEAR MR. AND MRS. LITCHFIELD:—

On return a few days ago from my long absence in Africa, I learned of some misunderstanding between you and the Rooms. With earnest prayer for wisdom to help solve all difficulty, for the sake of all the precious interests concerned, I have read carefully all your letters, and reread them at a special meeting of the Committee. I assure you the spirit of the brethren is all that you could desire, and while there remains difference of opinion, there is readiness, yes, anxiety to join you in finding the golden mean of Christ-like compromise. If we assign a missionary to your Moslem work, can you not drop some of your critical feelings toward Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, and, entering into more cordial

relations, make them of service to the mission? As it is not well to establish the precedent of one station stopping a missionary assigned to another, you had better allow Miss Rivington to go on to Bareilly, and if she requests in a few months to return to Agra, we will promise her permission. And though Miss Kilburne is not directly under our supervision, yet I beg through you to suggest that, in the same spirit of compromise, she consent to report her receipts to the treasury, with the understanding that she be allowed to arrange the scale of wages for all her assistants.

Never was compliance with suggestions made more readily. This letter was the sunshine that pierced the clouds and drove them away. In the presence of a spirit, so evidently the Divine Master's own spirit, they felt it a blessed privilege to submit the measure of their own will requested.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### VACATION IN BURMAH AND SOUTHERN INDIA.

AS the cooler season advanced toward the close of 1875, and the best working part of the year was at hand, it was with very great reluctance that Mr. Litchfield came to acknowledge the feeble state of his health. He bravely tried to persuade himself that his weakness and paleness and loss of appetite were only the temporary result of the exceptionally hot weather lately experienced, and with still greater heroism his wife endeavored in every way to lessen his loads and to look hopefully to the reviving effect of the coming months.

But the need of a few weeks' vacation before further work was inevitable, and upon only three days' notice, Mr. Litchfield was off for a voyage across the Bay of Bengal to Burmah, and thence to Southern India.

He was much more contented to leave his varied and great responsibilities temporarily than he could have been the previous year, for the new attitude of cordiality and confidence, and the generous division of labor had seemed to make a new man of Mr. Fowler. The former indolence had given place

to intense activity. Nearly all the unnecessary and imprudent correspondence was dropped in the enthusiasm of the new consecration and interest. And there proved to be a great deal of latent tact and effectiveness where it had been taken for granted there were only stupidity and inefficiency. And besides, a young brother Arlington and his wife had joined the station, and already made sufficient progress in Hindustani to assume the entire responsibility of the work among the Mahometans.

The three days at sea put so much new life into the almost worn-out missionary, that when he landed at Rangoon, he felt quite like himself again.

“I believe,” he wrote immediately to his wife, “there is a great deal more of refreshment and life-lengthening power in this Bay of Bengal for all the missionaries in Southern Asia, than many of them dream.”

He was surprised to see Rangoon so much more beautifully situated than Calcutta, reminding him at once of New York harbor. Although as yet but a sixth the size of the “City of Palaces,” the metropolis of Burmah seemed certain to prove at no distant day a formidable commercial rival to the Indian capital. When the railway already completed to Prome, shall have been extended to Bhamo, and thence the vast resources of Southwestern China shall be drawn, he could see that the pride of the Irrawaddy would ere long challenge comparison with either Calcutta, Bombay, or Madras.

It was a privilege to meet the missionaries who

were following in the footsteps of the immortal Judsons ; to see how bravely those who were laboring among the Burmese were contending against greater obstacles than those with which he had become familiar, at least among the Hindus ; and to study those peculiarly interesting Karen tribes, among which the Gospel had received so cordial a greeting.

While Mr. Litchfield lingered but a few moments at the great Shway-Dagon pagoda, admiring its magnificent proportions and watching the Buddhist phoungees making their idolatrous offerings, he spent several hours at the Karen Theological Seminary, delighted at the consecration there being made of Christian learning and industry.

Upon the general subject of higher education under mission supervision, it was not encouraging to meet so great variety of opinion, and so much disinclination to hearty, effective coöperation. He had been accustomed to think of the mission work in Burmah as one, or at the least divided by only a little more than the race distinctions, the Burmese, Karen, and Shan departments. But every location seemed to be quite independently set up by itself. When Mr. Litchfield remembered his own experience as between his and the Bareilly stations, and the alienation which had existed up to only a few months before between Mr. Fowler and himself, he was restrained from feeling very censorious toward the missionaries in Burmah, yet he could not help wishing that the senior secretary of his own society could do a little correspond-

ing among them. The melting into more practically fraternal relations, which he and his associates in Northern India had experienced, was what he came to pray for most earnestly in behalf of his new acquaintances, before he re-crossed the Bay of Bengal.

Nowhere had he been more strongly impressed than at Bassein, that differences in mission results are quite as likely to be accounted for by differences in the missionaries themselves, as the variations in home pastorates by the variations in the native talent and capacity of their ministry. Here he met a first-class man turning out first-class work. His wife also had marked engineering ability, and things moved. Every department of their station showed enterprise. While many others were thinking and writing about the special hardships of their fields, and praying above all for patience to wait upon God's favor, here were two throwing themselves with tremendous energy and singleness of aim into the work committed to their hands. Their zeal and success were not because God was more inclined to favor them than others, or because their field was less difficult; but the reason was the same that would have brought them to the front at home; it was in them.

At Maulmain Mr. Litchfield had a delightful social time among the missionaries. He could not help it; eleven women, and only three men to divert their sisterly attentions. He was perfectly satisfied as far as his own enjoyment was concerned, but for the sake of the cause, he could not help wishing that three, at least, of these sisters were brothers, and



then that half of all of them were in Upper Burmah. Undoubtedly the hands of all were full of work ; but there are other questions involved in the highest wisdom of mission enterprise.

Everywhere he felt prompted to speak upon the subject of industrial departments in mission schools ; but nearly at every place, with the exception of Bassein, he failed to awaken any special enthusiasm. The missionaries to the Burmese were quite certain that they could not successfully inaugurate anything like his printing and shawl-making enterprises.

“ Well, start a laundry, then, in connection with your school.”

“ Our girls would consider it beneath them.”

“ Yet they accept much of their food and clothing from you.”

“ Should we insist on self-support, many would be driven away to the government schools.”

“ Perhaps that would be best for them and for you. A small school, on correct principles, is to be preferred to a large one fostering idleness, and pride, and a spirit of dependence upon others.”

Mr. Litchfield spoke plainly, for he did feel that there was room in Burmah for some healthful retrenchment, without lessening the number of missionaries or their salaries. He had seen in the reports that one of the largest American denominations was spending one hundred and seventeen thousand dollars annually, nearly half of all it raised for foreign missions upon this one Burmah field, and was feeling unable to join in the general

advance into Central Africa, or to have anything to do with evangelization among the great Moslem populations of Asia; and he felt as if he would like to take many of his new acquaintances back with him to Agra, to show them by accomplished facts, how much more practicable than they dreamed was the theory of self-support in all native schools.

As Mr. Litchfield sailed for Madras, it was with grateful feelings that his lot was cast among Hindus instead of Buddhists. Evidently the worship of Vishnu and Siva had not so stupefied the spiritual sensibilities of the populations of India as had the hypocrisy of Siddhārtha the swarming millions of Southeastern Asia. He had felt that there could be nothing more repelling than the obscenity of a Hindu temple, but he had learned his mistake in the presence of the Buddhistic masquerade of the virtues. The heathenism of the valley of the Ganges knows nothing of such extreme selfishness as flourishes along the banks of the Irrawaddy, the Menam, and the Yang-tse-kiang.

It was not that the missionary was unable to appreciate the magnificent remains of Dravidian architecture; not that he was unaware that he was now within easy reaching-distance of many wonderful Jaina temples; not that he had never heard of Tanjore and Seringham, and Chillambaram and Ramisseram, and Mádura and Tarpustry, that now the few remaining days of vacation were spent almost entirely among the missionaries and their work; but that he saw vastly more beauty and glory in the spiritual temples

that were being reared among the Telugus and Tamils and Malayalams and Canarese.

Time permitted Mr. Litchfield only a single drive along two or three of the principal streets of Madras, to glance at Fort St. George whose guns range over the heads of a half-million of people, and to note the Herculean efforts that are being made to construct a harbor far out on this most unpromising Coromandel coast. One railway excursion took him to Calicut upon the Malabar coast, and another to Bellary near the Toombudra River.

He was convinced that the missionaries in Southern India labor in a much more depressing climate than that to which he was accustomed in Agra, but that on the other hand their populations are the more accessible to evangelization. He thought this was in large measure probably because they were more remote from those overpowering Moslem influences which had spread throughout the North, and whose present effect is to strengthen the hostility of all against Christianity.

The serious discount to be made, according to Mr. Litchfield's judgment, in the great amount of educational mission-work centring in Madras, is the large expense which the prevailing plans throw upon the home Christians in Scotland and England. The mistake of Burmah seemed greatly emphasized here, but he did not say much about it. He had found of late that no people are more sensitive to criticism than missionaries, probably because nearly all of their life and labor is unquestionably better than

that around them, and they are brought so little into rubbing-contact with their equals. When the best and wisest of people do not get a chance more than once in many months or years to be told that they are mistaken, they are apt to take criticism in very high dudgeon.

On return to Calcutta, by a steamer direct from Liverpool, which touched at Madras, Mr. Litchfield was deeply moved by a passenger's singing of the new lines, so full of the humility and candor that should adorn the lives of all Christ's servants, at home and abroad, in mission fields and executive chairs, as well as in the ordinary walks of the ministry and laity: —

The mistakes of my life have been many,  
 The sins of my heart have been more,  
 And I scarce can see for weeping,  
 But I'll knock at the open door.

My mistakes His free grace will cover,  
 My sins He will wash away,  
 And the feet that shrink and falter  
 Shall walk through the gates of day.

I know I am weak and sinful,  
 It comes to me more and more —

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### THE PRINCE OF WALES IN AGRA.

THE year following, 1876-77, was made very memorable to the mission by a three days' visit to the city from the heir of the British Crown. The imperial policy of Disraeli had included the proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India, and a grand display of loyalty all over the vast peninsula to Her Majesty as represented by her eldest son. This part of the programme may have been well enough, if only it could have satisfied the ambition of the wily Premier, and there had been no effort to rectify Indian and South African boundaries and to foster the virtues of Turkey.

None were more ready than the native Christians to contribute to the cordiality and magnificence of the greetings extended to the Prince. They vied with even the British soldiers and civilians in the erecting and ornamenting of arches, in the clearing and beautifying of the grounds which were to be occupied by the royal encampment, and in cheering the representative of that Great Power which rules in justice and protects all.

On the other hand, it was very evident that the

loyalty of the native Christian population was appreciated. English statesmen have learned well the lesson of 1857. Previously, the missionary and his adherents were at the best merely tolerated. They were generally considered as dangerous elements in society furnishing occasions for popular outbreaks, and vastly increasing the difficulty of ruling so many subject millions. But during that dreadful mutiny, not one native Christian proved a traitor. The missionaries and their converts were always found loyal to the government, which had done everything possible to suppress them and drive them away, yet whose tyranny was more merciful than the cruel native rule. As a military necessity now, if for no higher motive, missions in India receive cordial, official recognition upon all suitable occasions.

One afternoon of those preparatory weeks, as Mr. Litchfield was in the bazaar purchasing some bunting with which to suitably decorate the mission-buildings, he overheard his Sunday-school superintendent in earnest conversation with a Hindu merchant and a prominent Moslem banker.

“The Prince of the monkeys is bringing us good business these days,” observed the Hindu, “and that is all I care about the coming durbar.”

“Why do you call the English monkeys?” inquired the native Christian.

“You know they have captured our country by tricks, cunningly imposing upon our noble ancestors by their grinning sophistries and ready money, and that now with costly presents and flattering promises

they are inducing our maharajahs and rajahs and zemindars and nabobs to make a great parade of loyalty."

"Allah Akbar!—God is great!" responded the Moslem. "Soon the great Allah will drive these robbers out of the land. They asked for a little ground for trade and factories, and they have taken all. They stirred up wars among our people, and for money and favors received pay in land, till now they have the whole country in their greedy, wicked grasp. But the prayers of the faithful will yet be heard, and there shall be an end of all this falsehood and treachery and crime."

"If you will think, my friends," calmly replied the native Christian to these excited haters of the rule and the religion of the English, "you will agree with me that India is much better off at present than for many centuries past. In remote ages our ancestors were indeed a great people in intelligence and influence; they spoke the beautiful Sanscrit language; they built magnificent temples and cities. We were much farther in advance of Europe than Europe is to-day in advance of us. But all thoughts of the true God gave place to grovelling idolatries and immoralities, and we fell into centuries of constant wars against others and among ourselves. Formerly the most educated, we became the most ignorant population of Asia. Justice became unknown, while robbers filled the land. The spirit of the jungle-tigers came forth and took possession of all our Hindu and Moslem rulers, and the people for centuries were

thought fit only for food or to be mangled for the pleasure of the brutal monsters. Is not all this true, Baboo Dasara? You cannot deny it, Abdool Mejid.

"You are silent, and confess by your silence. And you know that now under the English, and because of the English and England's God, we have peace and plenty and justice. When any native is in trouble, he is specially anxious to be brought before an English judge. Who have established our schools all over the land, and constructed our roads, and canals, and railways, and built our numerous hospitals? Who keep your Hindus and Mahometans from fighting each other? Who make it safe for me to become a Christian, or to return to heathenism, as I choose?"

"O, you have sold yourself out to the foreign rascals," exclaimed Abdool Mejid, unable longer silently to submit to the force of the truth. "I suppose they gave a thousand rupees for you, for you are very tongney."

"No, sahib; I have not been bought, except by the blood of Christ, which cleanseth from sin. Besides, those with whom I associate the most intimately, are not English but American missionaries."

"Anyway," insisted Baboo Dasara, "they get their pay all the same from government for every convert. Probably your missionary pocketed a round five hundred rupees when you became false to your ancestors, their customs and teachings."

Ram Chandar Basu turned without further reply



to charges so utterly groundless, and busied himself in the purchase of two little British flags to put up over both ends of his humble home, while Mr. Litchfield, delighted at hearing these echoes of his own instructions, carefully avoiding observation, caught up his own decorating materials and hastened home, to prepare the mission buildings for the morrow's public welcome to the Prince of Wales.

The durbar was indeed a grand affair. In the large, open grounds was pitched a village of gayly decorated tents, that of the Prince occupying the place of honor. On a raised throne covered with scarlet and gold he sat, receiving the homage of scores of India's nobility, many of whom had come long distances upon their richly caparisoned elephants, and accompanied by numerous attendants. There was everything present that could add to the Oriental splendor of the scene.

Yet his Royal Highness did not seem to take any special interest in all the pompous pageantry, except at the obedient kneeling of the stately elephants — he had already seen so much of it at other places in India; and then he knew that all these bowing and smiling grandees expected to be fully paid by the presents from the Crown that had already been labeled for them. But finally appeared a procession of the missionaries and several hundred native Christians, singing as they advanced, "God save the Queen."

This touched the heart of the Prince. He knew

it was genuine loyalty, even on the part of the Americans. He was confident it could be relied upon in any coming times of trouble, while many of these fawning courtiers had doubtless nineteen years before thrown all their influence on the side of the rebellious Sepoys. Some of them probably had been guilty of the most frightful atrocities, participating even in the horrors of Cawnpore, and nearly all of them unquestionably would seize with ferocious eagerness the first opportunity to destroy British power in India.

Not only were the missionaries treated as courteously as if they had been rajahs, but it was very evident to all the brilliant assembly, that toward them and their adherents the Prince was specially cordial. For nearly half an hour His Highness conversed with Mr. Litchfield upon the social condition and various industries of the people, and especially of the village populations. He put some leading questions, which were frankly answered, while the amazed Indian nobility listened with occasional manifestations of approval.

“As an American, Mr. Litchfield,” said the Prince, “we recognize you as a friend of Great Britain and of her Indian Empire. What do you think are the most important things which the English can do for this land?”

“As a Christian people, to strengthen and multiply their mission enterprises here, while the government should prohibit the opium-culture and the trade in alcoholic liquors except for medicinal purposes.”

“But if the government should lose its opium-revenue, the taxes upon the people would have to be increased to meet the deficiency, and the English should seek the rather to lessen their burdens.”

“The cultivation of the poppy, your Highness, takes vast quantities of the best land in India, every acre of which would otherwise be productive of the staple grains on which the people live. Let the twenty per cent. more of food which the poppy-fields could furnish, be distributed throughout India, and the costly periodic famines would be avoided, and the people would be better able to endure any additional direct taxation that government considered necessary.”

“As to the trade in alcoholic liquors, it would be inconsistent not to allow the same freedom here as in England, even as in your America.”

“But, your Highness, intoxicating drink is much more harmful to Indian than to Anglo-Saxon constitution, and to any who live in this climate, than to those in the vigorous, bracing latitude of Great Britain. The Hindu can endure more fire from the sun than we can, but not so much from the still and the brewery.”

“I shall take occasion on the morrow to visit your mission-premises, having heard particularly of your industrial departments in the interest of self-support.”

And he came: and they were ready for him. He sat for a few moments as any other gentleman in the mission-dwelling, then went to the school where

everything moved on as usual, then through the publishing house and shawl-manufactory and the hospital, and after a few moments' delay upon the grounds, he was finally conducted to the chapel, where the native Christians had themselves arranged a special greeting.

The pulpit platform was covered with flowers, and upon it a throne was raised for the Prince, not expensive, with gold and drapery, but showing loyal, painstaking effort with humble materials.

All arose as he entered, and remained standing while he seated himself in the throne.

Then Baboo Khiyali, the late prominent convert, advanced, and kneeling before the Prince, presented him a copy of the Bible in Hindi; and immediately after, Huchi, the rescued nautch-girl, stepped forward, and kneeling also, laid one of their own Indian shawls at his feet.

Graciously the Prince received the gifts, replying:

“I will take this shawl to the Princess of Wales, and the Bible to my mother, the Queen and Empress. This book is the foundation of England's greatness, and it must be the foundation of all future greatness to India.”

A check on London for two hundred pounds, to be used for the general interests of the mission, came from the royal guest to Mr. Litchfield the following morning, and the last day of the great event of the century in Agra.

All this social recognition by the highest authority was very helpful to the mission. But there were

influences of another character exerted during the royal visit, which went far toward counteracting all the good impression that had been made.

Several of the accompanying English officials at once joined with three shameless fellow-countrymen, residents of Agra, in arranging for themselves a most disreputable nautch entertainment, and then in taking the utmost liberties with the dancers.

Eagerly the natives caught up this evidence of the immorality of the English Court, and of the hypocrisy of Christians. The native press ridiculed the excessive interest which had been taken, on the one hand in the missionaries and on the other in the nautch-girls. And pictures were printed and widely circulated, representing the visitors as drunk and lost to all shame.

And indeed there had been an astonishing amount of intemperance. Wine, and brandy, and whiskey flowed like water. Hundreds of broken bottles marked the departed encampment.

One of the officers and an Agra English merchant, riding together on an elephant around through the city, became so intoxicated that they fell off, and the civilian, especially, was seriously injured.

As the accident occurred in front of the mission premises, the wounded men were carried immediately into Miss Kilburne's hospital. The Prince's surgeon at once attended them there, but the following day they had to be left in the care of the English resident physician and of the missionary lady.

The officer was able in a few days to follow the

royal party to Calcutta, but the merchant could not be moved to his own bungalow for several weeks.

Miriam, the Eurasian assistant in the girls' school whom Margaret had saved from suicide in the Jumna, had attended him a little at first, and afterwards, during the most critical days of his case, no one, he insisted, would answer but her.

Indeed, when Mr. Lindsey had become convalescent, he felt that he owed his life to the nursing of Miriam; and probably he was right.

A noble man by nature, successful in business, few had stood higher than Mr. Lindsey in the foreign community. But he had been his own worst enemy, and his bad habits had lost him many friends.

"Miriam," said he, as he was leaving the hospital for his beautiful, richly-furnished bungalow, "Miriam, I am going to a very lonely home, I wish you were to be with me there."

"I think, sir, you are well enough now not to need any more nursing. If you fall off of an elephant again, come here, and I shall be glad to take care of you."

"Miriam, I need you now for all my life. Will you not become Mrs. Lindsey?"

"You forget that I am a Eurasian, and that marriage with me would be a great social disgrace for you."

"Not so great a disgrace as my own life has been."

"Will you sign the pledge of total abstinence?"

"Yes, and keep it too — God help me!"

"Wait one year, Mr. Lindsey; I will pray daily that you may have strength. When you have conquered yourself, it will be easy for you to conquer me."

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### THE TAJ AND THE MISSION GRAVE.

LITTLE did Shah Jehan dream when he built the magnificent Agra Mausoleum for Noor-Jehan, or for Mûmtaz-i-Mehal, and inscribed upon its tomb the prayer of the Koran: "Defend us from unbelievers," that two centuries and a quarter later it would be a great help to Christian missionaries in undoing the work of Moslem fanaticism and Hindu superstition. For rest to the weary toilers, there was no place in that city or neighborhood to compare with the cool, light-softened and generally quiet central chamber of beautiful building, or with the adjoining cypress and evergreen garden, its foliage interlaced by marble canals and studded with fountains and veiling in every direction the most charming architectural creations.

Many a time the missionaries strolled hitherward, all tired out in body, mind, and heart, their brows wrinkled with perplexities, their whole horizon dark with shadows, and God spoke to them through the Taj, "It is I, be not afraid;" and leaving their weariness, and perplexities, and shadows behind, they returned to superintend the erection of the more

glorious buildings of immortal character, monuments to —

Love divine, all love excelling;

not cold as marble and inlaid with precious stones, but warm with the light and life of Heaven, and adorned with beauties art cannot reproduce nor the language of earth describe.

It was a Saturday afternoon. The toilful, wearing week was nearly over, and yet the morrow was to bring its special labors and cares. Margaret came over, suggesting —

“May we not all go to the Taj for an hour, to rest upon its pillars and to hear its songs?”

“Yes,” said Cleora, “and may we not take the children also, Llewellyn?”

He was going to say, no. But when he noticed how unusually pale his eldest looked that day, how large her eyes and how languid her bearing, he replied:

“The darlings need such change as much as ourselves. They carry our loads much more than we think, as well as their own. Say, daughter, why are you looking so tired to-day?”

“O, papa, I feel so sorry for you and mamma, because you work so hard, and the people will not love Jesus, and the converts are so naughty, and you have such awful letters to read, and I have been singing to-day for auntie Margaret’s sick folks, and Banerjea is so blind he wanted me to read to him, and Nand



Ram's wife is ill and I carried her some flowers, and Beushoff asked me to tell him what I knew about Jesus, and it seems to me there was something else — I forget; and, O yes, mamma, I did not sleep much last night; I was dreaming all the while of the angels coming for me” —

“They will come for you, darling, if we do not get some rest for you also,” exclaimed the half-choking father as he snatched her up in his arms, and, putting on his hat and hers, started for the door.

“Let her walk, papa,” called Cleora from behind, following with Margaret and the little toddlers; “better for her and you.”

But he held her there, her breast close to his ear.

“Take a long breath, my darling.”

“It hurts me so, papa.”

Crossing the great gateway of the garden court, all but Mr. Litchfield soon seemed as if in another world. The babes were chasing the goldfish around the fountains; the child Cleora was watching the birds among the evergreens, and Margaret had thrown herself upon the grass at the foot of a venerable cypress, saying she would watch the bairns while the parents strolled on as they desired, into the Taj.

They had reached the marble platform, when Cleora observed:

“How much that lofty dome has to tell since it first looked upon its builder in the pavilions of yonder palatial harem!”

“Yes; but it will have a more thrilling story yet to tell, not of Mogul and English conquests, but of the

complete triumphs of Christian missions over these swarming Hindu and Moslem millions."

"If it can see around the world, Llewellyn, when that glorious time shall come, it will see also our home-ministry and churches fully interested in the cause of foreign missions."

"I am not so sure of that, Cleora. History suggests another possibility. And I should not wonder if the dome of this Taj shall see foreign missionaries sent from India to convert heathen Americans and Englishmen."

"It seems to me," she suggested as they moved on, glancing around, "that the Taj itself is made doubly beautiful by its architectural surroundings. Take away those minarets of such exquisite proportions, and that mosque and the gate, and half the charm would be gone."

"Yes; and it will doubtless be so with our life when it is completed. Half the beauty of God's work with us is in our surroundings. But ah, some of those surroundings seem greatly to disfigure and to mar the effect until the scaffolding is down."

"Have you noticed, Llewellyn, that there is a studied progress in the characteristic ornamentation from the gate to the sepulchres, at first a careful refrain, until at last all possible wealth of the Mogul or Italian inlaying art, in the most graceful designs of combined wreaths, and scrolls, and frets, is poured upon the tombs?"

"It is almost matchless art; of its kind equal even to the intellectual adornments of Greek architecture.

And doubtless with equal skill the Divine Architect is apportioning the events which are to inlay our lives to the end. We say there might be more ornament now, as just here upon the wall of this portal — more agates and jaspers, more smiles and satisfactions. But it is beyond where the lavish decoration is needed. Ah, how hard for us to consent to perfect taste and skill, to the Master's subordination of beauty, the portal to the temple, the here to the hereafter!"

They were in the centre, beneath the dome, inside the elegant screen of white marble trellis-work, standing between the tombs of the Mogul emperor and empress.

"Sit down, Cleora; you know it will not be desecration, for the bodies are really in other sepulchres in the vault below."

In silence she traced the exquisite designs of inlaid work and the blendings of color upon the pure white marble, while he was sadly thinking of what he had listened to in the breast of his child.

Soon the little feet of that daughter were heard tripping along the marble pavement. She did not see her parents, hid by the trellis-work, and thought she was all alone. Well she knew of the wonderful echo, having often played with it, and she began singing in Hindi, with which she was more familiar than with English, making a pause between each line to hear "the angels answer," —

I want to be an angel,  
— be an angel,



and then the attention of all three of us has been unusually absorbed of late in mission-work."

"Dark—dark it will be to have to part with our angel!"

"Look up yonder, Cleora, where her echoing sisters are. You see where the light comes through the white marble trellis-screens? You know they are double; one there for this inner wall, and another corresponding for the outside wall. That arrangement in any other climate than this would leave us here in almost total darkness; but with white marble everywhere, and the glaring Indian sun, we have light enough; and open windows there we could not endure."

"I ask not for open windows, but only that God will not close up the trellis-screens also."

"He will not, Cleora. He will give us all the light that we can endure. Trials, afflictions, bereavements, he is only tempering the glare of the light of his presence and love, that while we have earthly eyes it may be tolerable."

Again there were voices.

"Come, auntie Margaret, let us go in and hear the angels. Now be still, Juddie, Maggie."

Angels! Angels!

—Angels! Angels!

Ha! ha! We've come.

—Ha! ha! We've come.

That moment little Cleora sank upon the pave-

ment without a sound. Margaret rushed forward, and at the same instant the parents flew from behind the trellis through which they had been watching and listening.

Blood was flowing from the mouth, and death was marked upon the face. Everything that could be done was done, that only those eyes once more might know them and those lips speak another word.

Unconsciously the tiny, slender form rested in the mother's arms. The father had brought water, and was bathing the marble brow. Margaret was gone for other restoratives.

Presently the eyes opened, and with a smile of recognition. And then in a few moments there came a flash of strength and vigor, as if she were herself again, and with voice that brought back distinctly the wonderful echoes of the overhanging dome, she exclaimed—

O, mamma, papa, they be truly angels now!  
—truly angels now!

Mamma, they all look beautiful as you,  
—beautiful as you.

They'll take me right to Jesus' arms,  
—to Jesus' arms.

And you will both come soon,  
—both come soon.

Singing!  
—Singing!

Angels of Jesus!  
—Angels of Jesus!

And without another word for the tearful, eager parents to hear, or for the dome of the Taj to echo, the "truly angels" had come, and doubtless with song had carried the child-missionary from her mother's arms to the arms of Him who hath said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

In two days a few feet of ground were bought and fenced off next to the Taj-enclosure upon the east, and there was a little mound, so little beside the great Mausoleum; but the one is honored in Heaven, while the other is honored only on earth.

## CHAPTER XL.

### NECESSITY AND PREPARATIONS FOR RETURN HOME.

NONE know how much God can enable them to endure, until they have passed through the fire.

The missionaries thought they had reached their utmost limit of endurance before the bereavement, and surely now, with the vacant chair, the little grave; but they were to learn their mistake.

All work seemed harder under the heart-load, the days longer, the weariness greater every night.

“I do not know what makes me so tired, Llewellyn. No more steps to-day than usual. But few more cares. And I think I am perfectly well.”

“Mountains we are carrying, Cleora; and when we thought a straw more would crush us to the ground, God added a heavier mountain still.”

“But the grace he gives is not sufficient.”

“O, yes, indeed, to bear up under the load, though not to make us insensible to its presence. It is kind in him to leave us ability to measure his grace.”

The previous winter Mr. Litchfield had promised in another year a course of lectures upon the Evidences of Christianity, to an Agra association of learned



Hindus. It was in the highest degree important that there should be no failure in meeting this engagement, as the opportunity was quite unprecedented in that locality. But the extra work brought on sleepless nights; food lost its relish, and it became evident, at least each to the other, that Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield were rapidly breaking down.

During these months, and indeed now for more than a year, there had been no marked ingathering of converts. A few had professed conversion, but scarcely more than the number which had been excluded, so that the statistics reported home were not specially encouraging.

“We are having glorious times over on the other side of the city. Our work is carrying everything before it,” said a calling brother missionary one evening, who came to arrange for the transfer of membership of several of Mr. Litchfield’s flock to his own fold, where, they had been persuaded by the superficial appearance, there was more real spirituality and evangelizing enterprise.

“We rejoice with you, Brother Nelson, and hope that all your accessions will prove elements of strength and prosperity.”

“There is no danger; I wish you could have heard the experiences of the two hundred we received last month. So tearful; so enthusiastic; evidently the work of the Spirit. And you might enjoy such a Pentecost here, if you would stop your lecturing to aristocratic Hindus, and shut up your theological seminary, and get off your hobby of self-support for

native schools and churches, and keep from having so many irons in the fire, and with Paul's singleness of purpose do this one thing — convert heathen. But I must go. Please have those letters ready before Sunday; I think they will make an even five hundred of new members to be admitted to our communion. What a shaking of dry bones there will be among our English churches when they hear the glorious news!"

"Nevertheless, Cleora," said her husband, after the statistically successful missionary had departed, "I think we are working right, and that the wisdom of God is leading us. But such comparative results cast shadows — dark shadows, when we think of the prevailing estimate at home of missionary success. There is the post-boy!"

"Only a paper, the *New York Reflector*, with a marked editorial article on Dissipation of Missionary Effectiveness."

"That means us, Cleora. Read it, please."

It was severe and depressing. Though neither Agra nor the Litchfields were mentioned by name, the editor had evidently seen their statistics, and concluded that the multiplicity of the station's departments was interfering with success. Many in America would know the reference.

Returning on a Sunday morning from the general service at the chapel, it was found that robbers had gone through the house, making off with everything of portable value. The bureau drawers and the trunks had been ransacked. Cleora's watch was

gone, and a roll of twenty Bank of England five-pound notes. The former, redeemed since its cruel sacrifice, was especially treasured as a token of the old, unbroken home in Botton; and the latter had been the careful savings of years, to pay the expense of a brief Palestine tour, on the way for the home vacation. It had been lent, and lately returned, and perhaps should have gone immediately into a bank; but one Agra bank had recently failed, with three thousand dollars of the station's money on deposit, and only offered twenty per cent. in settlement.

“We shall not miss seeing the Holy Land, Llewellyn. I will draw upon my own funds in Boston.”

“Yet we shall miss the pleasure of a tour paid out of our own earnings and savings, and the satisfaction of showing other missionaries that with economy and good management this gratification is within reach of them all.”

About the time of their daughter's death, a gift of money came from a church in Rhode Island, distinctly specified as for a complete bandy for the use of the missionaries in jungle-touring. The cart was bought, fitted with English springs, covered and furnished very comfortably. A pair of well-trained trotting oxen was added, and the much needed establishment was complete. But when the executive officers at the Rooms heard of this specific donation, one of them at least was very indignant, and Mr. Litchfield was notified that the amount would be deducted from the annual appropriation for the incidental expenses of the Agra-Mission.

“I would tell that church all about it, Llewellyn!”

“No, Cleora; that would do more harm than good. The Rooms have their closets and skeletons, and it is our duty to help keep the doors shut, and the unsightly unseen.”

“But it is so hard to be treated so meanly!”

“They do not intend it so. It is only anxiety to guard the interests of the general treasury.”

“But Secretary King charges you with inconsistency.”

“I will remind him that while I have declined to be the occasion of any diverting of regular benevolences, I have insisted that individuals and churches had the right to present incidental tokens of regard to the missionaries. And I did not purchase that bandy until I saw that that Rhode Island church was reported as even exceeding its regular annual contribution.”

Ever since Mr. Litchfield began his jungle work among the outlying villages, he had used elephants to some extent. They could tear so easily through the tall, dense undergrowth of rank vegetation. In several portions of his district, which were infested with tigers, the elephants made it also much more safe for travellers. On these tours he usually took along his gun; and occasionally he used it very effectively, for he was a good shot. Once he killed a lioness, and brought her two cubs to the station. And sometimes, when his native driver had difficulty with the elephant they were riding, and even upon other occasions, for the mere sport of it, he would

himself take the huge animal in hand, and thus had secured quite a local reputation as a master of elephants, as well as a successful hunter.

Now all this was very natural and not at all to be censured, except that occasionally Mr. Litchfield was tempted to kill a pretty bird. Yet even this he did for the purpose of furnishing beautiful feathers for the ladies' hats. But it was enough for the tongue of slander which works in India as well as America, and sometimes in the mouths of missionaries and ministers as well as among the laity and the world.

Somebody in Delhi said: "Those Agra missionaries must be very worldly people."

Somebody in Allahabad said: "If Mr. Litchfield must give all his time to elephant and tiger sport, and to keeping a menagerie on the mission premises, he better resign and hire out as agent of a zoölogical garden."

And then somebody in Calcutta said that somebody in Agra had said that "Mrs. Litchfield and Miss Kilburne were so excessively vain, that they each had two new bonnets every season, and to furnish them with pretty feathers, kept Mr. Litchfield hunting in the jungle nearly all the time."

And worse still, the good senior secretary had written this winter from the Rooms, that he was sorry to report that it was very generally rumored at home that the formerly esteemed and trusted senior Agra missionaries had been tempted aside from their legitimate work, and had gone extensively into the business of furnishing animals for the London Zoölog-

ical Gardens, and ornamental feathers for a leading millinery establishment in Paris. He added that it had been decided to immediately reinforce the station with two missionary families, including a male physician.

“Well, Cleora, is not that wonderful?”

“Yes; wonderful slander and wonderful credulity.”

“No, I mean wonderful overruling of God; overruling this miserable slander for the reinforcement of our station. For years we have pleaded for this help. I have written quires of paper to the Rooms explaining the necessity. And now, after more than nine years, it has appeared impossible to take the vacation on which our very life seems to depend, because there are none to step into our places, and we can get no promise of any. But here it is, and they are coming. O, Cleora, thank God, they are coming, and because of this wretched slander — no, because truly God has made the wrath of man to praise him.”

“But, Llewellyn, it is painful to be so humbled; humbled in our reputation, humbled in having all our labor and requests set aside as nothing in regard to the reinforcement. And now they are coming to save the cause from our supposed worldliness!”

“I really do not care about all that, Cleora. I am so glad help is at hand, and your life may now be spared to the babies and to me, and we all to the cause. Come, now, no tears of vexation or wounded pride. ‘Neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth.’ Sing, darling —

Oh, to be nothing, nothing,  
Only to lie at his feet,  
A broken and emptied vessel,  
For the Master's use made meet.  
Emptied, that He might fill me  
As forth to His service I go;  
Broken, that so unhindered,  
His life through me might flow.

Hitherto they had stood well in the English society of Agra, but since the death of their daughter there had been a marked change in the cordiality and attentions they received. Before that bereavement, cards at least were exchanged with all the families of the highest in the civil and military services, as also with those of the leading merchants. While the missionaries found it impossible to accept a tenth of the invitations extended them to parties of various kinds, having neither time to go nor time for preparations, they invariably had the pleasure of declining.

But all this winter they had been left entirely alone. There had been no calls, no invitations. What could it mean? If they had murdered their child, they could not have been more avoided by the social life of Agra. And Miss Kilburne also was out in the cold.

"I have the secret," announced the latter one evening, as she seated herself upon the mission-veranda.

"What?" asked Cleora. "Secret, that we are nobodies in Agra society, after these years of acknowledged respectability?"

“Yes; Miriam overheard Mrs. Medley speaking to Mrs. Chown about it. It is because we have not dressed in mourning over the death of little Cleora.”

“I supposed we would be criticized for the neglect, but in a few hours after the blow I could not feel like making a great display of grief over the safe escape of my darling from this world of sin, from India’s heathenism, and from her own weaknesses and pains, to the beautiful home of Jesus and the angels above.”

“To cover ourselves with black crape, when our dear ones are robed in white and singing with the redeemed in Heaven, does seem inconsistent.”

“Then you know, Margaret, as we missionaries have to be so thoroughly practical, black crape would interfere very much with our work in this climate. Unless from nine o’clock in the morning to four in the afternoon, every day from March to October, we give ourselves up to doing nothing but lounge under the swinging punkas, we cannot endure the melting costume.”

“Yes, that is so; and crape bonnets, and crape on Mr. Litchfield’s hat would ensure sunstroke the first day. Or if we did reach home alive after tramping these dusty streets and the still more dusty villages around, how filthy we would appear!”

“Here is a letter I had not noticed,” interrupted Mr. Litchfield. “It was in the folds of one of these papers. The secretary urges us to remain upon the field another year until the new missionaries become acquainted with their work.”



"I am ready, if it is best," replied Cleora with quivering lips.

"Yes, ready to die," exclaimed Llewellyn; "but I am not ready to allow it. If necessary I will wait, but you must go next month, with the babes, to America."

"Now I want a promise from you both," interrupted Margaret. "It is that you will leave your part of the decision of this whole vacation-question to the other missionaries of our station. You know there are nine of us besides you now. Will you accept whatever we may agree to unanimously?"

"Yes. Will we not, Llewellyn?"

He did not answer for a moment, reflecting upon the possible feeling of the new missionaries, and how it might lead them to act hastily in regard to the best interests of the mission. Then he replied —

"And I will agree also, provided the judgment is endorsed by the senior missionaries here of the other Societies."

"Well then," said Margaret, "prepare to go homeward next month, both of you. I know what they all will say. And by next steamer from Bombay, I will have a letter off for the secretary, requesting that permission be cabled you; and the application will be signed by every one of us, no mistake at all."

And so it was. Doctor Dunbar relieved Miss Kilburne of the hospital, while she moved into the Litchfield dwelling, as more convenient for her school,

zenana and Bible-women work. Miss Rivington, transferred from Bareilly, was to be her companion. The new bungalow, recently completed, was large enough to accommodate both the Fowler and Wightman families, if ever one house is large enough for two families.

New trunks and dresses were procured. Part of the furniture was sold, as it did not pay to store goods even for a year in that climate. Huchi was to accompany the little seven-year-old twins. All the plans included the Palestine detour. But no funds were required from Boston. Two English saddles, one most beautifully mounted for a lady's use, arrived from Calcutta, and the same evening a messenger brought a letter, which read :

“Will Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield please accept the saddles and enclosed draft for one hundred pounds, for their tour of the Holy Land, in token to the mission of R. B. Lindsey's grateful appreciation of his affianced Miriam ?”

## CHAPTER XLI.

### MORE HEROISM AT CASHMERE GATE AND LUCKNOW RESIDENCY.

**A**FTER all the work of rearranging and of getting the machinery of the station in motion again was done, Margaret Kilburne began to realize that she was as tired, if not so worn out, as the Litchfields.

Two weeks' immediate change and rest were urged upon her by the other missionaries. But where should she go? It was not hot enough yet for one who was acclimated to flee to Dehra Doon or Nainee Tal, or anywhere else upon the Himalayas. On the other hand, the season was too far advanced for her to entertain the plan she would have preferred, of the rough, toilful journey to Chota Nagpore, where a German sister had been entreating her to come and see the wonderful work among the Kollis.

It was finally decided to go first to Delhi, as the nearest resting-place. But Margaret little dreamed of the conflict of soul which there awaited her, and which she was hastening by several days.

Part of the second afternoon there had been spent with her missionary lady friend, in the magnificent apartments of Shah Jehans' palace, recalling the gor-

geous scenes of Mogul history centreing here ; while appreciating the noble octagonal entrance, the Nobut Khana or music hall, the Dewanni Aum, where stood the "peacock throne," the Rung Mehal and the Dewanni Khas, thinking all the while how far from truth the famous inscription around the roof of the latter, the private audience hall — "If there is a heaven on earth, it is this, it is this !"

"Ah, Miss Leach, how much more we know of 'heaven on earth' in the blessed privilege which is ours, of working for the salvation of heathen souls !"

"Yes, Miss Kilburne. Though this was the most magnificent palace of India, perhaps of the world, I would not exchange for it my humble mission-bungalow."

They strolled along out the Chandni Chowk, passing in sight of the imposing Jumna Musjid, and then turning through the well-kept English garden, made their way to the Cashmere Gate.

As Margaret stopped to read the memorial inscriptions there to the world-known heroism of British troops in storming the city at this gate, Miss Leach moved on a few rods to pluck some wild flowers.

At the same moment a carriage passed with four gentlemen, one of whom Margaret immediately recognized as General Loughridge, late United States Senator from Illinois. Although instantly she turned her face, the recognition had been mutual, and greatly to her confusion, Margaret heard him stop the horses, and excuse himself to his companions, saying:

“This is an American missionary lady, an old acquaintance.”

“Miss Kilburne, although you have not replied to several letters I have written you since your coming to India, you will not consider this an intrusion, I hope.”

“O, no, General Loughridge. I trust you are well. And are you travelling, or residing abroad?”

“On leaving Washington a few weeks ago, I started on a very rapid tour around the world, expecting especially to meet you in two or three days in Agra.”

“Indeed, Mr. Loughridge, your persistent personal interest in me, however flattering, is very unreasonable.”

“I cannot help it. Ever since our pleasant companionship in Chicago I have wanted you to give up the idea of living and working in India. But now I can have the appointment of Consul-General to this country, and reside in Calcutta probably for many years.”

“O, please not torture me with such generosity of heart and hand. I am wedded to another whom I love — Christ — and his mission cause is my life.”

“I will not interfere with your religion and your work, if only you will create for me a home.”

“Impossible. Go back to America and forget me. God give you some noble woman, you deserve her. Farewell! Please not stay a moment longer. I cannot endure this conflict of womanhood with Christian principle. Do not drive me insane! Go! Ah, there

is my company ; I join her at once. God bless you ! Farewell forever !”

Miss Leach noticed the flushed face and tearful eyes of Margaret, and totally unaware of the interview, presumed that the inscriptions and touching memories had affected her as they had multitudes of others.

“Such heroism, such noble self-sacrifice as those British soldiers displayed, Miss Kilburne, are what we need as missionaries in battling for the Lord.”

“Yes ; God knows that is so !”

“Indeed, how much he knows that none others know, and none others can know, of our conflicts, and wounds, and heart-bleedings.”

“Let us hasten back to your room ; I must take the next down-train. As you love the cause and me, please not ask any explanation.”

Margaret went very early to the station, and, buying a third-class ticket for Agra, seated herself where she felt quite safe from observation, should General Loughridge take the same train.

She had no intention, however, of going to Agra and running the risk of another interview with him. Her Delhi friends were allowed to hear her ask for an Agra ticket, that, should he call there upon her, they would not be able to help him in tracing her. So at Allygurh, giving the guard a hastily pencilled letter to Miss Rivington, she skipped over through the station to the train for Lucknow, via Bareilly.

As she seated herself again for the much longer ride, she saw General Loughridge pacing back and

forth alongside the first-class car of the Delhi and Agra train.

Instantly she raised the blind to her window, shutting out the prospect of love, and wealth, and honor, and shutting in the certainty of inappreciation, and poverty, and of almost insupportable loneliness.

"I do this, O Christ, for thee!" she whispered as she buried her face in her hands and wept. But before the train reached the crossing of the Ganges, peace had come to her troubled heart, "peace passing all understanding."

At Bareilly, in the morning, Margaret would have stopped off for a day's rest, for she felt very weary from the excitement and travel. But there was a widower missionary there, whose wife had been dead a year, and to avoid any occasion for scandal, she decided not to break the journey till she arrived at Lucknow.

As she entered the former kingdom of Oudh, she could see in the richness of its soil, in its density of population, and in its nearness to the cooling Himalayas of which she caught glimpses, reasons enough for the magnificence of the city she was about to visit.

After recovering from the fatigue of the journey, and in a measure from the exciting experience through which she had passed in Delhi, Margaret accompanied the Lucknow missionaries to the different departments of their successful work. And then, as one after another of them could find time to be her escort, she visited the immense Imambara, the

imposing Kaiser Bagh, the museum, the tomb of Mohammed Ali, the La Martiniere College, and the grave of General Havelock at the Alum Bagh.

But her special interest was in the ruins of the old Residency, near the grounds of the mission; and here she spent an hour or two every afternoon, strolling among the broken walls where those few hundred English men, and women, and children suffered, and fought, and died. Each time she went to the tykhana, or cellar rooms where the sufferings of so many women and children were ended, and to the adjoining cemetery where they were laid to rest, and to the summit of the watch-tower where brave men noted every movement of the enemy.

As Margaret was watching the sunset from that tower the evening before her return to Agra, and thinking how sweet the music of the Highlanders must have sounded when first it reached the listeners on that look-out, a gentleman joined her whom she immediately recognized as Doctor Turnbull of Bareilly, the widower she had avoided.

"Miss Kilburne," said he, "I am very fortunate in finding you alone. I learned yesterday from our Lucknow friends, that you were visiting them, and I have come purposely to see you. At the house they directed me to the Residency."

"Yes. Of what service can I be to you?"

"Of the greatest service in the world. Over a year ago my home was broken up, and ever since I have been good for nothing as a missionary. I cannot preach, or teach, or write. With your help, I could again be useful."



“Are strong men so dependent upon frail women?”

“Yes; after they have learned woman’s worth as I have.”

“But why approach one whose responsibilities already are crushing her? No, Doctor; it is not for me to help you as you wish.”

“I beg you to consider. Large reinforcements have come to your station; none to mine. I have two children without a mother; since Mr. Litchfield’s have gone you have no longer even the partial care of them. You know the importance of my work; without you I cannot carry it on. If you will not come to my heart and home, I must drop all and go to America.”

“Surely that would be better, and get a wife there.”

“Have you not one word of encouragement to give me?”

“No; positively, no. My duties are plain, and do not include marriage. Let us immediately return to the mission, with no farther reference to this subject.”

## CHAPTER XLII.

### FOUR WEEKS IN PALESTINE.

THE railway having been completed through to Bombay since Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield arrived in India, they sailed from thence for Port Said, and there exchanged steamers for Beirut.

They would have landed at Joppa, but it was necessary for them to go on first and arrange a temporary home for the children and Huchi at Beirut. It proved, as always, that the little hinderers were helpers. The two days lost were more than made up to them by a surprising number of facilities which the delay threw in their way.

Mission-life in Beirut was found to be very different from that in India, or from that they had met years before in China and Japan. There was doubtless the unrefined, repulsive, Asiatic side to it, but the outside superficial view was very European, very cultured and luxurious, and certain to mislead the casual traveller. The visitors knew that the literary and educational work centring here, and especially the distribution thence of the Arabic Bible over the entire Moslem world, were a cause for any mission society's pride, and for the gratitude of the whole

Christian Church; but, as on the second day after landing, they were talking over the situation in the Damascus diligence, Cleora remarked:

“I am more persuaded than ever that we were right, Llewellyn, in taking account of the impressions of travellers in erection and furnishing of all our Agra buildings. Then when my property came, and we could have indulged in so much display, I am glad we did not.”

Richly they enjoyed the ride over Lebanon, and the day spent among the bazaars and gardens and homes of Damascus. They caught also glimpses of Bedouin life, and on return were surprised with a distinct view of Cyprus.

Restful over the boarding arrangement for the children and their nurse, they took the steamer for Joppa, where they first tried their new saddles on horses hired by their hotel-keeper for the day's journey to Jerusalem.

One of the four weeks had now passed. A second was assigned to Jerusalem and vicinity; and never were six working-days more filled with sight-seeing, or a succeeding Sunday of rest more welcome.

At their hotel they spent very few minutes of daylight, always carrying a noon lunch with them. While they went through the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, visited the Garden of Gethsemane, the Via Doloroso, the tombs upon Mount Zion, the Mosques of Omar and Aksa, the Kedron, the Pool of Siloam, and many other interesting localities, they enjoyed most climbing Mount Olivet, and from its

summit leisurely taking in the entire scene as one whole. Thus they were not being imposed upon by credulous monks and guides, for the general features of hill and valley, and sky, and distant waters and mountains were the same as when Christ lived here among men.

Two days were spent on an excursion to Bethlehem and Hebron. A company of English, Scotch and Americans from the hotels and the encampments around the city was made up, and while Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield were very glad to join, they decided from this little experience to arrange to go independently northward through Samaria and Galilee.

From the incense-smoking Grotto of the Nativity at Bethlehem they retreated in a few moments, leaving their curious, credulous relic-seeking companions among the Armenian, Greek and Latin devotees, and upon a neighboring hillock reflected upon the glorious fulfilment here of prophecy and promise in the birth of the Saviour, whose Gospel it was their life-work to proclaim in India. Nor were they forgetful of the associated names of David, and of Boaz and Ruth.

At Hebron they were not admitted to the Mosque that covers the cave of Machpelah, or even to approach the entrances of the surrounding wall. Moslem fanaticism would not allow them the privilege of seeing the burial-place of Abraham and Sarah, and of Isaac and Rebekah, and of Leah, not even though the party offered to pay several pounds bakhshish. It was a privilege, however, to look at the site of

the well identified cave; to see the extensive vineyards around, and the olives and the fig-trees and the pomegranates, as they were in those ancient times, when the patriarchs lived and labored in this vicinity.

By a slight detour on the return route from Hebron to Jerusalem, having had good opportunity for distant views of the River Jordan and the Dead Sea, as also having seen their valley and the mountains beyond repeatedly from Olivet, they did not delay for the second usual excursion, but immediately arranged for the two weeks' tour to the North, along other paths so often trod by the sacred feet of their Divine Master.

Arrangements were made with a dragoman, who was well recommended, to provide horses, tents and everything to Beirut, at four English pounds per day. Expecting, notwithstanding the recommendations and this generous compensation, that they would be subjected to numerous impositions by their guide and protector, they encountered them day by day very philosophically, and thus did not allow them to spoil their pleasure.

Glancing back once more, and for the last time, they bade farewell to Jerusalem from Mizpah. Then on through Bethel and Shiloh to the Vale of Shechem. On past Samaria and the plains of Dothan and Esdraelon, with Gilboa on the right and Carmel on the left.

At Nazareth they lingered, not in "Mary's kitchen," or "Joseph's workshop," or beside "Christ's dining-table," but it was pleasure to sit near that same foun-

tain where Jesus must have drawn water for years, to walk about the narrow valley where most of his earthly life was spent, and upon the neighboring western hill study a scene second only in interest throughout the world to that from Olivet.

A ride upon the Sea of Galilee ; glorious views of snow-crowned Hermon ; a visit to the ruins of Capernaum, Bethsaida and Chorazin, and then a rapid march over ancient Phœnicia, returned Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield to Beirut just in time to pick up the little waiting bundles of babyhood and blessed bother, and to take the next French steamer for Marseilles.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### ADDRESSING CHURCHES AND PUBLISHING A BOOK.

ON return to America Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield were feeling and looking remarkably well. Flesh and color had come to their cheeks and to those of the children, and all seemed quite themselves again, when they landed in New York. The greetings were not all cordial.

“Why, how soon you have returned! It cannot be over four or five years since you went to Africa.”

“To India, you mean; and it is nearly ten years.”

“Well! It could not have been poor health that sent you home.”

“We are very much better; quite well now.”

“Very expensive carrying missionary families back and forth.”

But not all greetings were of this pattern. Some appreciated their work and need of rest, and talked with them intelligently and cordially. Especially were the returned missionaries glad to meet the venerable senior secretary of the American Foreign Missionary Society, Doctor Hartwell, to hear his sincere welcome, and assurance that their explanations as to late unfavorable rumors were entirely satisfactory.

“Oh! — Mr. — ah — Litchfield!” exclaimed the junior or home secretary, King, “let me see you a moment. During your absence there have been some very ungrateful efforts to remove me from my position. I hope you will not allow the little differences we have had in our judgments to lead you to give any encouragement to my enemies. And it is said you are intending to stay at home now, and desire my place.”

“O, Doctor King, this thought has never entered my head. My only ambition for a year now is to help you in every way I can. What do you want me to do?”

“Better keep quiet as much as possible. If in a gratuitous way you stir around very actively, you will reflect upon the ordinary services of the salaried executive officers. Perhaps I can arrange some appointments for you in four or five months. While in America I should invite you to visit me a day or two, but my wife is not in perfect health, and” —

“O, Doctor King, I am so glad to see you!” exclaimed Cleora as she entered. “Years have not changed you very much, though with so much work on your hands. We have not come home to be idle, but to help you all we can. If we could only kindle a fire of mission-interest in fifty-two ministers and churches, as many as there are weeks in this year, it would be glorious!”

Home for as much time as was possible was made with Mrs. Lydell in Boston. Llewellyn visited his own mother in Philadelphia, but her continued inappreciation of his work, and her urgency that he should



take his wife's capital now and settle in business and have a grand home, repelled him from where he would most naturally have lingered.

As several weeks passed and no appointments were made by Doctor King, the returned missionaries took the matter into their own hands. With the information they had, the love for the cause, and the health and vigor God had restored to them, they felt they must use their tongues and their pens, even though their activity and its possible results might reflect upon Secretary King, and awaken his displeasure and hostility.

Scores of letters were at hand, inviting Mr. Litchfield to deliver missionary addresses. Few contained postage stamps, and fewer still made mention of even railway expenses. Several promised him the collection, whatever it might be, while two said they would divide with him, since there would be their own incidental expenses for lighting and warming the house.

A number of pastors were very urgent in their letters of application, as they were called away over Sunday; and it was plain they wanted a supply that would cost them nothing. Likewise several pastorless churches were evidently trying to strike a sharp bargain to save their money at the expense of the missionary's appropriation, and clothes, and strength, and time.

"A missionary field indeed," thought Llewellyn, as he planned out a number of tours upon these applications. Postals were immediately returned from many places, urging him to change their appointments

to the first Sunday evening of the month. A leading New York pastor replied that he must withdraw the invitation unless Mr. Litchfield could be present at the regular missionary concert, as it would be unwise to divert the people's minds twice during the same month.

A deacon in Ohio sent the added request that the missionary bring along a trunk full of idols to show the people, promising to meet him at the depot with his own team so as to save him the local express.

Two of the ministers, whose pulpits he had agreed to fill in their absence, added the suggestion that he preach to their people a regular sermon in the morning, leaving the mission talk for the second service.

A church in Rhode Island requested that he should not use any of the Moody and Sankey hymns.

From but three places out of fifty was he promised the return of travelling expenses, and from but one was a generous, nay, not generous, but honest pledge of pay for incidentals also, and a few dollars over.

By the pastor of a New Jersey church he had been announced for the following Sunday as one who had labored for half a century among the Japanese.

But when the Reverend Doctor saw what a young man Mr. Litchfield was, and learned that his experience had been only among some Indian tribes in Southern Asia, he said that as he had himself spoken that year on the North American Indians, he thought it best to preach his usual sermon in the morning, abbreviating a little, so as to give the missionary a few moments at the close.

Those few moments told, and the people came in unusually large numbers to hear Mr. Litchfield in the evening.

“May I ask for a collection for our Mission Society at the close, Doctor Smith?”

“Oh, no! Our people would not like it at all. We have twenty-five thousand dollars debt on our house.”

On reaching the pastor of a Pennsylvania church, who saw the missionary pay himself the fifty cents hack-hire, and then made him walk a mile to the house of a poor widow woman, where “it would be more convenient,” the Reverend Doctor said:

“I am very much embarrassed by this engagement. A glorious revival, the first one in ten years, has broken out in my church the past month. Two have been converted, and three are asking for prayers. Now I am afraid your mission subject will dissipate these tender impressions. Please speak very briefly, so that I can follow you with an exhortation calculated to lead their minds back to the subject of the salvation of souls.”

In six months, by crowding in work between times, Mr. Litchfield had a little book ready for the press, entitled, *The People and Religions of India*.

One publisher objected to it as a purely mission-work. People did not want to be informed upon the subject.

Another said he was ready to invest in the book, for it was very interesting and instructive, but must insist upon a change of title — must be shorter.

“All right,” replied the missionary; “call it *The Hinds.*”

“Good as to brevity. But I want more,” insisted the publisher; “a complete blind as to the subject of the book, as *Jack Straws*, or *Thumbs Up*, or *Oak Filings*. People will buy to solve a riddle, who care nothing for the book.”

Mr. Litchfield tried again, and successfully, with his own chosen title. He believed in dealing frankly and honestly with the buying public. The result, after careful proof-reading, was in some respects very disappointing. A number of typographical errors remained, and even a few inexcusable faults in style had slipped through unnoticed.

The periodicals of all the other Mission Societies in America and Great Britain kindly passed with hardly a notice these blemishes so usual in first editions, taking for granted they would receive the author's immediate attention, and praised and recommended the book in the most cordial terms. But the *Monthly Record* of his own Society, conducted by Secretary King, had the most scathing possible criticism of the style and statistics of the book, and a most bitter fling at the unacknowledged ability of the author.

Mr. Litchfield felt surprised and hurt, but made no reply. He continued to work for the cause, and to say everything kindly and in an excusing way of the secretary. In the almost unanimous commendation of the press he found enough to reconcile himself to jealousy and bitterness, so utterly unfounded and unnecessary.

As the missionary tyro in literature went from place to place he found that large numbers of his books were being sold. But it was strange to see how many of his personal friends were waiting to borrow of others. In Pittsfield many spoke of the book with great enthusiasm, and scores were anxious to read it; but all must take their turn with the single copy in the Sunday-school library.

At the May meetings in Baltimore that year Mr. Litchfield was requested by Secretary King, as directed by the Committee of Arrangements, to be one of three to occupy an evening. He was assured there would be no other addresses delivered, and yet a fourth was introduced without any notice to him, besides other exercises requiring extra time and condensation.

As he was speaking, and reporting from India more frankly than had the secretary in print, and traversing the ground of the home responsibility for missions, the spirits of jealousy and bitterness again took possession of Doctor King, and noting, with the chairman, that the proposed time had been occupied, he urged the pliable figure-head to put the speaker down. It was done in a very ungracious way, and the secretary chuckled over the increased chances of his morrow's reflection, for which none had labored harder than his foolishly supposed rival.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### MRS. LITCHFIELD AT WOMEN'S MEETINGS.

IT was very much harder and far more expensive for the missionary wife than for her husband, to go tramping over the country visiting and speaking for the cause. He could say yes, and on ten minutes' notice throw his broadcloth suit and a change of linen into his satchel and be off. But she must begin to think and plan in many directions; as to the care of the children, what they shall eat and wear, as to what should be done in case of sickness, as to the mending and freshening of her own garments since the last week's wear and tear, and dust and perspiration, as to the necessary shopping for self and family during the absence, and as to packing away in the smallest possible space her best silk suit with all its accompaniments, so as to avoid the necessity, if possible, of taking along a trunk.

At first Mrs. Litchfield did not make much account of incidental expenses, thinking that if half the time her railway fare was refunded, she would contribute the balance.

But in less than two months her new travelling and speaking suits, with all their "fixings," and her

bonnet and hat, and the two dozen kid gloves she bought in Paris, and other things, which usually last women from four to eight times as long, were too shabby for public use. To keep replacing at her own expense, even if she could afford it, she concluded was not right. It would occasion invidious comparisons, and draw censure upon salaried executive officers of the Women's Mission Societies, whose pay and incidentals must take everything into account. If she had money to give, she must give as others give; and when she worked, she must work as others work, making others bear their full share of incidental expenses. Although not so serious a matter with her husband, she thought Secretary King was partly right in discouraging his gratuitous mission labors at home, and in avoiding any reference and endorsement of them in his annual report, and the society's periodicals.

But what should she charge for incidentals, in addition to money paid railways and other public conveyances? It surprised and worried her very much to figure, because the result was so far in excess of the usual judgment of people, and would be quite certain in the opinion of many to mark her as a money-grasping, worldly-minded woman.

Her calls averaged a distance from home of two hundred miles. Such a trip usually took the time and strength of four days, with two nights in sleeping-cars, or their equivalent expense. In Boston she used the street-cars or her mother's carriage, but at her destinations in the strange cities she had generally to hire hacks. Thus she reckoned: —

To 200 miles distance average R. R. . . .	\$10.00
To sleeping-cars two nights, and porter's fees,	3.20
To carriage hire, . . . . .	1.00
To street-cars, . . . . .	.12
To lunches en route, . . . . .	.50
To extra care of children, . . . . .	4.00
To postage and stationery, . . . . .	.25
To one pair of kid gloves, . . . . .	1.35
To rusche for neck and sleeves, . . . . .	.50
To 1-20th cost of travelling suit, (\$25.00) . . .	1.25
To 1-20th cost of speaking suit, silk, (\$50.00)	2.50
To 1-20th cost of hat and bonnet, (\$7.00, \$3.00)	.50
To 1-20th the cost of shoes, satchel, shawl, umbrella, neckties, and other wear, (\$10.00)	.50
To one telegram, . . . . .	.25
	<hr/>
Total incidental expenses,	\$25.92

Total incidental expenses for average 200 miles  
distant missionary meeting, over railway,  
carriage and street cars, . . . . . \$11.60

Lest Mrs. Litchfield had overestimated, and to make it an even amount, she decided to require where it could evidently be afforded, the promise of ten dollars for incidentals, in addition to the expense of public conveyances. For shorter distances she usually mentioned half that sum; and when she went as far as Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis, she merely suggested that more would be needed to cover her necessary incidentals.

Of course many good people felt very much scandalized.

"What are we coming to!" exclaimed Mrs. Deacon Jones of New Haven, as she replied to Mrs. Litchfield, without enclosing a postage stamp, and promis-



ing her, if she would come unconditionally, she might take up a collection for herself.

“O dear! the heathen world can never be converted, if missionaries are to be so selfish, so actuated by mercenary motives!” declared the rich Mrs. Doctor Gray of Washington, as she glanced over the answer to her request that Mrs. Litchfield come and speak at a union meeting in her husband’s church, where she could incidentally so advertise Mr. Litchfield’s new book as to more than cover all expense.

“What is the matter, my darling?” asked Deacon Lessing, a wealthy iron manufacturer of Pittsburg, as his wife returned weeping from an afternoon’s drive behind his five thousand dollar span of blood-horses.

“Boo, hoo! I have lost my faith in missionaries. They are regular Shylocks. After all we have done for the cause—more than five dollars every year since we were married—I thought I might ask one favor of the mean, niggardly set. I wrote Mrs. Litchfield of Boston to come on here, and help pay off our debt for the new vestry carpet, and there is the letter. Just read it!”

And there were many other strange requests to which Cleora had to reply.

A New York lady living in a Fifth Avenue palace, begged her to excuse any offer beyond railroad-fare, as the treasury of their society was empty.

An Indianapolis plea came, that as she was to pass through on her way to St. Louis, and would need rest for so long a journey, she stop off a night, and

address a union meeting of several hundred women, adding that probably some one would see to it that she was not put to any expense for food and lodging.

“If you can arrange for a woman’s meeting with some other church in Vermont, so as to divide your railroad expenses with us, we shall be very glad to have you come and talk to our sisters, and rouse them on missions,” was in one letter, with the added request, that, as so few of them felt willing to pay twenty cents per year for the mission paper, Mrs. Litchfield should write them once a month, while she was at home, a good long account of interesting tours in India to be read to the society.

The secretary of a woman’s circle in Michigan wrote that they would like to hear her, but they were conscientiously opposed to paying anything for homework in the cause of missions. Their own collector had worked now for seven years without any compensation.

From the President of the Glenwood Association Cleora received the following generous and moving appeal :

“We shall have thousands at our summer resort this year. There is no place like it in all the land for glorious scenery, good air, and rest. If you will come and address a meeting, you will have several hundred miles’ ride through the most picturesque part of our country, and meet here hundreds of ministers and their wives. You will have no such opportunity for an “outing” in America. We will pay half of your railroad fare.”

“Of course you would be shocked if we should be so inconsiderate as to suggest money considerations,” continued another. “For us, all this is a labor of love. How the blessed Lord must look down with joy upon services which are rendered freely, without money and without price.”

Mrs. Litchfield's monthly account for mission postage and stationery in her home vacation work was as follows:

To average of five letters per day postage . . . . .	\$4.50
To writing paper . . . . .	1.50
To envelopes . . . . .	.35
To postals . . . . .	3.00
	<hr/>
Total expense per month . . . . .	\$9.35
Credit of average of one three cent stamp per day enclosed in letters of application . . . . .	.90
	<hr/>
Net total expense . . . . .	\$8.45
	<hr/>
For the year . . . . .	\$101.40

As Mr. Litchfield's postage and stationery cost him as much more, the total of over two hundred dollars was one quarter of his vacation salary allowance.

After an all-night and all-day ride from Boston, Cleora, in response to one of these exhilarating invitations of impecunious love for the cause, reached Buffalo at nine in the evening. No one met her, and as she was looking around for a possible messenger, a coarse, blear-eyed ruffian grossly insulted her. Fortunately an acquaintance, a New York merchant, who was passing, recognized her, and offered to escort her

to the home of the lady with whom she had corresponded. They found it a large mansion on Delaware avenue.

Mrs. Klyn had not returned yet from a party, but her estimable young lady daughter said she believed her mother had made some arrangements somewhere else to keep her until she had gone.

“You can come in, and sit down, and wait, if you want to.”

“Thank you.”

“There is a rug to wipe your feet; suppose you have been walking.”

“Thank you; we had a carriage.”

“Ah! the gentleman was very kind. Suppose you have not had anything to eat?”

“No matter; I can go to a restaurant.”

“Wait, I will call down-stairs. Bridget! Bridget! Are there any more scraps on that ham-bone?”

The New York merchant, who had been too angry to speak, finally at this exploded:

“I insist, Mrs. Litchfield, now, upon conducting you to the best hotel, and to the best suite of rooms it can furnish you, as my guest. In half an hour I will have as good a dinner for you as Buffalo can furnish on call at ten o'clock at night.”

That moment Mrs. Klyn entered.

“I beg pardon, Mrs. Litchfield; I should have left word here that Mrs. Gleason on Main street is expecting you. You better hurry over there, as probably she is keeping supper waiting. Only a mile; you can walk it in twenty minutes.”

A moment after the door had closed upon this delightful experience, the gentleman hailed a carriage, and saw Mrs. Litchfield to her place of entertainment, lingering a few moments to assure himself that it was real hospitality, and not imposition.

Near midnight the weary traveller, who was to address two meetings on the morrow, was shown her room.

"When you retire," said the hostess, "you must not blow out the gas, but turn it off in this way."

"Yes. Thanks."

"And when you want water for washing, you turn the faucet, thus."

"Yes. Thanks."

At Milwaukee she was allowed to pay express on her trunk both from and to the depot.

"I should not allow it," observed the wealthy lawyer from whose house she was going, "only I know your expenses are already arranged for in some way by the missionary cause."

She was in this city two nights and for five meals, and she was passed around to four different places so as to divide the burden of entertainment.

The women's anniversary this year was held in Baltimore, and Mrs. Litchfield was to be the principal speaker, addressing at least twice. All the best and most convenient places of entertainment were eagerly seized by the executive officers and state secretaries, and the missionary was assigned to Milville, a manufacturing suburb five miles distant — over an hour upon the street-cars.

A very large congregation of ladies greeted her at a union meeting in Portland, but the ministers' wives appointed to the opening devotional exercises thought it was the best time they might ever have to exhibit themselves. So one read sixty verses of Scripture, another prayed twenty-five minutes, and the other gave out three hymns, each six verses long. Consequently the time was all consumed before Mrs. Litchfield began. The moment she closed, such a stampede took place as made the collection of only enough account to pass over to the sexton for his extra work. So here Cleora did not receive even a cent toward her expenses. But the president thanked her.

The rain fell in torrents all the day of her meeting in Syracuse. There were only twenty in the congregation, and the collection was two ten cent pieces, eight fives, and ten ones — total, seventy cents. They generously passed over the whole amount without any deductions. But she caught a severe cold notwithstanding the warmth of the cordiality. And when in three days she was able to leave for home, the physician deducted ten per cent. from his nine dollar bill, because she was a missionary.

As she was taking the train, a gentleman slipped two dollars into her hand for sleeping-car expense, saying:

“I know you to be a missionary, and beg you to accept this for accommodation to-night, as a token of my regard for your work.”

A letter followed her to Boston from the treasurer of the Syracuse mission-circle, asking her to receipt

the collection and any sum that was given her at the depot. No postage stamp accompanied the request.

She sent receipt for two dollars and seventy cents.

When the meeting closed in Harrisburg, the treasurer said :

“Now, please give me an itemized account of all your expenditures.”

“Really, I will not have time now. The train is due in fifteen minutes. I wrote your secretary on this subject. I have four other meetings this week in Pennsylvania, and thought it about fair to divide thirty-eight dollars equally among you all.”

“Then that makes seven dollars and sixty cents ; all we owe you. Are you sure that is all? Well, I cannot quite make change. But here are seven dollars and seventy-five cents. If you have not the fifteen cents, you can send them sometime to me in a letter.”

At Reading, one of those other four places, there were a number of ladies present from other denominations, and those in charge therefore felt too much delicacy to ask for the expected collection. There was no money then at the close to balance account, but she was assured the next time she came they would do something very handsomely for her.

Unfortunately, upon a railway in Iowa Cleora's trunk was lost. There were no baggage checks for the village where she was to stop, so the trunk was simply marked, and some rascal availed himself of the opportunity. It was a great loss, but when the ladies of that association had their next quarterly meeting, they sent her a unanimous vote of sympathy.

## CHAPTER XLV.

### MAINTAINING THE STATUS QUO.

NEVER was a fort held more bravely than the situation of the Agra mission, as the Litchfields left it, by Margaret Kilburne. Not Miltiades upon the plain of Marathon, nor Leonidas in the pass of Thermopylæ, nor Luther before the Diet at Worms, displayed greater heroism than this single woman-missionary in the effort to retain at least every advantage gained, and be ready for advance when the resting forces should rally again to the front.

Only in part did she succeed, for the difficulties were too great. Two faithful missionaries cannot leave their field for even a year without serious temporary embarrassments to the work, and if their absence is protracted over a second year the calamity is irreparable.

The week following her return from Lucknow, a letter came from Bareilly, with the familiar handwriting on the envelope of Reverend Doctor Turnbull, but it was not addressed to Miss Kilburne.

As Miss Kate Rivington was the owner, Margaret wondered if the venerable, gray-haired, spectacled, toothless widower wanted to get her companion to



intercede for him, since his own utter failure at the Residency.

The reader made no explanation, but was evidently quite flustered. She got her Hindi badly mixed with the natives, forgot to put on her pith hat as she crossed to the school-house, and so came near sun-stroke, and winding her watch the wrong way, broke the main-spring.

Margaret noticed her re-reading that same letter several times, and wondered what could make the "go-between" so studious. She did not dream that disappointed affections could so quickly centre upon another.

"Of all the missionaries I have met in India," observed Kate one evening as she broke a half-hour revery, "I admire Doctor Turnbull the most. And I do not see what people mean when they call him old."

"He must be sixty!" remarked the laughing-eyed, mouth-twitching Margaret.

"Nonsense! but somewhere between forty and fifty; and men of his style at forty are quite as young as I am. His whiskers are gray, but the hair on his head is as black as mine."

"It is a wig."

"Ah! then it is because he has been a great student and is very prematurely bald. Frankly, he wants me to marry him. He says he feels good for nothing, but that with my help he may again be useful. If I do not consent, he must return immediately to America, and all his important work indescribably suffer."

“Exactly what he said to me last Tuesday,” Margaret wanted to say, but she did not. The arrow had evidently entered the heart, and the wound was fatal.

On return from seeing the happy couple off at the railway-station two months later Margaret found the Litchfield dwelling on fire.

How it caught, no one could tell. Whether it was the hasty preparation for the wedding, or carelessness in the kitchen, or the pipe that Doctor Turnbull was smoking on the veranda while the other missionaries were eating the frosted cake and the bride was closing her trunks, or some native had committed arson, it was impossible to conclude. Nothing was saved. All Mr. Litchfield’s library as well as her own was gone; all the furniture, and every article of Margaret’s wardrobe except what she had been wearing at the wedding.

Mr. Lindsey and his Miriam, whose nuptials were to be celebrated the coming autumn, were very helpful to Margaret in this double extremity. The fair Eurasian by extra work almost filled the place of the departed bride. And Mr. Lindsey, apparently now a sober, virtuous, and reliable Christian kindly offered to take all the care of the rebuilding.

“I find, Miss Kilburne, that, as the walls are good, the building can be restored for two hundred pounds. I can contribute half; I wish I could all.”

“Perhaps a mysterious Providence meets right here your generous offer, Mr. Lindsey. Several weeks ago I received an anonymous letter from

Chicago, enclosing a draft to my order on London for a hundred pounds. I cannot identify the handwriting, but I have my suspicions, and am reluctant to use the money. But here is a necessity; I will endorse it, and you may proceed with the building. May God reward you for your work and sacrifice!"

"Ah! Miss Kilburne, before I commenced this new life of consistency with my old religious profession in England, I spent much more time and money in sin. The Litchfields and you came to the heathen, but God sent you — and Miriam to me."

Doctor Dunbar did not believe in women-physicians, and felt that Miss Kilburne had unsexed herself by administering quinine to fever-patients and applying porous plasters to weak backs. His horror, when he found that the hospital-knives and saws had actually been used in a case of amputation, was equalled only by his chagrin to have Margaret's successful surgery followed by three fatal cases of gangrene under his more scientific manipulation. Whenever Margaret spoke to his wife, he looked as if he thought a moral pestilence was threatening the sanctities of his home.

But poor health, the angel that has really or nominally sent home and out of the way many impracticable and unamiable missionaries, necessitated Doctor Dunbar's return to America, and the hospital was again on Margaret's hands.

As there were forty in-door patients, and scores calling daily at the dispensary, she must have help, since already she was overwhelmed with work.

A Doctor Price of Calcutta was recommended as a Christian physician who had lately arrived, and who desired to combine missionary-work with a living practice; and so he was installed on a three months' trial.

But deaths began to multiply at the hospital, and strange doings were reported from the dispensary among the natives. In one day seven corpses were removed. Some said the new doctor had opened a barber-shop; others that he believed only in using physic; and still others that he was going to set fire to the building, and was himself preparing to die.

It was that same fatal day, a messenger announced that the Agra native pastor, Saroop Singh, was dying at the hospital. Margaret rushed over, and found Doctor Price kneeling at the side of the unconscious man, pouring oil upon his head, and praying.

"Why, Doctor Price, what are you doing?"

"What Saint James told us to do."

"No, you are not! By 'anointing with oil' he meant the right kind of medicine and care first of all, and then prayer. Get up off of your knees here and help me. This dear man's life is too valuable to lose on any such nonsense. I see it is a case of opium-poisoning. How long has he been asleep?"

"Only a few moments. But a little more oil and prayer will surely awaken him, and cure him immediately."

"Wake him up in Heaven in half an hour, you idiot!"

Already she had dashed two cups of cold water

upon the unconscious head and chest, and her finger was in the throat endeavoring to excite vomiting.

"Nurse, run for the mustard and some warm water! Doctor, hurry to your office, and bring the stomach pump!

"That is right, nurse. Now call four men from the press to walk this man, and to slap his hands and feet and body. Why does not the doctor bring the pump?"

"He went to praying as I came with the mustard."

In a moment Margaret had run to the office, seized the pump, and was emptying the almost murdered man of the fatal poison. The enforced walking and the vigorous slapping woke him in a few minutes, and in one hour he was out of danger.

"I knew it would be so," said the doctor, as he arose from his knees: "I will send word immediately of this remarkable 'healing' by the 'prayer of faith' to my pastor in Chicago, who is writing a book on the subject."

With the same vigor with which she had attended to the other case of poisoning, and exercising her special authority over the hospital-premises, Margaret saw that hobby-riding religious fanatic vanishing bag and baggage in twenty minutes, and then returned to the cot of Saroop Singh, endeavoring there and at all the other cots of the several wards to mingle common sense with prayer, and the use of the proper remedies with faith in God.

Margaret and the Litchfields, however, were not

prepared to affirm that all miraculous healing of the sick in answer to the prayer of faith belonged to the past. Yet all instances under their own observation, or which were reported by native Christians, and which seemed to deserve consideration, were under circumstances where it was utterly impracticable to make use of the proper instrumentalities.

To the kindred subject of demoniacal possessions, and the exorcism of those thus afflicted, their attention was frequently drawn. They believed in the literal interpretation of God's word, and that they had not had to come to India to meet those who were not only under the ordinary power of Satanic corruption and temptation, but also specially and completely overborne by spirits of evil. But the manifestations of demoniacal possessions were frequently found by them in the heathen world to be specially demonstrative, in that the sufferer's personality, will and reason, were lost, and that the mental and physical symptoms were peculiarly distressing.

The missionaries felt that these features of possession, so strange to them, though so familiar to the people, were fresh evidence of the mercy of God, as to those in the time of Christ, in revealing beyond the light of Scripture, a measure of the condition and peril of man. And they rejoiced to find the evil still subject to the power of Christ, as exercised through converts from heathenism and their missionary associates, and that thus incidentally, as guided by the wisdom of divine Providence, their evangelizing work was materially assisted.

Two items of interest at this time occurred in connection with one of the other Agra-missions. A young lady had been educated and sent from England with mission money. A generous outfit had been provided by friends of the cause. But in passing through Calcutta, a government clerk proposed, and no proposition followed the hasty marriage to reimburse the society.

After the death of another of the same mission, his widow returned to Scotland, broken completely in heart and health. For two years she drew from the treasury the most liberal allowances she could command, by persistent applications, dressed as fashionably as possible, and when the secretaries were expecting her to return to Agra, she surprised them with simply her wedding cards, inviting to reception at her own home on Bedford Square, London.

Despite Miss Kilburne's protests and entreaties, Mr. Fowler and Mr. Wightman so secularized the Theological School, that several students were tempted away to government-instruction or employment. And never was a letter more gladly received, than the one which told Margaret the Litchfields were to sail in the next steamer.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### DISTURBING HORNETS' NESTS.

**W**HEREVER there are flowers the bees will gather. Through a field of clover it is almost impossible to go without stumbling upon nests of the various stinging insects, which feed on honey and give others pain. Fortunately their furious buzzing usually comes before their severe wounding, so that the pedestrian forewarned is forearmed, and rarely has he to do more than to quicken his pace, or move back a few steps, or make a short detour.

So the Litchfields found it in the clover fields of the home-Christianity. Almost every week as they moved through the country, they stumbled upon people who lived indeed upon the sweets of the Gospel, and were storing up precious grace and experience for the future, but who were very sensitive to disturbance, and very dexterous at stinging others. A few times the missionaries, though always trying to exercise that discretion which is the better part of valor, were unable to escape the danger. The sting, indeed, was never fatal, but it was always painful for the moment, and for some time after an annoying irritation.



One of these experiences Mr. Litchfield encountered in the editorial office of the *Baltimore Censor*. The editor of this able and widely read paper had some weaknesses, notwithstanding his many elements of strength. Keenly critical, he came to indulge the conceit that he had the right to monopolize criticism. Any minister or editor who should venture into the tournament, except at the call of this proudly plumed knight, must face the sharp point of his skilful lance. Right or wrong, there must be no failure to pay homage to his assumed monopoly of criticism.

“What presumption!” he exclaimed as he entered his office the morning after hearing Mr. Litchfield venture upon calling in question two or three methods of mission work in the home administration.

“Unheard-of insolence! and that, too, in my very presence!” and his great arm-chair threatened to shake to pieces with his indignation.

“I want a clerk to examine the files of the *Baltimore Censor*, to see if editorially I have ever uttered such and such sentiments.

“I thought not. Then I will unhorse the dastardly intruder in a moment. What the young upstart has said must be sheer nonsense, or beyond any question I would have thought of it before he was born.

“There; that will do. Nothing now will be left of the insolent missionary who dares to turn from teaching Hindus to teaching me. Copy!

“No; wait. I forgot. Is Mr. Litchfield a subscriber? I thought not. Then he deserves to be annihilated.”

Another nest of hornet people which Mr. Litchfield disturbed was in Pennsylvania, and made up of worshippers of the missionaries of past generations.

“Carey, Marshman, and Ward. Oh,” said one, “if we could only have such missionaries now!”

“Yes; and Henry Martyn, and Duff, and Wilson,” observed another; “but alas, they have no successors!”

“Indeed, Mr. Litchfield,” inquired still another, “what do you think would be the condition of the mission work in India to-day, if you had for co-laborers such as Doctor Adoniram Judson and Mrs. Ann H. Judson?”

“The same as at present,” was the frank reply.

But all the eyes in the room around him rolled bewildered toward the ceiling. There was gasping and catching of breath. Several spectacles fell to the floor.

“But, Mr. Litchfield missionaries now frequently err in judgment.”

“So did Doctors Carey and Duff and Judson.”

No one spoke for several moments. Such an expression was almost as bad as blasphemy. One man, who bore the name of an honored missionary, and who might have been lost in the crowd but for his white feather, moved over to the window where he could get more air, for he felt faint. Another, whose face was pale and red by turns, broke the silence, by—

“I hope Mr. Litchfield will remain in America.”

“At least,” observed another, “till he has learned to honor the dead.”

Up in Vermont Mrs. Litchfield encountered a cluster of vacationed missionaries, who had settled down very comfortably upon the pension lists of their Societies, and the added incomes of their pastorates and farms. One of the brethren had candidated during vacation in over twenty pulpits unsuccessfully. He had loudly protested against only twelve hundred dollars and a house as a missionary's salary, but he had tried even one thousand dollar churches in vain. All the four families had been home two years, and though in answer to the urgent letters of the secretaries, they replied with many protestations of desire to completely recover health and return to their work among the heathen, it was evident to Cleora that one of the missionaries and his wife at least had no more expectation of seeing the shores of Africa again than of going to the moon.

Especially as the brother's church was abundantly able to assume his entire support, Cleora felt so indignant at his continued monthly drafts upon money given for preaching the Gospel to the heathen, that she made bold to enter a kindly protest.

But it was not at all kindly received. Stinging replies and insinuations followed in quick succession. She could be no true friend, and could have no genuine missionary spirit. All social attentions were withdrawn, and many of the slanders which Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield met in the coming months and years, were traced back to the resentment felt in that Vermont village.

Much of the blame, however, attaching to these

returned missionaries, she concluded, was from the example of the Vermont State Secretary, who resided in the same place. He had done good work, and was receiving a large, but none too large a salary for such services. For a number of years, however, it had become painfully evident that he had outlived his usefulness. Many had realized it, and made bold to express their judgment. A larger number were still silent, hoping that he would see it for himself, and not bring the inevitable cloud upon his record. But counting on the continuation of his income for several years more, he had purchased a number of shares in a Rhode Island manufactory establishment, and he declared he must hold on despite all the alleged interests of the cause, or he would become involved in ruinous financial embarrassments.

Sometimes Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield stumbled upon clusters of people whose practical interest in missions was limited to criticism of executive officers and their salaries. Then again they would meet those who felt it a sin to send missionaries abroad, when they are so needed at home. And they came across many who had taken extreme views for and against intrusting women's societies with executive responsibilities. All those nests were very sensitive to disturbance, and except in running lively, there was little chance of escape from being stung.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### THE CHILDREN DIFFICULTY.

THE heaviest load which Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield carried upon their hearts during their year in America, was the possible leaving of their children behind on their return to India. Whenever they went away from Boston to address meetings throughout the country, or even when going out shopping for an hour on Tremont or Washington streets, they gave the little ones an extra kiss and hug, to keep for the long and dreary famine-years that might be coming. Often their eyes would turn from writing and reading, and fasten on the darling forms which might soon be separated from them by oceans, and which, when seen again, if ever, would no longer be the babes of father's lap and mother's arms, but grown to manhood and womanhood.

Prayerfully and thoughtfully the missionaries sought to be led with regard to the disposal of these precious treasures which God had committed to their care. Because they well knew there were special difficulties in the way of rearing their children in India, they did not become oblivious to the fact that there are special difficulties also in America,

and therefore assume that the family separation must take place at all hazards.

Mrs. Lyddell's rapidly increasing infirmities made it entirely impracticable for her to assume the responsibility of two children, eight years old, until they should be able to care for themselves. Very soon she would be compelled to give up housekeeping, and be herself, except in the matter of money, a burden on others.

One of the Mission Societies, whose headquarters are in Boston, had established an admirable home for missionaries' children in Auburndale, and another was about to arrange for a similar institution at Newton Centre; but their own Society had not yet given any attention to this important department of mission work.

There was a way in which it would have been very easy for Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield to have disposed of their little boy and girl. She could have drawn upon her own funds and advertised, and been overwhelmed with applications. And many of those ready to hire out their services to the missionary parents would undoubtedly be as good substitutes as could be found. But this facility did not satisfy their desire for providential leadership. They wanted a plainer path than the attractions of Mr. Lyddell's money.

"I think, Llewellyn," observed Cleora one evening as they returned to the library after an extra look into the little cribs which were drawn up on either side close to their own bed, "I think that we may seek, and watch, and wait for more unmistakable

indications of our Heavenly Father's will. If he wants us to leave them in America, he can inspire those, whom he may select, with sufficient mission-interest to offer to relieve us."

"Certainly Cleora, it would appear very differently if one or two Christian homes should open spontaneously to take these responsibilities from us for the sake of the cause."

"And for the children's own sake also. I would not ask more than hearts touched by God's spirit with such measure of self-sacrificing love for missions, and with evident appreciation and affection for our darlings. Then we could leave them. Indeed if we could be assured of such opportunities one or two years hence, I would linger behind you till then."

"Yes, that also might be best. Yet how much we have seen to illustrate the embarrassments arising from the separation of husbands and wives in their mission-work upon the field."

"But the year would soon pass, and I have faith that God would rule and overrule for the best. Of course if any suitable persons should offer to take Juddie and Margie, we should then want to insist upon paying all expenses: but not as inducement."

There was a little restlessness in one of the cribs, then a sobbing, then a crying. To the mother, hastening into the room, the evidently heart-broken Margie exclaimed:

"Oh, dear — I — don't — want you — and papa — to go home — and leave us here!"

And Juddie waked up, and commenced crying too, though he had not overheard, as his sister, the conversation, and only felt grieved from sympathy.

“We may not leave you, darlings. We thought you were both asleep, and were talking by ourselves of what God may ask us to do.”

Up went Margie’s little hands, and the eyes closed as tightly as the tears would let them, and through her quivering lips the prayer went right up to “the hearer and answerer :”

“Dear Jesus, don’t take my mamma and papa away !”

“He sha’n’t, or I’ll never love him any more !” screamed Juddie, as he shook his little fists toward the ceiling.

“O, Juddie, that makes papa feel very badly,” said Mr. Litchfield, entering, and sitting beside his crib.

It was a long argument. But finally the children were pacified with thoughts of Jesus’ love, though the little boy added, as he said good-night again :

“He must not take mamma and papa away, anyhow !”

Half-closing the door, and resuming the conversation again in an undertone in the farther corner of the library, Mr. Litchfield said :

“It is not probable that children have been given us to hinder our life-work ; and if it seems best for us to carry them back with us to India, I believe they will continue to be a great help.”

“Yes,” added Cleora, “and parental care is per-



haps a full offset to the numerous disadvantages for rearing children in heathen lands."

"Then I have thought, dear, that the knowledge, so perfect, which our little ones have acquired of Hindi, ought not to be thrown away. If they are to follow us as missionaries, the coming six to ten years in India may be their best qualification."

"They certainly speak the language more like the natives than we do; and they are acclimated. Their sister had not their constitution; and, oh! how many children are buried here as well as in India."

"Then there are our Benares friends, who have kept their children with them, not sending them to England till quite grown: and how successful!"

"Yes, Llewellyn, and you know the Gulick family, all reared among heathen; yet by God's blessing upon faithful missionary parents, all the six or seven children are now themselves missionaries."

"Our Agra home will not be the light it has been in the dark surrounding Hinduism, if the children are not to be there."

Returning to the cribs, Juddie was found snoring, with his feet on his pillow, while Margie was sobbing and laughing in her sleep, and saying in Hindi,—"Mamma—me—papa—me!"

With other children also, but of larger growth, the missionaries had difficulty. Mr. Litchfield had visited several theological seminaries, and his addresses to the students had specially interested a goodly number of young men of the graduating classes in India and other mission fields. Five expressed

earnest desire to accompany him to India, and were encouraged by the executive officers of the Society to expect immediate appointment upon graduation. One of them had appeared before the committee, and been accepted.

But they all failed to carry out their brave intentions. They acted like children, and not men in Christ Jesus. They endeavored not to acknowledge, either to themselves or to others, that they were too great cowards, as the hour drew near to take their stations far out on the picket line of Emmanuel's army. But their excuses were altogether too transparent for general deception.

One of them had, subsequently to his professed consecration to foreign missions, become interested in a young lady of no special sympathy with the cause, and he hid his cowardice behind the new sentiment. Another began suddenly to show a very child-like deference to the feelings of his parents. After all, if they did not want him to go, how could he think of it! The one who had been accepted, received a four-thousand-dollar call to a Buffalo pastorate; and surely this was of the Lord. Strange that he could before have been so mistaken! Another had been reading a book on China, and felt unsettled upon the idea of going to India. There were so many more heathen in China; perhaps four hundred millions, while there were only two hundred and fifty millions in India. He really must wait a year or two and decide this new and vastly important question. And the other was led by some "faith" literature of the

Perfectionist School to question whether he was not being guided by Mr. Litchfield instead of by the Spirit of God. And he concluded, finally, that he could not accept the advice of any one, nor consult his own judgment. God must mark out his path without any human instrumentality. All these childish aberrations were very trying and disappointing to Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield, but far better that the lack of heroism and common sense should appear in America than at the front, face to face with the vast host of Hinduism.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### LONDON MILDMAY CONFERENCE.

**B**OOTH Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield were profoundly grateful to God that their return to India in October and November, 1878, enabled them to spend that memorable week in England, when representatives of Evangelical Foreign Missions from all parts of the world met to consider their position, labors, and prospects.

They were merely spectators, except in the social meetings. To the Executive Committee, Secretary King had replied that he would be happy himself to read a paper upon self-forgetfulness, but that it was undesirable to give Mr. Litchfield the prominence of any formal report upon India. The anxiety of the secretary to figure before his denomination at home as their grand representative at this Ecumenical Council was very amusing.

While the English and Scotch societies were represented by strong delegations, and there were able messengers from many of the American and European missions, the general attendance was not equal to the interest of the exercises. The grandly successful labors of the Executive Committee, under the chair-

manship of Sir W. Muir, K. C. S. I., and of so many leading officers and friends of mission societies, should have received the response, at least from the London churches, of crowded assemblies at all the sessions in Conference Hall on Millmay Park.

It was very evident that with "differences of administration" there was "one spirit" in the great work of world-evangelization. There was a general desire for such readjustments and enlargements as should increase the aggressive power beyond the range of native churches already established. The "twenty-minute papers" and the "ten-minute speeches" packed the week full of information and inspiration.

As the Litchfields listened to Rev. Dr. Mullens on the Increased Coöperation of Missionary Agencies, they felt that he was giving them very matured fruit, but could not anticipate how soon the noble tree itself should fall in Central Africa.

So beautiful were the closing words of this lamented foreign secretary of the London Society, that Llewellyn took them all down in the short-hand of his college days. "The mission service is the noblest thing which human life can offer. Over the vast field of human sin, and suffering, and woe, we move forward in the name of Him who is our model and our Master, to seek like Him, like Him to save, the souls that are being lost. True friends of the slave, the idolater, the followers of false religion, we see all wounded, we gather them to Him who only can heal, the true Physician, the eternal Comforter; satisfied if at last he

shall condescend to smile on our labor, and to say as he accepts both us and them, 'Inasmuch as ye have done unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' "

While specially interested in Doctor Underhill's able paper on Emancipation in the West Indies, Mr. Litchfield could not agree with the writer in crediting the righteous act of the overthrow of the wicked and atrocious system of slavery to the humane feelings of the British Parliament and people.

"It was all as in our own country, Cleora; God overruling the wrath of man to praise him."

Reports of the advance into Central Africa, especially of the enterprise of the Scotch Free Church Mission up the valleys of the Zambezi and the Shiré, and upon the shores of Lake Nyassa, so stirred their hearts that they almost wished Agra was at Livingstonia.

It was a great privilege to hear directly and fully of the industrial departments of the Lovedale and Blythswood Institutions in South Africa, and in the discussion following, Mr. Litchfield would gladly have reported upon the successful printing and shawl experiments at Agra; but his note of request, to be recognized by the chairman, the Earl of Cavan, was referred to Secretary King, and that was the end of it.

Naturally the Agra missionaries were much pleased at the endorsement given to medical missions, and they thoroughly agreed with Doctor Lowe, that the true position of the missionary physician is that of an evangelist.

As Doctor Clark of the American Board closed his glowing report of the results achieved between the Balkans and the Bosphorus, and between the Bosphorus and the Tigris, Llewellyn remarked to his wife :

“How plainly God is leading American Christians to the front in world evangelization. Evidently our civil and religious life specially qualifies for evangelistic work among Moslems as well as among Buddhists and Hindus.”

They were very proud of their brother missionary who was to accompany them in the same steamship after the meetings — Rev. Mr. Sherring, of Benares. His paper was a very masterful survey of the growth and position of Christianity in India.

In the discussion, after Doctor Mitchell of Edinburgh, upon the Systems of Education Pursued in India, Mr. Litchfield felt as if he must participate, and ventured up in front to request a recognition through Doctor King. But the secretary, always true to himself at least, replied :

“If you have any suggestions to make, I will make them for you. You are on your way to your work, which is exclusively in India. I came across the ocean on purpose to represent our denomination. I could not help your interfering so much with my work at home, but here I can, and will.”

The progress of Mahometanism in Dutch India was a surprise, as also the opportunity which the Malayan and the Polynesian languages give to evangelization.

“Doctor Legge is right,” observed Cleora to her

husband ; “ none but remarkable men make remarkable missionaries. Yes,” she added ; “ after Mrs. Weitbrecht’s paper on the Women of India, we should begin to ask adequate remuneration for instruction given in the zenanas.”

It was encouraging to see the strong ground taken against the opium curse in China. Since Mr. Litchfield’s life in Peking, missions had evidently been making great progress throughout the vast kingdom, also in Japan. With overflowing heart Cleora listened to the reports of Christian progress since with her mother she rode through the Tokaido and visited the Temple of Kwanon, in Tokio, and wondered if ever an impression could be made upon such heathenism.

The Bible work of the various societies, aggregating thus far a circulation of one hundred and fifty millions of copies of the whole or parts of God’s Word within the previous seventy-five years, seemed bewilderingly vast.

Rev. Mr. Sibree’s “ Ten Minutes in Madagascar ” were very enjoyable, with their proof of the power of the Gospel.

Special impressions were made by Rev. Mr. Hughes’ remarks upon mission work among the Afghans, by Doctor Jessup’s paper upon Syria, and by that of Rev. Mr. Brenan upon the evangelization of the Jews.

At the closing meeting in Exeter Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield were sure they should never forget the address of Doctor Punshon on faith and patience, and that of Doctor Clark on the great missionary movements of the present age.



## CHAPTER XLIX.

### BENARES CONFERENCE OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS.

**I**N December, 1878, the annual meeting of delegates from the Hindu churches throughout the Northwestern Provinces and Oudh, Rajpootana, and the Indore Agency, was held in the Rome of India. It was a union-meeting of the native Christians associated with all the various mission societies. Though the missionaries came under different auspices, and held different opinions upon many subjects of secondary importance, there was thus annually presented to the surrounding heathen an unbroken Christian front. The effect was well worth all the trouble and expense, and Mr. Litchfield's first duty, as well as pleasure, on return to Agra, was to help arrange for the Benares Conference.

Cleora remained with the children in Agra, with hands full of rearranging, and superintending also the placing of the little monument they had brought from America for the grave of their eldest daughter, beside the beautiful Taj. Upon the tablet was room for other names. God only knew how soon it would be covered.

The day after the arrival from Bombay of the

returned missionary family, Margaret was summoned in haste to Bareilly to the sick bed of Mrs. Doctor Turnbull. She appeared the rather as if she needed a physician and nurse herself, but perhaps she might save the life of another. And she did; but her month's absence left Cleora overwhelmed with work, and yet Llewellyn's duty for a fortnight meanwhile, was at the Conference.

A darker background for the bright and beautiful Christian scene could not be found in India, nor indeed anywhere else throughout the heathen world. The Benares ghauts are more repelling than the Allahabad mela, in that the bathings are in the presence of such a multitude of obscene Siva temples along the water's edge. The grotesque booths of the mela are not so revolting as the Linga and Yoni shrines of the ghauts.

In a few minutes, after changing cars at Mogul-Serai, Llewellyn reached the opposite bank of the Ganges, from where, and as he crossed the bridge of boats, he could see tens of thousands of Hindus "washing away their sins" in the muddy, sacred waters. Afterwards he watched the scene with sad interest from the summit of one of the lofty minarets of the Mosque of Aurungzebe, whence also he could count the towers of a thousand Hindu temples. And then, also, he had a nearer and more satisfactory study of the scene from a boat, in which he was rowed up and down the river in front of the ghauts.

Each day as he went to the meeting, he had to pass the Golden and the Monkey Temples. In the

former he saw multitudes worshipping massive stone representations of the organs of lust; in the latter other throngs making their religious offerings to hundreds of filthy, free and familiar monkeys. Many sacred cattle met him in the streets, and of course he must turn out for them, since they are not accustomed to make way for anybody. Such inconvenience was rarely now to be encountered in Agra, nor the disgusting bathing and besmearing with the holy cattle-excrements that was constantly on exhibition in Benares.

The Conference was held in the mission-chapel of the London Society. Mr. Litchfield and the lamented Sherring were the most active in counselling and arranging, and yet they studiously kept in the background and pressed forward the native clergy and laity.

Babu Janvier of Allahabad was moderator, and delivered an opening address of great merit. He began by welcoming to "the Athens of India" "a city wholly given to idolatry." "But this little company of two hundred Christian delegates," he said, "worship not to us 'an unknown God.'" He spoke of real progress, especially among the multitudes who had ceased to be idolaters and were not yet Christians. Yet this could be a cause for congratulation only as Christians increased their efforts to give to those who now had nothing of religious conviction and principle. They must realize with every year they were being called upon to encounter less of idolatry, and more of utter religious indif-

ference. The great need is not controversy, but Christ-like lives and clear, simple testimony of what we know of the Son of God.

A quartette of the two young men, Budha Sing and Dil Sook, and the two young women, Jasodha Lal and Nabi Baksh, whom Mrs. Litchfield had long and faithfully drilled, led all the services of song. The favorites were: "Call Jehovah thy salvation," "In the Cross of Christ I glory," and the popular bhajan, "*Kyun mana bhula hai uih sansara*".

Reports were given from scores of stations. When they were plainly encouraging, as from Agra and Cawnpore and Lucknow, there were prompt prayers of thanksgiving; and when little but discouragement was reported, as from Benares, Meerut and Jaipoor, thoughtful native Christians were ready to quote the promises in trial, and to suggest hopeful indications.

One was absent who was much missed, Hussain Raza Khan of Moradabad. He was to preach the annual sermon. But his two sons had died the week before, and to him the Conference sent a message of sympathy. By return mail the following note was received from him, and read by the native clerk, Prem Dass of Shahjehanpoor:

Thanks for your tender sympathy. I cannot say more. "I was dumb, and opened not my mouth, because thou didst it." We are indeed bereaved. We do not understand it; nor is it necessary that we should.

Thoroughly prepared addresses were delivered by Umed Singh of Allypore on the Christian Family;

by Fazl Haqq of Delhi, on Religion in Education; by Prabhu Bhikla of Ajmere, on the Superiority of the Bible to the Vedas; by Joa Jummin of Futtipoor, on The Unity of Christian Evangelical Denominations; by Behare Lal of Futtigurh, on Islam Weighed and Found Wanting; and by Gurdial Singh of Mirzapoor, on A Native Ministry. Several of these addresses were equal in merit, so Mr. Litchfield thought, to any heard at the Allahabad Mission Conference in 1872.

A Committee of three, Gulab Singh of Roy Bareilly, Zahur-ul-Haqq of Muttra, and Isa Dass of Nainez Tal, was appointed to draw up a series of resolutions, expressive of the appreciative and grateful feelings of the native Christians to the missionaries, and to the Christians in far-off lands who support them.

At the general prayer and conference meeting at the close, Sadu Singh of Agra spoke eloquently of the joy of the native Christians at that station and in many surrounding villages at the return of their beloved Litchfield Sahib and his wife from America, and Jukkan Lal of Allahabad led all in a prayer of thanksgiving, which touched the hearts of the missionaries, and Llewellyn felt that he was in the Beautiful Gate of the Heavenly Temple.

## CHAPTER L.

### TOUR OF VILLAGES IN RAJPOOTANA.

IT was very evident to Mr. Litchfield, upon his return from America to Agra, that while the station-work had received considerable attention, there had been special neglect of the outlying villages. With the exception of a few places in the immediate vicinity, none had been visited by either of his colleagues during the entire year. Miss Kilburne repeatedly urged an evangelistic tour of at least one week, but Mr. Fowler felt that he could not leave his school room, and Mr. Wightman, being of a very domestic temperament, was unwilling to be absent from his beautiful young wife for any considerable time.

The Benares Conference having adjourned, Mr. Litchfield therefore immediately arranged for a month of itinerating in the southwest district, across the line in Rajpootana. He invited the senior class of the theological seminary to accompany him, quite certain that their time would be as profitably spent as in the school room; and though his home attractions were fully equal to those of his junior colleague, he did not allow them to interfere with his

duty among the most lowly, and in some respects the most repelling of India's millions.

"I am convinced, Cleora," observed Llewellyn, the evening before his departure, "that we must give more attention to mission-work among the village populations. They are very poor and ignorant, and yet they have not the moral weakness and vices of the city. Then they are the feeders of the great centres of population. Here it must be very much as in America, the country furnishing to the cities the majority of their most able ministry and laity."

"It is very evident in our schools, Llewellyn, that the boys and girls from the humble and remote villages do the best."

"Yes, and that is why I shall hasten now out of our immediate neighborhood, and spend most of the month touring, nearly a hundred miles away."

The "Rhode Island bandy," drawn by its yoke of trotting oxen, carried all baggage, tent, provisions, cooking utensils, and a large quantity of Bibles and tracts. Mr. Litchfield rode on horseback, while the eight young men of the theological class went afoot. The students attended to the pitching and folding of the tent, one servant to the horse and the oxen, and another to the missionary's food. A division of labor was arranged among the young native preachers. Mouni Lall led the singing at all public services. Sheo Ghulam had charge of the sale of Scriptures and tracts. Ram Gopal, the eldest student, a married man of unusual dignity and wisdom, followed the preaching of the missionary by conversing with the

native women, and children, while Bihari Lall gave his attention at these inquiry meetings to the men who had been persuaded to linger. Ambica Charan with Bhola Singh, and Wazir Dammar with Ghasi Ram, made two independent parties to work in the villages along the way which the missionary could not personally visit.

A forced march of three days, or rather three nights, brought this little and heroic band of Christ's soldiers upon their immediate field of operations in Rajpootana. The villages were seldom more than three miles apart. Mr. Litchfield held a service each day at his encampment, and also two others that same day in neighboring villages.

As special pains were taken to reach those communities where there was already at least one convert, the arrangements made for the reception of the missionary were often very quaint and touching, if not elaborate and expensive. A booth would be erected in an open space of ground with poles and branches and white cotton cloth, and the floor be covered with matting. This would be the missionary's pulpit, the congregation sitting or standing around in the open air at distances depending upon their interest in the preaching.

Although the majority of these little congregations were made up of the lowest caste people, usually a few of the upper ranks would linger as if casually in passing, and no doubt they were often better listeners than they appeared to be. One of them at a village near Mangrole made his way through the crowd at



the close of a service, and salaaming to the missionary, said :

“Hear me, all ye people. I am Har Nam Kunwar, brother to the Rajah of Boondee. From social reasons I am a Hindu, though it is not truth. What this man says is truth. I will give him fifty rupees for books for you. You can afford to be Christians. I cannot.”

The great man redeemed his promise and moved away, resisting all the missionary's urgency that he should take a single copy of God's Word with him, or linger for a personal interview.

“Your Christ,” said he, “will conquer the India of the future; but I belong to the past. My position requires selfishness and duplicity, which Christianity would not tolerate.”

“May I not write to you, sir?” inquired Mr. Litchfield.

“No; except on business. And then remember I am not like you, to be trusted. As a Hindu, life is with me a game of chance, and I take advantage of all the tricks.”

At a village near Kerowlee crowds of the sick and their friends pressed upon the missionary. His hands were otherwise so full, that usually he sought to avoid this access to the people. But whenever he began prescribing, or there was memory of his former services, his little medical knowledge and skill were in great demand. And in this village surely God used a few doses of quinine in the hands of Mr. Litchfield to enlist a life of very great value to the cause of Christianity in India.

Having recovered from the fever, Isa Das was able to intercept the returning missionary a fortnight after, and with intelligent sincerity he said :

“Your medicine cured my body. I want now the cure of my soul. And if Christ will cure my soul, I desire to spend my life in telling others of him.”

Frequently the converts in their joy would bring their babes to the missionary for him to name. And, as in the ancient Bible times and in Bible lands to-day, theirs also was the custom to select names for their children that have meaning and adaptation, Mr. Litchfield would please these parents very much by taking one after another of the little children in his arms, and calling them Gratitude, and Thankful, and Hopeful, and Faithful, and the like. At each selection he would offer a brief prayer, and the little service was made very impressive, and doubtless a means of great permanent good.

It was very pitiful to have so many clusters of converts or of natives, favorably disposed to Christianity, asking for resident teachers and preachers, which could not yet be supplied. The missionary held out no immediate encouragement, except where there was an evident spirit of self-reliance. In some places the public sentiment warranted the offer of the use of a heathen temple, as also the entire support of a native pastor if he could be secured.

One of the largest and most fruitful meetings of the tour was held in a building that had been a shameful temple to Siva. The Bible lay where the obscene idols formerly stood. The old Brahman him-

self offered the opening prayer, and three of his converted nautch girls led the singing. As the one pleaded with God to send light into the darkness around, and the others sang —

Tell me the old, old story  
Of Jesus and his love,

Llewellyn could not doubt there were many angels hovering over the beautiful scene.

In five villages the Christians were contributing one tenth of their earnings to the support of religious services, and in three of these a fund, small, indeed, but generous for the givers, was ready for the missionary to take and use in helping to send native preachers to other villages.

Near a little river they crossed, a Christian mela was in progress, a kind of camp-meeting of a few converts and their families. A little market was opened for honest dealing between services. Though no immoral exhibitions were allowed, many natives congregated, and the opportunity for the missionary was one of the best of the month's tour.

## CHAPTER LI.

### MISS KILBURNE'S TURN AT THE HOME WORK.

AT Bombay Margaret expected to connect immediately for Liverpool and New York, but an accident to the steamship detained her in port nearly a week. However, she was enabled to begin very pleasantly her much needed year's vacation by a leisurely visit to the various points of special interest in this greatest Indian metropolis. Many hours she rode upon the American tramway, which gave quite a vivid sensation of the home far distant, and enabled her to see to the best advantage the Mahratta, Parsee, Arab and other native life thronging the principal streets. Malabar Hill, the Elephanta Caves, and the University tower with its magnificent prospect, each claimed a day and filled it with pleasant memories. Very fortunately for Margaret, the night before landing at New York was terribly stormy, and she was compelled to endure indescribable suffering. The rest and recovered vigor from the long, delightful voyage seemed thus temporarily lost, and when in a few hours after passing the Custom House she reported at "the Rooms," her welcome was unusually cordial, for she appeared so thoroughly dilapidated and woe-begone.

Many letters awaited her, mostly of invitation from mission bands, but as not more than one in ten of the letters enclosed postage, and she had no two or three dollars to give to her correspondents at present, answers to the majority were necessarily delayed.

To make herself presentable at the score of women's meetings, which it seemed best for her to attend on the way to Chicago, a silk dress and accompaniments had to be procured immediately, which with the cost of a railroad ticket home, required all her half-pay in advance for two months. As her appointments were *en route*, none thought of contributing to her incidental expenses; and as at the first stopping-place in Patterson she was allowed to use her last quarter in paying the baggage express, she was compelled there to check her trunk directly through, and travel the rest of the way in her new dress. Wherever she was not met now at the depots, she had to walk, the help of the street-cars even being impossible. The car-riding, the dust, and the perspiration of speaking so many times in crowded chapels ruined the pretty costume by the time she reached Chicago.

The day before starting westward Margaret crossed to Brooklyn to call upon a well-known clergyman, who had received many favors from her mother in years past. She felt as if he was the only one in the vicinity of New York to whom she could confide her need of a few dollars. But he returned her card to the door by a servant, with the pencilled explanation on its back — "I decline to receive any woman who has unsexed herself by studying to be a doctor."

Mr. and Mrs. Kilburne had a most loving, Christian welcome for their daughter. Their joy and pride made their humble home more beautiful than ever had been their Michigan Avenue palace in their years of worldly display. The mother was a ripe Christian, not able now to do much outside of her household cares, but full of intelligent sympathy for missions, and a half-hour daily she prayed for the cause. Margaret's father continued as mission-secretary of that district, highly esteemed among the churches, and every year succeeding by his voice and pen in converting many more of the ministry and laity to the cause of world-evangelization.

Passing through the State of Ohio to meet an appointment in Cincinnati, Margaret learned that at Toledo a large association of churches was holding an anniversary, and concluded to stop over a few hours. None seemed to know her, or even to have heard of her work. Several ministers were not certain that there was any mission in Northern India; and the entertaining pastor was evidently very chary of his cordialities, until he had been to his study and found the names of Agra and Miss Kilburne in his unread pile of mission-magazines.

When Margaret saw in the printed minutes of the last year that the association had raised seventy-thousand dollars for home expenses, and only four dollars and twenty cents for foreign missions, she felt as if she must arrange a woman's meeting before taking the evening-train. But no one invited her. The moderator objected to breaking up the general after-

noon session. He had an essay himself to read upon the "Immorality of Using Tobacco," and wanted an audience. Then he was quite opposed to dividing the strength of the denomination upon foreign missions. The women should coöperate with the men, and if she had any facts to present she could do it through their regular committee.

However, she carried her point to the extent of securing a notice of a five o'clock woman's meeting, to which many of the brethren lingered. All were interested, and a collection was taken of one hundred and thirty-two dollars. Those who carried the boxes were almost pale with fright. How could the salary-arrears of so many pastors be paid, when such an amount of money was being permitted to slip through their hands!

The moderator of the association, who had lingered in the vestibule, hearing all, but not willing to see a woman speak, now entered, and suggested that the disposal of the unexpected contribution be left to the regular financial committee.

"This lady has professed to talk to you as a mere labor of love," he continued, "and doubtless she will be satisfied if this generous collection is appropriated to the mission-cause according to the judgment of all the associational delegates."

Through all this Margaret was silent. She might have been more explicit, but trusted to the proprieties of the occasion. Of course the money would be forwarded to the treasury of the Woman's Society which she represented. But it was not.

While weary and supperless, the repulsed and heart-bleeding missionary was rolling on toward other duties of the morrow, the delegates behind, cold and hard as the steel rails underneath her train, decided that as the discouragement of the use of tobacco is legitimate mission-work, therefore the afternoon collection be appropriated to the publication and distribution among the freedmen of the moderator's able and timely essay.

One stand Margaret took very decidedly. She would address those meetings only that were under women's auspices. A woman must preside, and special efforts must be made to rally a congregation of women. All men present should be considered as guests of a women's meeting. This stand, so wise in its loyalty to womanhood and in its deference to the rights of the general mission societies, gave her much trouble in correspondence, and at some of the meetings.

The secretary of the Pittsburg band could not understand Miss Kilburne's scruples, and declared that no lady could be found in the city to preside at the meeting, and that her pastor would introduce her after he had read a chapter and prayed. Margaret telegraphed, positively declining to conform to any such arrangement.

Nevertheless, because she did not flush, and blush, and refuse to speak if even one man had slipped in at a meeting, many who listen to far bolder-appearing women in choir-loft and on concert-platform, would not hear her. And on the other hand, she found herself, to her great annoyance, elected and published as



a member of the Female Suffrage Association of Chicago.

As Miss Kilburne was delivering so many addresses, there were multitudes who thought she was making "piles of money." Almost every day people applied to her for help in raising ministers' salaries, in buying new carpets for churches, or in making additions to Sunday-school libraries.

One day in Chicago, ex-Senator Loughridge called. Immediately he relieved Margaret's embarrassment by announcing his approaching marriage to a Washington lady, and added :

"I came to tell you that if I am a Christian to-day, it is because of you. The giving of yourself to the cause of missions, when I pleaded with you to accept the position of a senator's wife, and then your subsequent steadfast loyalty to Christ when I offered to bring you wealth and make you the first American lady in India — I could not help it, Miss Kilburne, I had to acknowledge the reality of your religion. Before the altar on which your life has been burning, my unbelief has all vanished. Your Saviour is mine now; and though you refused to bear my name, my saved soul shall be a star in your crown throughout all eternity."

While Heaven was growing brighter to the missionary, earth was growing darker. For some months she had been experiencing an increasing difficulty with her eyes. Little hazy spots were forming and enlarging, evidently not upon the surface. Her judgment told her no ocular surgery could do her any

good. She only waited till she could save enough to consult an eminent authority, and be told as reliably as possible, the length of time before she should be totally blind.

"If you return to India," he said, "you cannot expect the use of your eyes for more than five years. In America, with great care, they may serve you ten years."

Immediately she arranged to hasten back to Agra. Margaret might meet her parents again, but probably could never *see* them any more in the flesh. They did not understand why she looked at them so constantly and steadily while they were together, and they thought it very strange that she should want to take a plaster-cast of their faces with her to India, when photographs are so much more satisfactory and inexpensive.

"O," she said, "I like to feel what I love with my fingers."

Unexpectedly, on journeying eastward to reëmbark for India, Margaret met ex-Secretary King, formerly of Boston, but now the pastor of a little church in Western Pennsylvania.

"I have lost my three-thousand-dollar place, and only get now fifteen hundred," he growled; "and I believe your Litchfields are at the bottom of it."

"They have always spoken most kindly of you in my presence, regretting chiefly your unfounded suspicion of all their correspondence and of all their efforts during vacation in the home country."

"Snakes in the grass! Mere snakes in the grass!"

“Indeed, Doctor King, your judgment and spirit are not excusable. Both in public and private you have endeavored to tread upon them as serpents, while at the same time they have striven anxiously to be only angels of peace to you, guarding you from all misrepresentation and magnifying your virtues.”

A day at Yonker's Female College, another with Mrs. Lyddell at Boston, and Margaret watched the receding shores of her native land once more, and with a very special earnestness.

## CHAPTER LII.

### CHURCH DISCIPLINE AND MISSIONARY MARTYRDOM.

**W**HILE exaggerated statistics of churches in the foreign mission-field are far less frequently to be met than in Christian lands, it was one of the great burdens which Mr. Litchfield had to carry, that within the range of his acquaintance throughout North India, there were several stations where delinquent converts were never excluded, and many continued to be reported who had lapsed into heathenism.

One missionary, against whose laxity Mr. Litchfield was kindly protesting, frankly acknowledged that the exercise of thorough discipline among those under his nominal supervision would reduce a third the appropriation to his station.

“Those who support us,” he said, “have a monomania for large figures. They cannot long maintain any enthusiasm over less than hundreds and thousands. If we cannot keep rising statistically, then quite inevitably down goes all their practical interest in us.”

But the Agra missionaries were very decidedly opposed to any such compromise of principle. They were in India under God to build up true Christian

churches, feeling that it was of supreme importance that their work should be genuine. If the exclusion of unworthy members, even to the loss of half or all the number of their reported converts, was necessary, they were confident they could trust their Divine Master with the consequent impressions among the supporters of the mission.

In the village of Saringpoor, twenty-three miles south of Agra, had been gathered a church of sixty members. From its organization it had been chiefly under the supervision of Mr. Fowler. Yet he had been so absorbed with his schoolroom duties as not to visit Saringpoor more than once a year, and then in such a hurried, superficial manner as to secure very little acquaintance and do very little good.

There were rumors of Sabbath-breaking, and childhood marriages, and idolatries, but the native pastor who had been three years under the instruction of the Agra missionaries, and retained the perfect confidence of them all, denied the truth of these disquieting reports, and furnished many grounds for reassurances.

But one excessively warm day, Chandur Ghulam called at the mission, wearing his garments loosely, and, to his utter confusion, Mrs. Litchfield discovered a large brass cross hanging to a chain around his neck.

He denied that he had become a Roman Catholic, but the manner of the denial was equal to a confession, and that same evening the missionaries decided in conference that Mr. Litchfield and the

Agra native pastor should spend the following Sunday in Saringpoor.

The situation was found to more than justify the rumors. Under the personal and financial influence of one of the Italian Catholic missionaries of Agra, the native pastor, Chandur Ghulam, had thoroughly apostatized. All but five of the members had accepted his leadership, at least for the present. These five, of whom four were women, had, under various pretexts, been kept from going to Agra, or from communicating with their missionaries.

Many of the heathen of Saringpoor had been induced to compromise by the priest of Rome. They had fought as faithful Hindus against the evangelical truth, but when it was promised them that they might continue to worship all their idols if they would call them Jesus and Mary instead of Vishnu and Kali, and that they might put their large image of Kali in the Christian chapel—so much better a building than their old temple—there was a very general rally of all Brahmans and people to the new religion.

Under the influence of Mr. Litchfield's presence, several of the leaders among the former converts promised to return to their duty, if he would pass everything as excused. But he assured them that this would be quite impossible in loyalty to the cause of Christ in India. He could no longer recognize others than the five faithful ones as constituting the Saringpoor church. All the others must be excluded, to be restored only upon repentance and a probation

long enough to test the genuineness of their re-conversion.

“If,” said he, “we could only have known of the first of your apostatizing, your Sabbath-breaking, your immoralities, your idolatries, and then had prompt church-discipline exercised, this great scandal to the cause of Christ throughout all India, might have been avoided.”

Probably Mr. Litchfield should not have proceeded farther than this faithful protest and instruction and ecclesiastical counsel or action. But that image of **Kali** in the chapel was extremely exasperating. There it stood in all its indescribable hideousness, close to his side, as he explained to all the villagers who were present, the principles of a Christian church and the necessity of faithful discipline, as well as of faithful ingathering.

On the impulse of the moment, forgetful that the villagers had built the chapel at their own expense, and considered it their own property, he caught up the image of **Kali** in his arms, and started for the door, saying :

“I will place it outside, and those of you who own the idol, may take it away.”

At this, as at a signal for which many were waiting, fully prepared, an angry shout arose, and many stones were hurled at the missionary, the Agra native pastor, and at the only loyal male member of the Saring-poor church. The two latter sprang in front of Mr. Litchfield, ready to sacrifice their lives for his, shouting to the mob of apostates and Romanized Hindus :

“Kill us, but not your best earthly friend!”

“We may die, but the true God lives and will judge you!”

“May God forgive you; you know not what you do!”

First, Saroop Singh fell, his head crushed by a stone larger than his fist, and in a moment after, the Sar-  
ingpoor brother sank, with the word “forgive” upon his lips.

What could the unarmed missionary do in the presence of the mob made up of such elements as had traitorously and with tiger-like ferocity slain hundreds of English men, women and children in the mutiny twenty-three years before, and were now organized for his death by Jesuitical cunning and Brahminical hate?

He could only fold his arms, look up to Heaven and wait God’s will.

Not strange that he thought of Stephen’s martyrdom. Not strange that as Stephen, “he saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God.”

He thought it was death, and with the language of the proto-martyr still upon his lips, exclaimed :

“Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!”

And again, kneeling down, “Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!”

• In an instant, beneath a shower of stones, his head fell over upon the breast of the dead Agra pastor, and the mob thought that the missionary also was dead. The murders accomplished, a sudden panic seized the maddened crowd, and in a few moments they had



scattered, leaving the chapel occupied only by the two corpses, the mangled and unconscious missionary, and by piles of stone, and broken benches, and windows, and doors.

Hours passed and night drew on, but none of the villagers reëntered the chapel. The cold, damp air revived Mr Litchfield, but he could neither move nor speak. He could only wait until it seemed almost morning, yet it was only midnight.

Then crept in stealthily the four faithful women converts, hardly repressing their joy on finding the missionary alive. One turned quickly and put her hand on the heart of her dead husband. Quietly they unfolded one of their shawls, placed Mr. Litchfield upon it, then, each at a corner, carried him through a side street out from the village seven miles, to the brethren of another church. Thence stronger arms bore him to his Agra home, where he was to await the carrying of angels' hands to another.

## CHAPTER LIII.

SHOWING THE WORK TO AMERICAN TRAVELLERS.

**T**HOUGH Mr. Litchfield partially rallied, his vigorous constitution had received a blow from which it could never recover. There were serious internal injuries, which were complicated by the general nervous prostration and by those several hours of night exposure after his body had been overheated by work and excitement. He had had his last tour among the villages, and though he was taken in the mission-carriage a few times to appointments in the city, and occasionally carried in a sedan-chair to the different buildings upon the compound, it was painfully evident that the little service he could yet be to the cause must be from the invalid chair in his own home.

Miss Kilburne's return at this time was very providential, and yet the condition of her eyes made it unwise, if not impossible, to be as efficient as she desired in the emergency. There was her own unfinished book, as also Mr. Litchfield's unrevised manuscript. Each had become responsible for a considerable portion of Scripture in the new Hindi version, and much remained to be done upon the new song-

book which they had been assisting Mrs. Litchfield to prepare.

To both, the Litchfield children were very helpful in this extremity and pressure. They could read Hindi fluently, and really knew better than either their father or "aunt Margaret" how to express simple thoughts in language the most idiomatic and intelligible to the natives. Every day their young eyes saved hours of labor and pain to the one who was hastening to close his service in this world, and to the other who knew that in a little while the day would be to her as dark as night.

It was December, 1880, and the foreign travelling-season had begun. Every day the Agra hotel was receiving guests from England, Europe, and especially from America. Not one in a thousand of them would think of the important mission-enterprise, sending forth its inestimable influences from within sight of the Taj to one hundred millions of Hindi-speaking populations.

What was the duty of the missionaries toward these travellers, the majority of whom command so much influence in the home lands? Their custom had been to seek them by personal interviews and formal invitations, even to have every winter a notice and welcome hung up in the hotel and at the railway-station, and thus God enabled them to convert many travellers to a genuine and practical interest in the mission-cause. That there might be no misunderstanding of their motives, the printed notice contained the assurance that no contributions were

solicited, but only from one to three hours of personal investigation, that the travellers might carry to their distant homes reliable information with regard to the methods and results of foreign mission-work.

"I cannot consent to abandon this important feature of our work this winter," bravely replied Mr. Litchfield to all the objections raised. "For the sake of the glorious cause, I would like one more campaign on this line before I am mustered out."

"And," added Miss Kilburne, "it is so delightful to see the impressions made, the interest awakened, the prejudices removed, the intelligence acquired. It is such a privilege to see with one's own eyes; but I cannot many winters more, and so I will work doubly hard, that we may hold on to the old plan God has so richly blessed."

The first one after this to accept their invitation troubled them exceedingly by his strange perversity and blundering, but not at all discouraged, these brave soldiers of the Cross "picked their flints" and tried again.

The guest, a prominent citizen of St. Louis, was invited to remain to evening dinner. As he remembered he could call for food at the hotel until ten o'clock, to supplement the humble, half-starvation fare as he imagined, of the missionary table, he accepted.

The kitchen telegraph communicated the intelligence to all the mission-families. Mrs. Fowler roasted a chicken. Mrs. Wightman made one of her delicious puddings. Miss Kilburne rushed to the bazaar and selected a generous assortment of

fruits and nuts. Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey, who had the only ice-house among the mission's friends, sent over three quarts of ice-cream, one each of vanilla, lemon, and chocolate. Mrs. Litchfield had left from a little box, lately received, one pint can of salmon, and another of strawberries, and so withal the St. Louis gentleman had a dinner fit for a king, and he ought to have had perception enough to realize that his feast quite exhausted the hospitality of the whole mission, and emphasized for several days the question of economy in every family.

But the stupid guest reported the next day at the hotel, and subsequently, as his hosts learned, in Calcutta and Bombay, and doubtless since throughout England and America, that missionaries are the most luxurious livers in all heathen lands, and that it is absurd to represent them as greatly sacrificing for the salvation of benighted souls.

A prominent clergyman and his wife from New York, exhibited astonishing ignorance upon mission-subjects, as they were being conducted by Mrs. Litchfield and Miss Kilburne through the several departments. They raised such questions as these:

“Do all the natives speak Sanscrit?”

“Are there more Hindus than Buddhists in India?”

“Have Missions extended into the south of this country?”

“Why do the English leave the evangelization of this land almost entirely to American Christians?”

“Did you ever hear of any German missionaries in Asia?”

“Have the natives any literature of their own?”

“Has all the Bible yet been translated into the language of India?”

“Are there many Mahometans here?”

Yet this man was a Doctor of Divinity, famous as a “star-preacher” of the American metropolis, and thought he knew about all that it was necessary to know in order to guide his great church in the discharge of its responsibilities before God.

“Well,” exclaimed a young Philadelphian as he adjusted his eyeglass before the hotel notice of the mission, “this is extraordinary. Folks will ask me about missions when I reach home, and some of them will corner me, for I have taken no pains to see anything of them thus far in Japan, and China, and Java. A man cannot see what he will not look at.”

The missionaries found him candid and inquiring, and they enabled him to leave Agra a friend of the cause, promising to coöperate through his own society to the full extent of his ability through life.

Two young people from Newark were on their wedding tour around the globe. Both had inherited property which was well invested, had buried their parents, were Christians, and as yet were unsettled in their plan of life. But soon they became thoroughly interested in the Agra mission. As they saw the great responsibilities being carried, and particularly how soon Mr. Litchfield would be at rest, and Miss Kilburne blind, they announced their prayerful and thoughtful agreement to stay as missionaries at their

own expense, if all the other missionaries desired it, and on the latter's representations the Home Board would give them an appointment. It was evidently providential, and when Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hayward were fully installed, the way upward seemed more welcome to Llewellyn, and the way onward brighter to Margaret.

One afternoon a Rev. Mr. Seaman, wife and son came over from the hotel to see what interested them more than the Taj and the palatial fort. They were from Hartford, leisurely touring the world, and remained a week in Agra. Each day they spent several hours with the missionaries at their work, becoming very familiar with each department. With Miss Kilburne they journeyed two days among the neighboring villages. Through interpreters, Mr. Seaman addressed the theological students several times; once a general meeting of the native Christians, and three times large gatherings of orderly, attentive heathen. Mrs. Seaman became acquainted with the Bible-women, went with them to many Christian homes and Hindu zenanas, and talked and prayed beside many of the hospital-cots. And the boy helped to make the children and others very happy.

"Thank God, for the coming of all of you!" said Cleora.

"Almost as good to us as a vacation at home," added Margaret.

And Llewellyn said in his good-by, "What you have done for us and ours in Agra has paid for all your time and expense around the world."

## CHAPTER LIV.

### CASHMERE AND THE HIMALAYAS.

ALL were mistaken who expected to find at the Litchfields a sad home, or a perpetual shadow in the companionship of Miss Kiiburne. The future had not been selected by them, but by One in whose love and wisdom they had perfect confidence. As their own plans were crossed by the plans of God, there was surprise, but no dismay; tears, but no bitterness; the eclipse of some bright sunbeams, but the dawn of many others.

To make the passing months the sweetest and most cheerful of their lives; to have them remembered by their children as unusually happy, and to illustrate before both Christian and heathen natives the thoroughly reconciling and heart-uplifting power of Divine grace, was the prayerful, painstaking endeavor of both Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield. And Margaret felt, and desired that all others around her should appreciate she so felt, that the spiritual vision God gives his believing children is infinitely more important than natural vision; that the light she was losing was of comparatively small consequence to that she was gaining from the truth and



spirit of Christ; and that while she saw with increased difficulty the beauties and deformities of earth, she beheld with greater clearness every day glories that can never fade away.

General Rhodes was at this time in command of the fort, and Doctor Hazard still the resident physician. Both were frequently callers at the mission, and preferred the social life they found there to the families of the merchants and of those in the civil service.

As one afternoon they were smoking in the "Jasmine Bower" of Akbar's fortified palace, looking through the marble window at the Taj, the General exclaimed:

"Is it possible, Doctor, that our friend Litchfield must go? I know he is not as strong as before that mob, but I supposed him good for years yet."

"O, no! They insisted upon perfect frankness, and I told them months ago, he could not hang on more than a year, and that it would be impossible to pull through this summer without a journey to the mountains."

"Extraordinary, then, their cheerfulness. Have enjoyed of late visiting them more than ever. They keep up with all the news from England, and she can sing like a bird. Fact is, they are brave. His missionarying has spoiled a good soldier."

"It is more than bravery, General. You know I am not much on piety, but I cannot explain, on natural principles, how my announcement of speedy death should make everything at that home as if

there was going to be a wedding, and not a funeral."

"My old mother in England would say, I suppose, that there is going to be a wedding."

"Well, General, I have almost forgotten what that kind of language means as applied to the anatomy and pathology of the unseen, but if the Litchfields' belief is a delusion, it is very practical. I would give a thousand pounds to be under the delightful hallucination."

"So would I. But, Doctor, I have an idea. My brother is British resident at Sreenuggur, capital of Cashmere. He is younger than I am, and ought to be pious. A large house, and nobody but his wife. I will write him to invite the Litchfields for the summer. He is down on missionaries, but I will tell him these have not been spoiled at all. I will be fair and explain the situation, yet assure him that he will have a good time with them up to the last day. Extraordinary! Very!"

Accordingly in two weeks it was arranged. Miss Kilburne came over from the hospital to take charge of the house and the children. The parting looks were a little more earnest. Some of the smiles lingered a little awkwardly upon the faces. That last morning-prayer was very brief, and Cleora suggested that there would hardly be time for the usual singing. But it was all the weakness of the flesh. The spirit of both parents was strong, God's strength proving equal to the day. They were happy, grace being sufficient.

They broke journey at Meerut, Lahore and Jhelum.

At Meerut, where occurred the first outbreak of the mutiny, a great religious fair was in progress, and missionaries were toiling to improve the opportunity.

Passing through Umritsur, the commercial capital of the Punjab and the religious centre of the Sikhism, they could see the magnificent marble temple, with its gilded cupolas, where is enshrined the Grunth, or sacred book of the Sikhs. But missionaries who met them at the station, are building more enduring monuments than of Runjeet Singh.

Two days were enjoyed at Lahore, the political capital of the Punjab, as guests of the missionary in charge of the Divinity School. Though a majority around them were Moslems and Sikhs, with many they could still converse in Hindi, though they found their less familiar Hindustani the more useful.

As Mr. Litchfield talked with some of the Sikhs, and saw how strongly they protested against both the idolatry of the Hindus and the rigid monotheism of Islam, he felt that, notwithstanding the inferiority of their Grunth to the Vedas and the Koran, as much might yet be expected from this people in conquering India for Christ, as in holding it for Great Britain.

Ever since reaching Saharunpoor, a day from Agra, they had been in sight of the Himalayas, and had felt the cool and invigorating influence of their eternal snows. But now they entered into the embrace of these most gigantic of earth's mountains, and found in the famous Valley of Cashmere, not an Arctic welcome, but the utmost comfort and exhilaration and beauty.

From the Residency at Sreenuggur, they could see over all of the fertile and charming valley, one hundred miles by seventy ; in truth, an earthly paradise, full of treasures natural and artistic ; the climate perfect, and the almost matchless picture set in a framework of dazzling white.

With their hosts and the English missionaries, the Litchfields visited several of the artistic and historical points of interest scattered over the beautiful plain. Almost always there were travellers or fugitives from the hot, dusty plains of India to join them, yet invariably Llewellyn and Cleora were the centre of the social circle, the oracles of the most intelligence, the leading interpreters of nature and art, and the most cheerful, racy conversationalists upon the sense and nonsense of the day.

The excursion which was most enjoyed by the Agra missionaries, was to Marttand, five miles beyond the ancient capital of Islamabad. It was not that its temple ruin is the architectural gem of Cashmere, not that by many tourists it has been compared for beauty and magnificence to Palmyra and Thebes, nor yet that its position upon an elevated plateau is unsurpassed in all the valley ; but because of all known buildings throughout the world, this most nearly reproduced the plan of the temple at Jerusalem.

Mr. Litchfield became quite interested over the Cashmere "Raja Tarangini," the only existing Indian history, seeking to discover to what deity this temple was dedicated. Many pleasant hours he passed also investigating the strange architectural affinities around

him, with Greece on the one hand and with Cambodia on the other.

But September had come, and the time when it would be safe for the return to Agra. They had spent the summer as if years were before them. There had been much thought, and prayer, and private conversation about Llewellyn's last journey so soon, but generally life moved on as if only they were enjoying a much needed rest.

For several days before starting on the return they cheerfully gave all their little strength to the decorating of the home of their host for the approaching birthday party of his wife.

Only once Cleora whispered :

“The angels are thus, Llewellyn, making beautiful your home in heaven ; and their flowers will never fade.”

During the eve of departure, Colonel Rhodes and several gentlemen of the Residency staff formally pledged themselves, in grateful recognition of religious impressions received, to erect a Litchfield Memorial Chapel in Sreenuggur, and to endow a native pastorate.

“And,” added the Colonel, “may he preach the religion which you live !”

## CHAPTER LV.

### FROM AGRA TO GLORY.

DOCTOR HAZARD advised Mr. Litchfield, upon his return to Agra, to disengage himself as much as possible from the care of the mission, and to take all the out-door exercise his strength would allow. Arrangements were therefore made for excursions from the city every week, sometimes to the village-stations, but more frequently to Secundra and Futtehpore Sikri, to enjoy the magnificent architecture of the great Mogul, Akbar.

To the latter, an enormous cluster of elaborately ornamented palaces and pavilions and colonnades, he went but a few times, as its distance required a night from home. There he pitched his tent, either in the Dewani-Khas, throne-room, or under one of three beautifully-carved pavilions of Akbar's favorite sultanas.

His interest in the Futtehpore Sikri mosque, particularly in its magnificent southern gateway, and the solution there by Saracenic architects of a problem Greeks and Goths tried in vain to master, enabled Llewellyn to contribute to the literature of art two exceedingly valuable monographs. Upon them, his *Alma Mater* the following spring would gladly have

given him a title, but then he was where religious honors do not tardily wait for a comparatively trifling secular merit or availability.

More frequently Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield, and the children, who now always accompanied them, were able to visit Secundra and the neighboring Orphanage and Christian village. It was only a pleasant hour's drive out in the morning, and the early evening returns were delightful. The garden of Akbar's tomb, still preserved, though less perfectly than that of the Taj, and the terraces and arches of the royal mausoleum furnished retreats for rest and recreation.

For the father it was fatiguing to ascend to the pavilions of the upper stories, and especially to the crowning marble cloister, but it was always cool and pleasant there, and the children loved to climb, and he did his best to please them.

Under the cypresses and other evergreens of the Taj, and at the mausoleum of Elmad-ood Doulah, Mr. Litchfield corrected the final proof sheets of his work on *The Evidences of Christianity*, and also of his portion of the Hindi Scripture revision, being the Epistles to the Romans and the Hebrews.

At the annual gathering of the mission in November, 1881, the attendance was very general. A thousand converts and fifty native pastors participated in the communion service, at which Mr. Litchfield presided. There were too many for the chapel, and the delightful service had to be in the open air, in the cool of the evening. It was the last time that the missionary left his room.

But there he met the fifteen young men of the theological school, and urged them to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus their Lord, and to press toward the mark for the prize of their high calling of God. Then he dismissed them, with a present to each of the new Hindi Testament, with these words marked :

“Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.”

All the missionaries of the station had several conferences around his bedside. Upon them he urged loyalty to the executive officers of their Mission-Society, unity in all their plans and operations, prayerful caution in all correspondence, and far greater care for genuine than for large results.

“Miss Kilburne, I want you to stay a little while this evening,” he said, as the missionaries were going out from their last interview. “You have been a true sister to Cleora and to me, and what could my children have done without you? Under God, you have toiled nobly and successfully for the cause in India. Yet I am confident that Christ through your blind eyes will gain many more rich trophies from among this people. ‘Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.’ ”

“My children,” he added one evening, as they came in to kiss him good-night before their early retiring,



“you have lived most twelve years, and you have always thought that papa loved you just as much out of your sight as now. And that is the way God loves us; the same when we do not see him as when he is plainly present. In a little while you may feel very lonesome, but try to think of Jesus as in the other room. Present or absent from you, always, if you will let him, he will be a better friend to you than mamma, or papa, or aunt Margaret.”

“Darling wife, we are all alone now. How beautiful this day has been! I have felt unusually well.”

“But you have been doing so much, Llewellyn dear, that I am feeling very anxious.”

“Let me see your picture in the album — that one taken the day before we were married. You were a beautiful bride; but you are more beautiful now.

“O, I forgot to tell you, Cleora, that when I went to the Taj the week before communion, I pencilled on our monument my name, and under it in English and Hindi and Hindustani — ‘A sinner saved by Jesus Christ.’ You can have the date put on, and all chiselled in. The wind is very strong to-night; are you sure that the children are out of the draught?”

“There, let me take your hand, Cleora. I have much to say to you. Where shall I begin? But I am so tired; perhaps I better wait till morning.”

But when morning came, he was not there. Unknown to wife or any, and probably also to himself, he was carried to the spirit-land and awoke among the blest.

## CHAPTER LVI.

### FAMINE AND PESTILENCE.

**I**N two respects, man can see a silver lining to the terribly dark clouds which of late years have hung over vast populations in Asia. When hunger and contagious diseases have swept away hundreds of thousands, and even millions in a few months, governments, in the light of the nineteenth century, have been prompted to undertake vast enterprises to alleviate present misery and to prevent the recurrence of the calamities. And then, also, the grandest possible opportunities have been furnished to teach the heathen world the lessons of Christian philanthropy.

Thus in 1877-78, in the land of the Telugus of Southeastern India, six million died, but the Buckingham canal was constructed, and the almost unequalled charities of Christian England and America swept away mountains of Hindu suspicion and hostility.

A few months later, and over the densely populated provinces of Shan-si, Shen-si, Chi-li and Shan-tung, in North China, similar blessings have followed in the train of still greater loss of life; and, likewise the succeeding year among the present more scattered populations of ancient Assyria and Armenia.

The summer of 1882 was a fearful one for the district of Agra, Delhi, and Jaipoor. Neither of the last two monsoons had brought any rain. The farm wells had been dry for several months, so that there could be no irrigation except along the river banks. Millions were living chiefly upon roots and leaves; and to render the situation still more dreadful, there was not only a large increase of disease, such as would naturally arise among a starving population, but cholera had broken out, first in Futtigurh, then in Allygurh, and finally in Agra, for which the epidemic seemed to have reserved its utmost fury.

There had been a general flight of all the European residents. The missionaries alone remained. The garrison of the fort was reduced to the lowest practicable number, and all communication with the city was closed quite as effectually as if there had been an investment by rebellious sepoys.

All the ordinary work of the mission had to give place to the conflict with the new enemies, before whom thousands were daily falling. While the cholera was at its height, even the industrial departments were closed, although during the rest of the time they were overcrowded by Christians, anxious for work enough to keep body and soul together.

In the division of labor arranged, Mrs. Litchfield and Miss Kilburne had charge of the famine-relief and medical work upon the mission premises, where it was the general effort to concentrate all that could be done for their Christian adherents in the vicinity. This left Messrs. Fowler, Wightman, Arlington and

Hayward, and their wives, to engage in the far larger work throughout the city and the surrounding country, into which frequent excursions were necessary.

The Indian government forwarded large quantities of food and medicine to the afflicted district, but so great was the demand that Cleora drew upon her own funds for a year in advance, and applications had to be made for benevolent contributions both from England and from America. The responses were generous and prompt.

Mrs. Litchfield's dwelling became a storehouse, from which daily rations were issued to between three and five thousand people. She had ordered a thousand buckets from Calcutta and Bombay, and all receiving help, who were able, were required to do some labor in bringing water from the river. Thus the mission grounds were kept well irrigated, and the grass and foliage were preserved, furnishing a most welcome retreat for the sick and suffering from the surrounding desert. The children she sent with Huchi to Allahabad.

For hospital purposes, Miss Kilburne was compelled to use also the school-building and the chapel. The floors were covered with the sick and the dying. Others had to be eyes for her in the examinations and in the making up of prescriptions, but her general health was perfect, and there was no breaking under sixteen hours' work a day.

For the second time seed-grain had to be distributed, as the rot and the locusts destroyed the first sowing, even as previously among the Telugus.

Very remarkable was the effect upon the native mind of all this Christian heroism and sacrifice. That government should dispense charity with a liberal hand was understood; "For," said Hindus and Moslems, "if the English do not save our lives, of what good is the country to them? Government relief pays well."

But that American missionaries should voluntarily brave death to save the lives not only of converts, but of those they know hate them and their religion alike, and that those who could have no selfish motive in view, should send hundreds of thousands of rupees of relief money, this was extraordinary and inexplicable. Such motives were unknown to their religions. There must be a power in Christianity that is from the true God.

Especially the calm, unterrified, and cheerful labor of the missionaries; it was more than courage, more than self-mastery, more than ambition to do a meritorious act. Thousands gave up their idols, some even their faith in the Koran. Though not until all danger was past were converts enrolled, hundreds then sought to be recognized as followers of Christ; and before the close of the year, the ranks of the mission had doubled, with no signs of lessening of enlistments. In one season the missionaries had done years of labor.

Doctor Hazard, who under their example had returned to his work, was reconverted and accepted appointment as missionary physician; and General Rhodes also participated in the Pentecostal blessing.

## CHAPTER LVII.

### THE BURIAL AT SEA.

FROM the exhaustion of the summer Mrs. Litchfield did not rally in the autumn. She had escaped the epidemic, through which she had labored so efficiently, and no particular disease seemed to have fastened upon her; but there was almost complete physical prostration. She could neither eat nor sleep. She was all worn out.

An immediate voyage at sea was earnestly advised by Doctor Hazard, by Miss Kilburne, and by all the other missionaries. And providentially there was a ship at Calcutta, with cabin and stateroom accommodations fully equal to those of steamers, which was to make a round voyage of six weeks to Penang, Singapore, and Batavia.

It was arranged that Margaret and Huchi should accompany her, the children being kept during her absence at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey. Huchi was to be hands and feet for Cleora, and eyes for Margaret.

The native preachers begged to carry Mrs. Litchfield in a sedan-chair to the station. They said that it would be easier than the wagon. And as thus the

exhausted missionary was borne forth, she found hundreds of Christian women and children lining the path from the dwelling to the gate, singing —

In the sweet by and by,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

The men had gathered in equal numbers beyond the railway station, along the track for a great distance. They stood in perfect silence as the train passed. Not more than half of them were Christians. Many were prominent Hindus and Moslems of the city, into whose zenanas and harems Cleora and Margaret had brought all the light that had ever entered. Outside, Doctor Hazard had freely said, it was doubtful whether the widowed missionary could ever return, and the gratitude of all classes for so many inestimable services, seized the opportunity for expression.

At Allahabad, where connection was made with the through-line from Bombay to Calcutta, a railway official gave notice to the ladies that the director's drawing-room carriage was in waiting for them by arrangement with General Rhodes of Agra.

At the American Mission Home in Calcutta, everything possible was done by loving hearts and ready hands to make their guests comfortable, and to cheer one on the way to health or heaven. Missionaries, merchants, and civil and military officers called in large numbers, but Cleora was too much exhausted by the long ride to see them. Margaret

met them all ; she could not now see well enough to recognize countenances.

Accompanied by the United States Consul-General, the Viceroy called ; and as it was so signal a recognition of missionary services, and would help the cause throughout India, Mrs. Litchfield joined Miss Kilburne in the parlor to receive him.

“Ladies,” he said, “what the names of Florence Nightingale and Howard and Wilberforce are to Great Britain, your names, and those of your Agra associates, will be to India.”

“We much prefer, your Excellency,” replied Cleora, “to be ourselves forgotten, and have Christ remembered among these Hindu and Moslem millions.”

As the voyagers climbed the stairs from the little boat at the side of the ship, Margaret slipped a step because of her blindness, and Cleora, who was close behind, caught and saved her from falling into the water.

The exertion was too much for the invalid, and she had scarcely reached her stateroom before she began to raise blood.

Although the hemorrhage was very severe, Margaret was successful in stopping it. But Cleora saw that the blind eyes were full of tears, and said in a whisper :

“It is all right, Margaret. Any little thing would have brought this on. Not you, but a signal from the home Jesus has prepared for me, and where Llewellyn is waiting.”

The voyage did no good. The beautiful island of



Penang delighted her eyes with its vegetation, and soothed her with the music of its waterfalls, but could not call back the strength that had been given to thousands, nor close the ruptured arteries which almost daily lost her somewhat of hold on earthly life.

The ship returned, and they were one day out from land. Huchi awoke Margaret with a word from Cleora.

“Sister dear,” she whispered, as Margaret knelt by her side, “Llewellyn has come for me. Jesus has told him that he need not wait any longer. I give the children to you. They want to be missionaries. May God help you to advise them rightly.”

A moment she rested, and then in feebler whispers continued:

“Tell the darlings that mamma is perfectly happy. Tell them—O Llewellyn, it is you! How bright your crown! How beautiful your robe! They are singing. O Cleora, darling! you too? Yes. Beautiful child—dazzling white! Jesus! Chiefest—ten thousand—altogether—lovely!”

Margaret knew that Cleora was gone. Huchi said there lingered a beautiful smile, and Margaret tried to feel it with her hand.

And still they were six days from Calcutta: only a ship; no ice. The captain said there was but one way. They wrapped her in several white linen sheets, with a hundred pounds of lead. The English Church burial service was read by the captain. Gently the body was lowered to the surface of the waters, and then they received it.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

### A PART OF THE FIRST RESURRECTION.

ON reaching Calcutta, Margaret and Huchi took the train immediately for Agra.

Margaret felt that she should be the one to break the news to the fatherless and now motherless children.

She drove directly from the station to the Lindseys but learned there that Miriam had taken her wards to the Taj.

Hastening thither, she found them playing with the echoes under the great dome.

Margie first caught sight of her aunt, and rushed to meet her, exclaiming :

“O aunt Margaret ! and is mamma here too ?”

—“mamma here too.”

And at the same moment Juddie asked eagerly :

“Is she well and happy ?”

—“well and happy.”

Huchi motioned Miriam to accompany her, that the children might be alone with Margaret.

“The echoes answer your questions, darlings, truly. But I have a long and beautiful story to tell you. Let us go first outside these walls to the pleasant little yard, where the bodies of your papa and sister are resting until the resurrection.”

—“till the resurrection.”

“Juddie, you take one hand ; and Margie, you take the other ; and I will be safe in the dark.”

—“safe in the dark.”

“There, auntie, that is mamma’s seat close to the head of papa’s grave. You take it, and Margie and I will sit down on the grass.”

“If mamma is at home, I want to go right off to see her,” said Margie impatiently.

“She is at home, darlings, but in the beautiful home with Jesus, and your papa, and your sister.”

For a moment their lips quivered, as their eyes filled with tears ; then they buried their faces in the grass-covered mound of him they loved so well.

Margaret waited for God to whisper his own comfort. She knew that they were Christians, and that Christ had promised not to leave them comfortless.

Then, too, perhaps in the ministry of angels at that moment the yearnings of parental hearts were being satisfied.

“I do not feel sorry for mamma, auntie,” sobbed Margie, breaking the silence.

“God was good to let us have our mamma so long,” added Juddie. “Where shall we bury her, auntie ? On this side of papa ?”

“She is already buried in the beautiful water, and is just as safe as here for God to raise up, that you may meet her and your papa again.”

"I would rather not go to meet her just yet," said Margie, "for mamma has many stars in her crown, and I have not any yet."

"Yes, you have. But I haven't," replied Juddie. "You read the Bible to Sundie and Tijjizan and Bholi, until all those women became Christians, and you have told about Jesus a great many times to Rani and Mona and Haidra and to many other girls."

"But, Juddie," protested the sister, "you helped mamma feed the starving people, except when we were away with Huchi. And Mookerjee told you he would never more worship any idols, but only your God. And Kanhan Singh asked you why you fed him, and you said 'For Jesus' sake;' and when he joined the church he told them your words led him to Christ."

"I have not worked as hard as you, Margie, anyway. You did not give up asking Torina Datt and Parbutti to come to meeting for one whole year. What I have done has been only a little now and then, but I want to do more. Oh, if I could only be of half as much good to these Hindus as was papa, I would feel richer than any Maharajah of India."

"And if I could do a few years here as mamma has done," continued Margie, "I would not change places with Queen Victoria. I do not want to live anywhere else than in Agra, until I can live in heaven."

Miss Kilburne sat listening, with her blind eyes full of tears. The resurrection of the self-giving mar-

tyr-spirits of Llewellyn and Cleora was taking place before her. No need of her counsel yet. The children, leaning at her feet over the grassy mound, were harkening obediently to the Still Small Voice.

"If I am to be a missionary as mamma was, I must be a great deal better Christian," observed Margie.

"It should be I to say that," replied Juddie. "Auntie, will you always live with us in Agra, and tell us how to work for Jesus?"

"O, that will be beautiful, auntie; will it not?" exclaimed the enthusiastic sister. "And I am really glad you cannot see, so that you can be with us and talk with us all the time.

"I will live with you, darlings, as long as God allows me; and will try to do everything for you that your papa and mamma would desire. But in a few years you should go to America to finish your education" —

"And you go too, auntie?" interrupted both.

"Yes. To-morrow will be New Year's Day, 1883. You are almost thirteen. I will try to teach you here until you are sixteen. Then I will arrange a home for you until you graduate, in Boston or New York."

"I wish that was all over, and we were all back here again," said Juddie.

"So do I," added Margie. "And do you believe, auntie, that papa and mamma know all that we have been saying?"

"O, yes, indeed! And their happy spirits will watch you on this journey until its glorious end."



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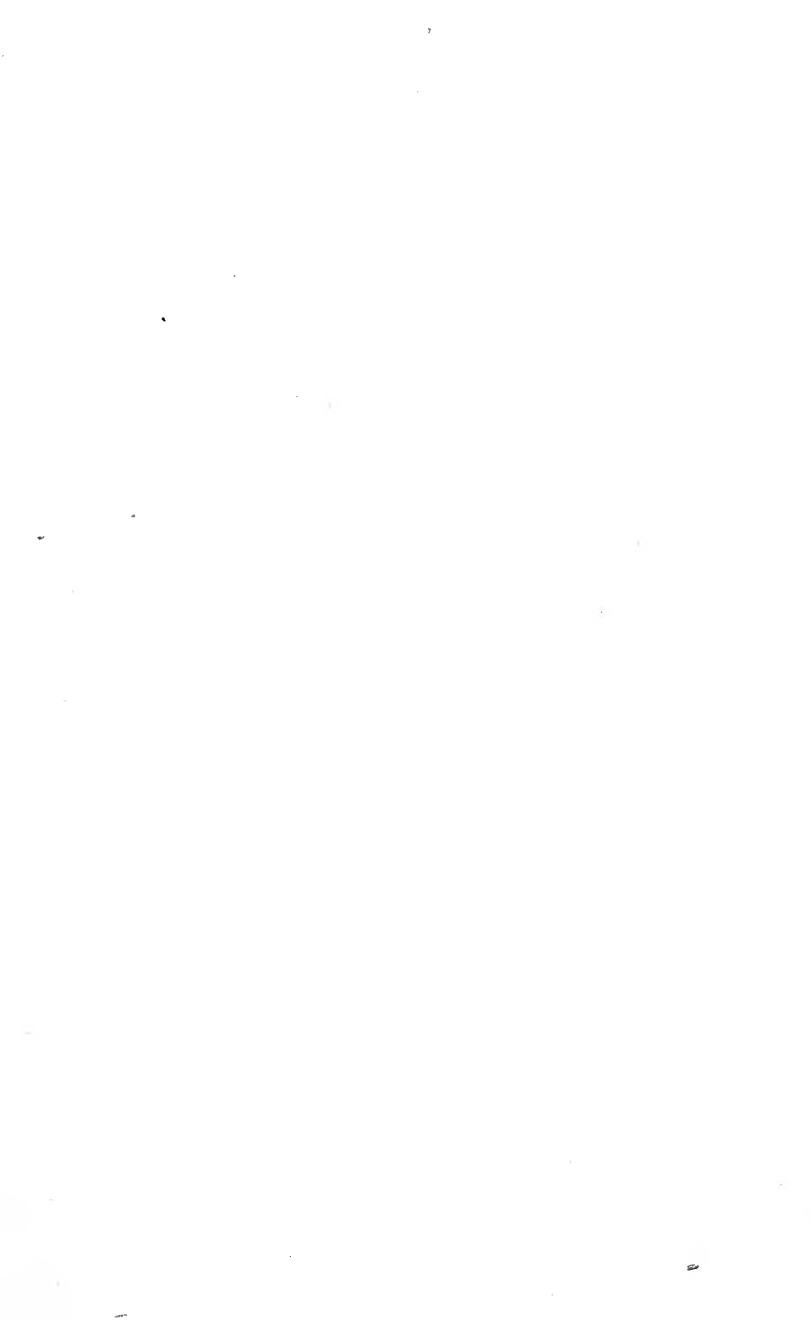
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